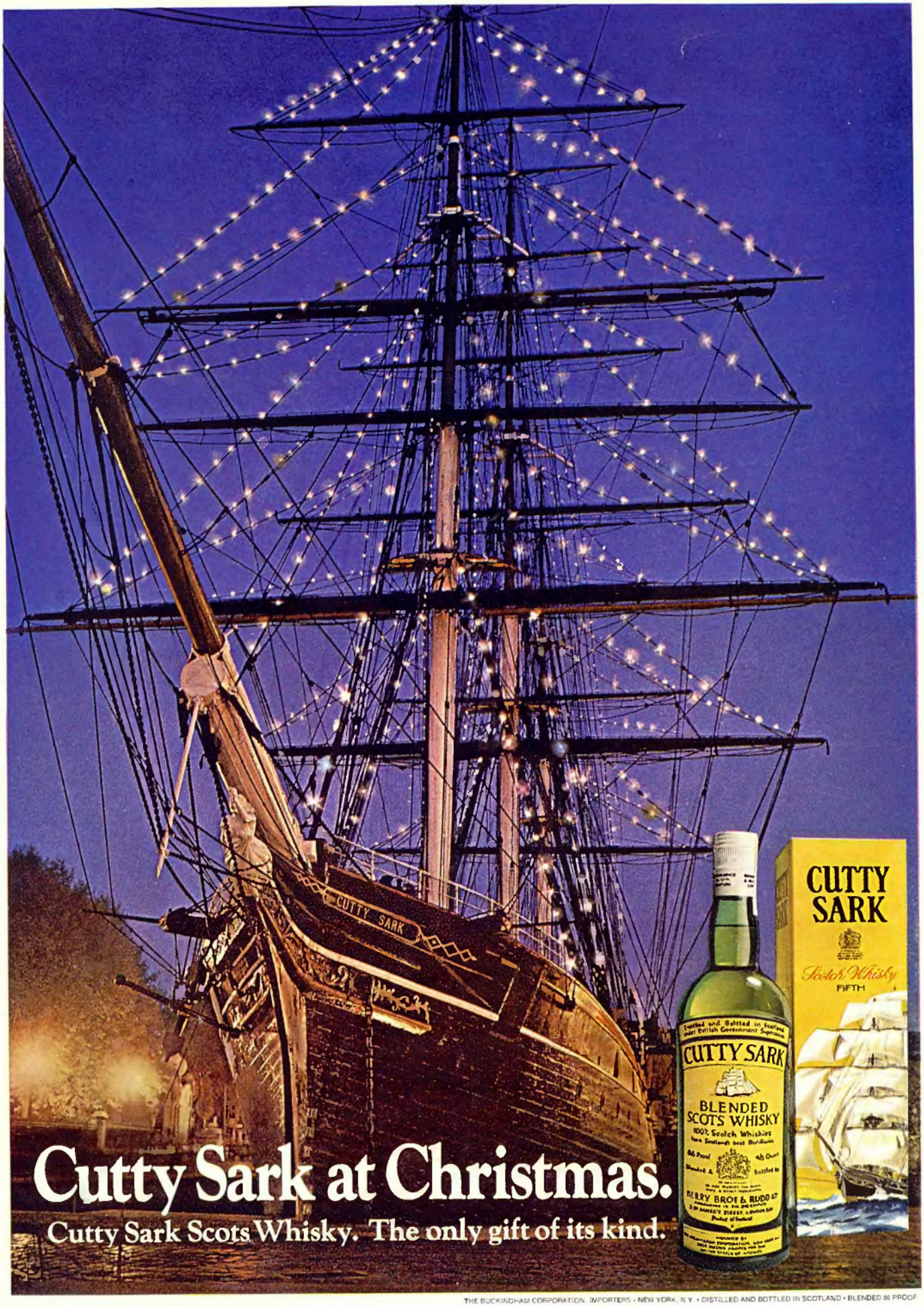
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1972 • $1.50

PLAYBOY

NUTTY NEW HUMOR BY WOODY ALLEN • NEW WORKS BY BERNARD MALAMUD, LAWRENCE DURRELL, RAY BRADBURY, KINGSLEY AMIS, ROBERT GRAVES, NELSON ALGREN • MOVIE SEX STARS OF 1972 • AN INTERVIEW WITH YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO • DAN GREENBURG GOES TO HIS FIRST ORGY • RALPH NADER, ROBERT TOWNSEND, MURRAY KEMPTON, ROBERT EVANS ON "POWER!" PLUS EVERYTHING FROM ALPHA WAVES TO PINBALL MACHINES TO MAFIA DONS



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PLAYBILL AT YEAR'S END, we all become more conscious than usual of where we've been and where we seem to be headed. The female Santa on our cover—like a ghost of Christmas past—will stir memories in the heads of those who recall those Coke ads of several decades ago. These images, which became familiar around the world, were revived expressly for PLAYBOY by the artist who originally created them—Chicago painter Haddon Sundblom, who has shaped our visual consciousness in more ways than one: He also designed the Quaker Oats man.

We wouldn't presume to define or evaluate what is called the new journalism. We suspect, however, that it simply involves a writer's telling a story that he or she has lived, with little pretense of objectivity. This holiday issue includes several articles in which writers take you along on such personal trips—and, in the process, make some memorable points. In *The Mississippi*, Richard Rhodes follows the downriver trail blazed by Huck Finn and observes the destruction that "progress" has wrought. Rhodes's last PLAYBOY contribution was *Sex and Sin in Sheboygan* (August); he recently completed a novel titled *Going Out to Death*.

SUNDBLOM

RHODES

VETTER

A more urban slice of life is *Truckin' with Gretchen*, Craig Vetter's account of a Chicago go-go dancer victimized by the drug culture she helps propagate. It was the last piece done by PLAYBOY Staff Writer Vetter before leaving Chicago, after three years, and returning to his native California. He's now living hard by the ocean south of Los Angeles—where, between writing assignments, he's "striving to become less mind and more body" (that means he's surfing).

In posing for the illustration to *My First Orgy*, New York writer Dan Greenburg spent two days in Las Vegas entwined with about a dozen showgirls and a complement of male models all in the nude. "It was a hundred in the shade, but nobody seemed to care," recalls Greenburg, whose account details his reluctant search for group sex. He is currently writing the screenplay of his book *Scoring: A Sexual Memoir*, completing a TV pilot and doing postproduction work on a film he wrote, coproduced and appeared in, and has tentatively titled *I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband*.

Yet another personal trip, this one from the past, is recalled by Nelson Algren in *The Way to Médenine*, which is based on his 1949 tour of North Africa with Simone de Beauvoir. The article, along with two previous PLAYBOY stories by Algren, will be republished in a Putnam book sometime next year.

In Front of God and Everybody finds Donn Pearce digging into his troubled youth and reliving an improbable Christmas pageant at the Florida State Prison. The events described occurred just before he was transferred to the chain-gang camp where he "researched" the material for *Cool Hand Luke*.

Anthony Scaduto's *Head of the Family* delves into the world of organized crime for a portrait of Carmine Tramunti, one of the top Mafia men in New York. Raised in a Mob-dominated Brooklyn neighborhood, and a professional Mafia watcher for about 15 years, Scaduto was a *New York Post* feature writer until setting out to free-lance two years ago. The author of *Bob Dylan*, published last March by Grosset & Dunlap, he is researching and writing an unauthorized biography of Mick Jagger.

PEARCE

SCADUTO

MORRIS

Although it's definitely their game, we didn't ask any Mafia chieftains to contribute to *Power!*, a collection of four essays on that subject by people who should know: Ralph Nader, the self-appointed guardian of people's rights; Robert Evans, head of Paramount Pictures; Robert (*Up the Organization*) Townsend; and political writer Murray Kempton.

Science is the focal point of Scot Morris' *A Heart-Stopping, Eye-Bulging, Wave-Making Idea* and of Ray Bradbury's *From Stonehenge to Tranquillity Base*. Morris assesses here the latest research in biofeedback; he got into the subject while studying for his Ph.D. in clinical psychology at Southern Illinois. After getting the degree, he spent two years as an editor of *Psychology Today*; now a free-lancer, he's writing the lead volume of a Time-Life series, *Human Behavior*. Bradbury, in his lyrical essay, calls on man to continue his search for immortality via the space program. He is otherwise involved in writing the screenplay (for Sam Peckinpah) of his novel *Something Wicked This Way Comes*; casting for his new stage drama, *Leviathan 99*, which he's producing at his Pandemonium II Theater in Los Angeles; and turning another novel, *Dandelion Wine*, into a musical.

NADER

EVANS

Our lead fiction, *The Silver Crown*, by Bernard Malamud, blends reality and fantasy in a way that's familiar to his fans. Malamud, twice winner of a National Book Award, has recently written a number of short stories in a similar

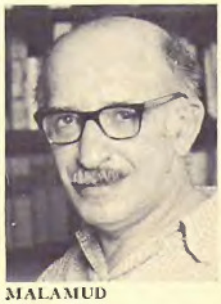
GREENBURG

ALGREN

TOWNSEND

KEMPTON

BRADBURY


MALAMUD

AMIS

SANDERS

ELY

DURRELL

mode. Real and surreal are also commingled by Kingsley Amis in *Who or What Was It?*, in which the author—also the protagonist—seems to be visited by characters from his own supernatural novel, *The Green Man*. Amis, who's just completed a new detective novel and "a lighthearted book on drinks," informs us that "one or two highly intelligent and well-read friends who've read the typescript of *Who or What* have taken it as a true account of a real experience."

Our other fiction provides comic counterpoint: *The Further Adventures of Chauncey Alcock*, by Lawrence Sanders, who is best known as the author of *The Anderson Tapes*, and David Ely's *The Gourmet Hunt*. Sanders' story is a satire on the Horatio Alger school of writing (he calls it "sheer wish fulfillment"); his fourth novel, *The Ice Axe*, is almost finished. Ely's fifth novel, *Walking Davis*, was published by Charterhouse in October; among his previous efforts are *Seconds* and *The Tour*.

A special literary treat is *Love Lines*, a quartet of amorous poems—two by Lawrence Durrell, most renowned for *The Alexandria Quartet* but also the author of several books of poetry, and two by Robert Graves, who is England's poet laureate. The oil paintings that accompany *Love Lines* are by Christina Ramberg, a Chicago artist whose work has been shown at the Whitney Museum, among other places.

A poet—from Russia—is also the subject of our interview this month: Yevgeny Yevtushenko, whose past writings often defied the wrath of Soviet authorities. The conversation was conducted by PLAYBOY Senior Editor Michael Laurence. (For more on the plight of Soviet writers, see *Playboy After Hours* for an excerpt from Alexander Solzhenitsyn's undelivered Nobel Prize acceptance speech of 1970.) Laurence also supervised the preparation of *Pinball*, a salute to those magical machines now enjoying a renascence. The feature is comprised of a nostalgic evocation of the pinball milieu by Marshall Frady, plus Laurence's own article, which relates the history of the game and offers advice to would-be buyers of pinball machines. The photography for *Pinball* is by PLAYBOY staffer Don Azuma; the artwork is by John Craig, who, among his other accomplishments, has designed a number of pinball machines. Incidentally, Laurence, a former pinball-machine repairman, managed to secure—on loan—one of the games photographed by Azuma. It now resides in his office, where it's become an after-hours battleground for PLAYBOY's editorial staff.

GRAVES

MIGDOLL

Among our pictorials are two rather special items. One is *Woman Eternal*, a series of nine paintings by Martin Hoffman. Himself a master of many of the techniques employed by the old masters, Hoffman—discovered several years ago by PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul—recently moved from Miami to New York, where he has opened a studio. The other is six pages on the Joffrey Ballet's Nancy Robinson in her showcase number, *Astarte*; it was photographed by Herbert Migdoll, the ballet's official photographer and the art director of *Dance Magazine*; his work is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Liaison between PLAYBOY and the ballet people—who were pleased to stage this nude version of *Astarte*—was provided by Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson, who has known Bob Joffrey since the latter's days as an off-Broadway choreographer. Our pictorials also include 12 pages of *Sex Stars of 1972*, by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert.

Humorous entries—in addition to those already mentioned—are a Woody Allen detective-story parody, *Match Wits with Inspector Ford*; Judith Wax's comic Christmas cards; and a take-off on *The Twelve Days of Christmas* called *And a Bald Eagle in a Plum Tree*. Modern-living features include guides to a no-hassle yule dinner, Christmas gifts (also photographed by Azuma) and not-so-formal formalwear. There's also a takeout on toiletries to facilitate sensual bathing and massage, and *Hanging Out in the Out Islands*, in which Staff Writer David Standish—who has traveled extensively in Ohio and Indiana—tells how the Bahamas look to a semi-innocent abroad (the view is not one you'll find in *Fielding's*). The attendant photography is by Alexas Urba, a recent departee from our staff, after seven years. Urba remains a Contributing Photographer; he also photographed our Playmate, rodeo fan Mercy Rooney.

May you have a merry Christmas and stay clear of bald eagles in plum trees.

FRADY

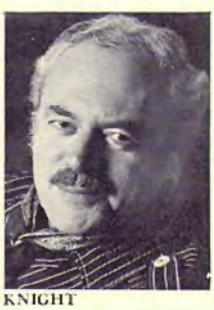
AZUMA

CRAIG

HOFFMAN

RAMBERG

LAURENCE


KNIGHT

ALPERT

URBA

ALLEN

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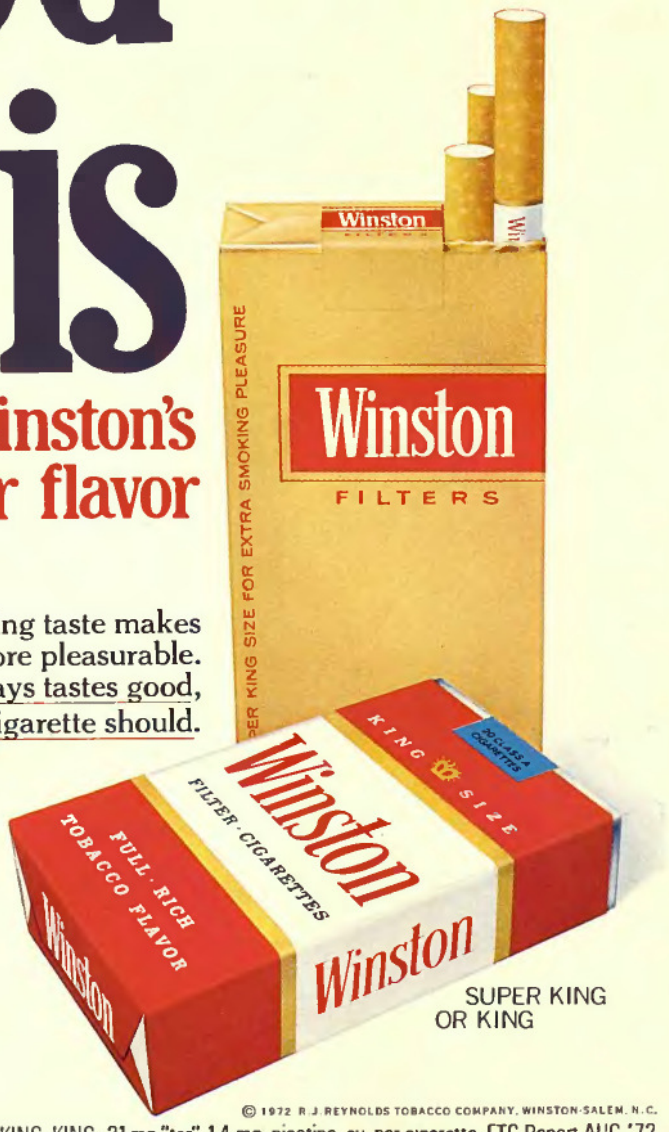

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DRUG ABUSE

Your package on *The Drug Explosion* (PLAYBOY, September), is a well-written and informative guide for all those concerned with the problem of drug abuse. More people must become aware of the mind-crippling potential of street drugs. Your continuing efforts to combat the ignorant and paranoid cries for harsher drug penalties should prove helpful in setting up laws to govern the sale and the purity of drugs. People will continue to use them, regardless of penalties. Nothing would more benefit the nation than Governmental control of all drugs.

James Oyermeyer
Phoenix, Arizona

I am a member of a drug group at the Ashland Federal Youth Center and I'd like to commend you for publishing the truth. Your articles on drugs are inspiring. I hope none of your readers proclaims them irrelevant.

Michael Sanford
Project Straight Up
Ashland, Kentucky

We are pleased to announce the selection of PLAYBOY's chart *Major Drugs: Their Uses and Effects* as a Pacesetter for the month of September. This is an award presented to an innovative individual or program that advances the cause of drug education.

Peter G. Hammond
Executive Director
National Coordinating Council on Drug Education
Washington, D. C.

Recently, I took an overdose of what I thought was THC. I found out later it was PCP. The doctors, ignorant of both drugs, gave me Thorazine to bring me down. The result was nine days in a coma. The doctors couldn't figure out why I wasn't coming out. They should have read Craig Karpel's article, *Buyer Beware* (PLAYBOY, September). I agree with Karpel. When you buy dope on the street, watch out.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

Readers of Karpel's article, which details how drugs sold on the street are often adulterated, may be interested to know that Drug Resources for University Groups (DRUG), a Federally funded drug-education program at the University of New Mexico, is currently maintaining a drug-analysis laboratory. The guidelines under which we operate allow the contributor of a drug sample to remain anonymous and still obtain a direct report. This is accomplished through a mail-in system that works as follows: An individual obtains a mail-in form from DRUG, assigns himself a code number and mails us a dose of the drug. Seven days later, the contributor can call our office and obtain the results. To date, our results support the Karpel's conclusions concerning substitution and adulteration of drugs.

Marcia Summers, Director
Drug Resources for University Groups
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Your articles on drug abuse are, for the most part, an intelligent, compelling discussion of one of America's more pressing social problems. But Senator Gravel's strident piece (*Corporate Pushers*, September) is an exception. After a series of generalizations, the Senator concludes that the drug culture will collapse if we halt the advertising of the big pharmaceutical companies. Nonsense. Few problems as big as drug abuse are amenable to such simple solutions. Banning of amphetamines in Sweden, for example, has had no apparent effect on the amphetamine-abuse problem there. Nor has the ban on proprietary drug advertising in Denmark had discernible impact on that nation's flourishing drug problem. Perhaps the most interesting test of the Gravel theory was the Balter and Levine studies at the National Institute of Mental Health, which suggested that physicians, if anything, tend to "err in the conservative direction" when they prescribe psychoactive drugs.

C. Joseph Stetler, President
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association
Washington, D. C.

If the street pusher had the drug firms' lobbyists and dollars, he could make his enterprise legal. Corporate pushing could not exist were the state not involved in legislating morality. But the street pusher operates independently of the state,

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and though he harms far fewer people than his corporate counterpart, he suffers more. If street pushers had the power to lobby, we'd soon see the legalization of all dope.

James R. Leblanc
Highland Park, Michigan

In spite of Joel Fort's rantings, in his introduction to your drug package and elsewhere, United States policies regarding drugs have not been changed since I retired as commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics ten years ago. Fort and his associates have not been able to convince Congress or state legislators that their policies are wrong. According to a report written in 1939 by Dr. Jules Bouquet, former director of the hospitals in Tunisia, the continued use of marijuana leads to a mental institution. Moreover, there will be no legalization of marijuana in the United States, because such an action would violate treaties currently in effect.

Harry J. Anslinger
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

David Standish's *Stone Cold Fever* (PLAYBOY, September), describing the agonies and the ecstasies of a junkie, is a work of art. I got started on drugs in Vietnam and went through two years of hassling before finally getting my head together enough to put them down entirely. It's a hard road to follow, one that's totally uphill. I thank Standish for a factual and informative article.

Ralph C. Winters, Jr.
Covina, California

After reading Standish's *Stone Cold Fever*, my mind rushed back to the memory of my own arrival in New York in 1961, when I met a kid hustler in Whelan's Drugstore on 42nd Street. Only later, when I ran my hand across his arm, did I notice the quarter-inch grooves made by his knife, legacy of a suicide attempt months before. He was 17. A junkie. My first. He is dead now, and I am saddened by the number of my friends, all of them decent people, who have died from scag, speed or God knows what poison. Sensitive to the sorrow or, to use a favorite word of Paul Goodman's, the *anomie* that sends one reeling into death, Standish has caught the junkie's life and written about it beautifully.

Dotson Rader
New York, New York

Rader is a political activist and chronicler of the underworlds of dope and male prostitution.

It seems ole junkie Gene Macey has contrived another clever way to obtain dope. After selling your body, swallowing razor blades and "bugging out," why not sell your story?

Gerry Forwell
Waterloo, Ontario

None of your articles offers an analysis of why kids take dope. The Smart Set program, the antidrug youth organization of which I am president, does come up with an analysis and offers a remarkable antidote that has been extremely successful in a great number of schools throughout the United States. Though our efforts have been put down by the experts as simplistic, I can report that our methods are working. I believe "educational" approaches—such as yours—spread the disease.

Robert K. Squire
Hollywood, California

AUTUMN MADNESS

Did racial policies affect the selection of PLAYBOY's preview All-America football team (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, September) or is it just a coincidence that both the offensive and the defensive units are comprised of an equal number of black and white players?

Terry L. Bourne
Exeter, Ontario

Pure coincidence.

Your college football preview is a good example of the regional biases that attend such selections. Your apparent assumption is that if a Big Ten team (Ohio State) and a Big Eight team (Nebraska) both go unbeaten, then the Big Ten champion must be the national champion. You do this in spite of the facts that Ohio State, except for a game with Michigan, has the biggest patsy schedule of any team in the country; and Nebraska must compete in the toughest conference in the country, an opinion attested to by your own selection of three Big Eight teams in the nation's top five.

Many sportswriters still cling to the myth that the Big Ten is a powerful football conference. They do so in disregard of the reality that the Big Ten's combined nonconference record last year was nine wins, 17 losses, one tie. They further ignore such evidence as Nebraska's present record of 11 straight victories over Big Ten foes and, until last year, the Big Eight's record of 19 straight wins over the Big Ten. Furthermore, in 1971, Big Eight teams beat such recognized powers as Texas, LSU, Ohio State, Alabama and Auburn by an average of almost 18 points each. On the basis of the evidence, I fail to see the logic of Anson Mount's conclusion that a Big Ten champion must be superior to a Big Eight champion.

Butler D. Shaffer
Omaha, Nebraska

IRISH STEW

I would like to compliment you on your September interview with Bernadette Devlin. It not only documents the feelings of one of the world's greatest women but effectively allows her to answer her critics and reveal the true nature of the conflict in Northern Ireland.

Joseph F. Kubiak, Jr.
Levittown, Pennsylvania

Though I'm not Irish, reading your interview with Bernadette Devlin made me wish I were. My only regret is that I've spent so much money on *Time*, *Newsweek* and other publications, when all I really needed to find out about my fellow rebels in Ireland was the September PLAYBOY.

Raymond R. Rumbolz
Port Townsend, Washington

Your interview with Bernadette Devlin is the greatest. One hopes that the injustice and oppression in Vietnam and Belfast will cease someday. There is basically very little difference between the two.

Pvt. David A. Tiffany
Fort Hood, Texas

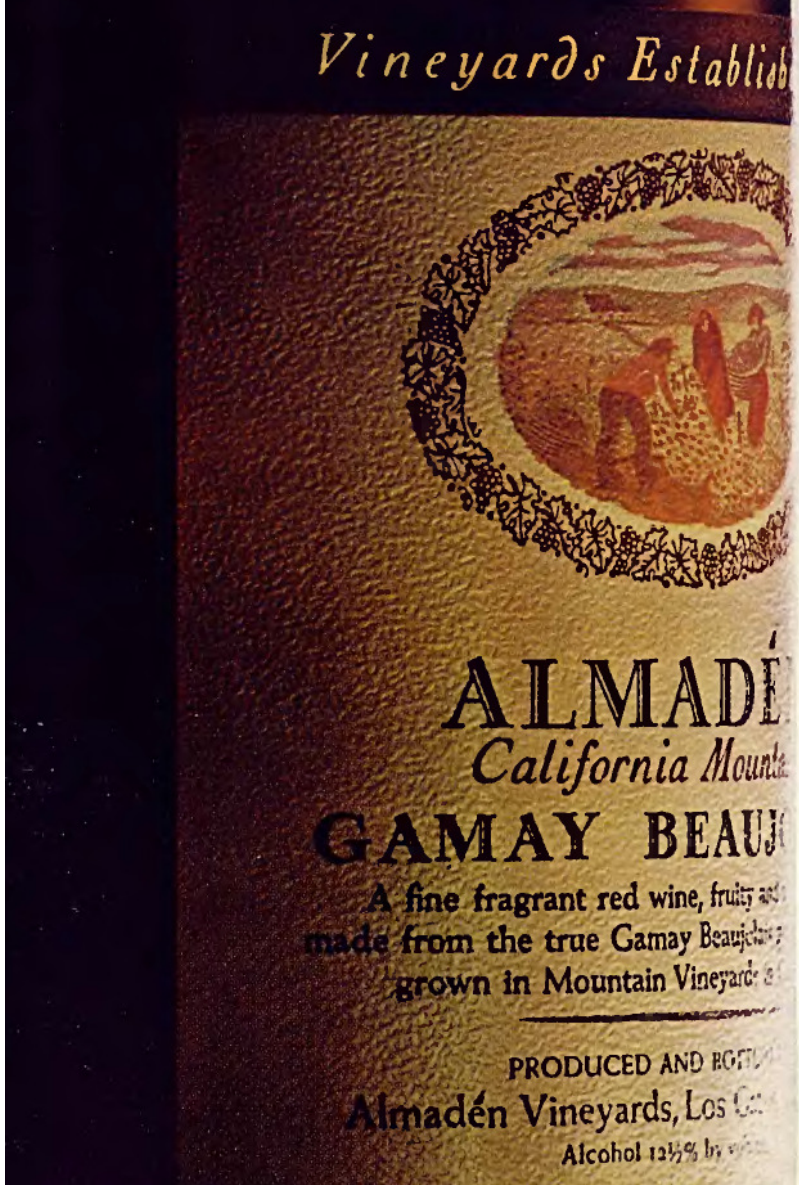
I commend you for your courage in publishing the Devlin interview. For some strange reasons—which may include our economic ties with England or, who knows, even the North Atlantic Treaty Organization itself—it takes an enormous amount of pluck to present the Irish side in its war of independence. If this were 1775, I suspect that PLAYBOY would be the only publication willing to interview Thomas Jefferson. His revolution didn't have the support of the "majority," either. And, come to think of it, the enemy was the same.

Helen N. Harte
Los Angeles, California

My Catholic Irish parents are from Belfast and can attest to the discrimination carried on there. Everything Devlin says is true, even about the torturing of internees. My cousin was arrested in the middle of the night, not allowed to dress, and was not heard from for a month. He was not entitled to a trial or a lawyer, nor was he ever even charged. He was made to run barefoot over stones and glass between two lines of clubbing soldiers. After a year in jail, he has lost most of his teeth from malnutrition and is now losing his eyesight. Believe me, he has never been associated with the I.R.A. His crime, it appears, is that he is Catholic. My uncle was shot and killed, though he was defenseless. The Protestant press has labeled him an "I.R.A. terrorist." Please keep the truth coming.

Nuala Ehlert
Windsor, Ontario

Despite what I've read in newspapers and seen on television, it took Eric Norden's interview with Devlin to make me realize that in a land famous for shamrocks and leprechauns, there also exist bigotry, brutality, oppression, Sten guns



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and Molotov cocktails. Norden's introduction deserves special notice as an example of what our more typical news media don't do—open our eyes. By reporting all of the tiny scraps of information his eyes and ears collected—from the aircraft approaching Belfast to the interview itself—Norden eases the reader into the seething atmosphere of hatred that is Northern Ireland today. A commendable job.

Gerald Hartzmann
Los Angeles, California

You should be castrated for publishing Bernadette Devlin's jaundiced drivel. I trust your interviewer positioned himself upwind of her during their exchange. Devlin feels that she truly represents the people she stands for. She does. In my opinion, not once has a truly constructive proposal come forth from her or her followers. Instead, they insist on rabble-rousing orations. In fact, her physical assault on Home Secretary Maudling in the House of Commons earlier this year serves as a guideline to her mentality. In the meantime, her gibberings about "British oppression" are published while the murder and mayhem provoked by the I.R.A. go on uncondemned. As a Britisher who doesn't want to be near this place, I say let the Irish take care of their own problems.

(Name withheld by request)
Belfast, Northern Ireland

I want to share a letter with you that I received from my sister-in-law, who lives near Londonderry. Her husband, my brother, is stationed there.

"If you read PLAYBOY, please ignore everything Bernadette Devlin said in her interview. Everything she said is lies. I've seen what she talked about and I personally consider her a murderer. The British are the good guys, believe me. The torturing and murdering are done by the I.R.A. They shot and killed a ten-year-old girl while they were trying to murder a soldier; they beat a woman who was six months pregnant to a bloody pulp because she wouldn't hide them. If they find a Catholic girl dating a British guy, they beat her and pull all her hair out by the roots. Three bombs went off in the village next to ours in a half hour one day and killed ten people. I could go on.

"Bernadette Devlin is as big a liar as Hitler was. She has lived her entire life off British money. Her parents got British welfare, British housing; Britain sent her to school free. Right out of college, she became a member of Parliament and gets British pay.

"I get so angry when I think of the news you hear and how distorted it is. Members of the I.R.A. admit that they are Marxists who want to overthrow the capitals of Belfast, Dublin and Londonderry. They do not have the people's welfare in mind. Most of the I.R.A.'s money comes from two places, the United States and the newer Communist countries. I just wish the people in America realized what is really going on over here. It's frightening."

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Devlin is a paramount example of the causes of the trouble in Northern Ireland. Her intemperate views, her open support of the campaign of murder being carried out by the I.R.A., and the distortions within her comments are a major part of the tragedy in that troubled land. She offers no answer except union. She accuses the British troops of shooting children, while there is no evidence to support this charge. On the other hand, I.R.A. bombs have blown babies to bits. She accuses Britain of brutality in interrogating I.R.A. detainees, yet the only charge substantiated by the Red Cross was that prisoners were kept disoriented and without sleep sometimes for 48 hours. She also claims that British searches have turned up few weapons or explosives, yet the fact is that searches during July 1972 resulted in the seizure of over 13,000 pounds of explosives inside "no-go" areas. She mentions Bloody Sunday but ignores the paraffin-test evidence that 11 of the 13 dead had fired weapons immediately before their deaths and that others had been seen aiming or carrying rifles. Neither does she comment on Black Friday, when I.R.A. bombs killed the same number of people, all of them civilians, including both Protestants and Catholics. And, finally, she calls Britain "fascist," yet it was the Republic of Ireland that willingly provisioned Nazi submarines during World War Two, allowing them safe harbor from which to send American merchantmen and sailors to their deaths in the North Atlantic.

J. M. McKenzie
Ottawa, Ontario

Your letter typifies the half-truth and innuendo that seem to surround the Irish situation. Devlin's accusation that the British troops have shot children is supported by the brutal reality of dead children, slain by British bullets; that the killings might have been unintentional makes them no less real. The torture of I.R.A. detainees has been amply documented by nonpartisan sources, as the following letter makes clear. The parliamentary investigation of Bloody Sunday—the so-called Widgery Report, which was branded a whitewash by many I.R.A. partisans—revealed that only two of the 13 who were killed could possibly have fired weapons. Devlin didn't comment on the searches of July 1972, nor the events of Black Friday, because both of these took place after our interview went to press; but she did specifically condemn I.R.A. terrorist tactics. And the notion that the Republic of Ireland provisioned Nazi submarines is a recurrent rumor without a shred of authentication.

Miss Devlin is right. Amnesty International, a British-based organization, has verified charges of torture and ill treatment in Northern Ireland. It is also true that people were tortured who had not been convicted or even formally accused of any crime. This has been documented in our "Report of an Inquiry into Allegations of Ill Treatment in Northern Ireland," which presents 30 cases of torture and harassment, all of which occurred in clear violation of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The report also concludes that it has not been helpful to the authorities in Northern Ireland to use such methods. These techniques neither yielded a high degree of reliable information nor did they deter violence.

Dr. Amelia Augustus
Executive Director
Amnesty International of the
U. S. A.
New, York, New York

SCARLETT LETTERS

Having lived in a small Southern town during my adolescent years, I can testify that Marshall Frady's assessment of Southern womanhood, in *Skirmishes with the Ladies of the Magnolias* (PLAYBOY, September), accurately captures the atmosphere of many small Southern colleges and towns. The demands of administrators and townspeople regarding "proper ladylike behavior" are all too often based on the continued idealization of the antebellum belle. I wholeheartedly agree with Frady's disenchantment with the perpetuation of such attitudes. I hope that by ridiculing them, he will help modern Southern women realize that their potential for a full, happy life does not lie in their continued idealization.

Mrs. Deborah Atnip
Columbus, Mississippi

Frady's article is a perfect example of the Yankee chauvinist attitude taken by journalists residing north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Argyle Cheswick III
Charlottesville, Virginia

Frady is the son of a Baptist preacher; he was raised in Georgia and now lives in South Carolina.

Skirmishes with the Ladies of the Magnolias may have a few substantive truths in it—about 13 years old. As a 21-year-old home-grown Atlantan and a descendant of plantation-owners, I believe that Frady's Southern belle is a

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SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL

Stereo Tape Club of America

14BD W. 178th ST., GARDENA, CALIF. 90248

Please accept my membership and send FREE Stereomatic 8-track tape cartridge player checked below:

- ☐ **COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM** (speakers $29.95)
- ☐ **HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM** (no speakers)
- ☐ **DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM** (speakers $11.98)

Send 6 tapes I am now buying to start membership. (Select from list, print numbers.)

Also as my first monthly selection send this tape Cartridge ..... →

☐ CHARGE TO MY CREDIT CARD: ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club

Acct. No. _____ Expires _____

☐ BILL ME. I may pay in 3 monthly installments if accepted.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Area ___ ☐ Home, ☐ Bus., ☐ Other

IF MILITARY: Rank E- _____ Date Discharge _____

Serial Number _____

MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST: (check one)
☐ Popular ☐ Rock & Folk ☐ Country & Western ☐ Classical

If not 100% satisfied I may return player and tapes in 10 days and membership is cancelled. I owe nothing. As a member, in addition to the 6 tapes I am buying now to start membership, I agree to buy one a month for a year at reg. Club price, starting with first monthly selection as indicated. All prices plus postage and handling.

X _____

SIGNATURE (REQUIRED) DO NOT PRINT JD2PB

Don't get into 4-without knowing what

Everybody's been telling you how great 4-channel sound is. But nobody's really told you what it is. Sure you know that you need 4 speakers. But what you may not know is that all 4-channel systems aren't alike. They can give you different sounds. They even play different records. So choosing a 4-channel system isn't as simple as choosing a stereo system. That's why Panasonic wants you to know exactly what you can get in 4-channel sound. Before you get into it.

WHAT IS 4-CHANNEL SOUND?

The basic principle behind all 4-channel systems is pretty much the same. With stereo, the music you hear has been divided into 2 parts. In 4-channel sound, the music is divided into 4 parts. So you get 4 different speakers playing 4 different parts. But to make matters confusing, there are two kinds of 4-channel systems. Discrete. And matrix.

DISCRETE OR MATRIX?

A discrete system is the only one that gives you pure 4-channel sound. Because it's the only system that separates the sound into 4 distinct parts. There are 4 separate signals. That go through 4 separate amplifiers. And come out of 4 separate speakers. So a musician has control over the sound he wants you to hear. He can position just guitars on speaker A. Just brass on speaker B. Just strings on speaker C. Just voices on speaker D. With that high degree of sound separation and steady sound positioning, a musician can give you the feeling of being in the best possible place for hearing his music. Right on stage. Or right in the middle of the audience.

A matrix system also starts with 4 signals. But they're combined into two signals. Then synthesized again into 4 on the way to the speakers. That means a musician really can't completely control the sound. Because the music he separated into 4 distinct parts in the studio won't come out that way when you finally hear it. Speaker A will have some sound from speakers B and C. That's why most musicians prefer the pure sound of a discrete system.

WHY PANASONIC PREFERS DISCRETE.

Sound separation. Steady sound positioning. And, on a discrete system, nothing is obsolete. From yesterday's monaural to today's 4-channel. Panasonic systems play discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. And stereo tapes. Compatible Discrete 4-channel (CD-4) records. Like RCA Quadradiscs. And matrix 4-channel records. They also improve the sound of stereo tapes,

RE-8840

RE-8420

channel sound you're getting into.

records and radio through our exclusive Quadruplex™ Circuitry. And they can be adapted for discrete 4-channel FM radio. When that becomes a reality.

SERIES 44.™ PANASONIC'S 4-CHANNEL SYSTEMS.

Series 44™ includes everything you need to get every kind of discrete 4-channel sound. Four different systems that play 4-channel 8-track tapes. And an optional CD-4 record changer, Model SL-800, that's compatible with any of them.

SL-800
CD-4 RECORD CHANGER

Each system has something special. The RE-8840 can play 4-channel tapes in your house, car, or boat. Because the 8-track player slides out and fits into an optional car/boat bracket. And when you're home, the 4-channel balance scope lets you adjust the sound for anywhere in the room.

The bonus with the RS-864S is that you can record 2-channel tapes. As well as listen to 4-channel tapes. There are 2 VU meters. And Pana-Ject. To automatically eject the tape when it's finished.

The RE-8420 not only looks great, with its beautiful champagne gold face. It sounds great. Especially when you hear the price. And if you want a component look with component engineering, you need our RE-7750A receiver and optional RS-855US 8-track tape deck.

Besides playing 8-track cartridges, each system in Series 44™ has FM, AM and FM stereo radios. A stereo eye that lights up when you're tuned into a stereo station. A stereo selector switch. FET to bring in distant FM stations. And AFC to keep them from drifting away. You also get Panasonic's solid-state engineering and lush walnut wood cabinetry.

And all of our 4-channel systems let you adjust the sound to your own taste. With separate bass and treble controls. And they all have separate volume controls for each of the four air-suspension speakers.

These 4-channel systems also have separate jacks for our discrete 4-channel (CD-4) record changer, the SL-800. It has a built-in 4-channel discrete disc demodulator to fit with every other part of Series 44.™ And plays monaural, stereo, matrix and discrete 4-channel records.

NOW THAT YOU'RE THROUGH READING. LISTEN.

There's only one way for you to understand why 4-channel sound is so exciting. Listen to it. At a Panasonic dealer. The only problem you may have after that is choosing which Panasonic system you want.

RS-864S

RE-7750A

RS-855US

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call toll free 800 243-6000. In Conn., 1-800 882-6500. Ask about any model.

dying breed. Today's women know better than to exploit or waste their feminine powers over men or let their domineering status-conscious mothers influence their lives.

Annette Smith
Atlanta, Georgia

SEMI-JENKINS

Semi-Tough (PLAYBOY, September), your lead fiction on Billy Clyde Puckett's Super Bowl against "them dog-ass Jets," was undoubtedly the funniest satire I have ever read. Jenkins' blunt comic sense is tops. I thank him—and PLAYBOY—for the fine story.

Allen Searson
Columbia, South Carolina

The Fort Worth jock writer really wrote a lulu. The vernacular was beautiful.

Jack Sean McCleneghan
Assistant Dean
University of Georgia
Athens, Georgia

I very seldom read sports stories, as the subject simply does not interest me. But the minute I saw the opening pages of *Semi-Tough* by Dan Jenkins, I just couldn't pass it up, especially after those eye-grabbing drawings by Neal Adams. As a longtime comics fan, I have followed Adams through the pages of D. C. and Marvel comics, and I've never been disappointed by his work.

Haven Metzger
Columbia City, Indiana

That is, to be sure, a picture of Dan Jenkins you have on page three of your September issue, but it's the wrong one. Grammatically speaking, it is I. The D. J. you had in mind is the one who is senior editor of *Sports Illustrated* and who wrote the admirable short story beginning on page 92 of that issue. One thing, though; lots of people are now thinking the *Sports Illustrated* Jenkins is a lot handsomer—not to mention younger—than he really is.

Dan Jenkins
Beverly Hills, California

Mr. Herb Hafter
Chief Stud Hoss
PLAYBOY
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hafter:

This is to take the liberty to inform you that somebody over there at that place you have, where all the dandy wool is, has hauled off and made an injustice to somebody I know. In what you call your September issue, somebody has printed a picture of my pal, Jim Tom Pinch, under his real name of Dan Jenkins, only it ain't the Dan Jenkins I know, which is the fucker who writes books. He wrote my book of *Semi-Tough*, as a matter of fucking fact.

Of course, it probably doesn't really hurt anything, because the Dan Jenkins you printed in the picture looks a lot healthier than my pal, Jim Tom, who is pretty wool whipped of late. Anyhow, I thought I'd set you straight on which is which. Your Dan Jenkins used to write for *TV Guide*. My Dan Jenkins, who has nearly always had the same name, writes for *Sports Illustrated* when he's not helping me get my hands on a shitpot full of whip-out by writing *Semi-Tough* in what you call your novel form.

Good luck to you, Mr. Hafter. And you can tell that six-foot Miss September that I know a couple of big ole boys who'd like to double-team her little ass.

Billy Clyde Puckett
New York, New York

Our apologies, Billy Clyde, to you and to your mentor. One of our backs misread an audible and we came up with a broken "Playbill." The Jenkins of the

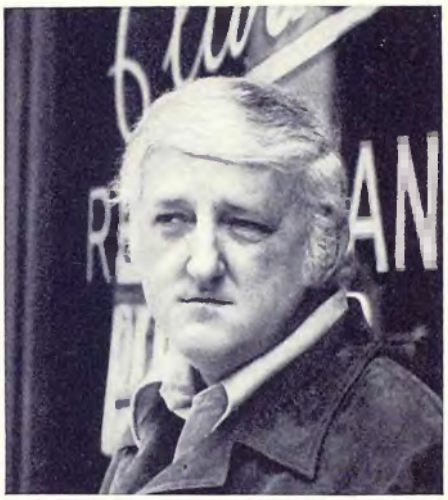


photo we ran now heads his own public-relations firm in Beverly Hills. Pictured above is the semi-tough Dan Jenkins, one wool-whipped mother if ever we saw one.

SMOOTH FLIGHT

Thank you, Tom Mayer and PLAYBOY, for *Staggerwing and Me* (September), the best adventure story about flying I've read. It's exhilarating to read an autobiographical report by a person with such a capacity for living as Mayer. Give Staggerwing a love pat for me.

William M. McClellan
San Diego, California

Even today's space-age sophistication and computer technology have not succeeded in totally sterilizing the art of manned flight. As a pilot, I, too, have often felt awed by my surroundings while flying and I thank Mayer for expressing those feelings so well.

Capt. Gary L. Bridges, U. S. A. F.
Charleston AFB, South Carolina

The love affair with wings, wind and weather that Mayer confesses in his article is one that is shared by hundreds of thousands of us. Hopefully, with Mayer's keen ability to put the joyous experiences of flight into words, pilots will nod their heads and say, "I've been there," and nonpilots will look skyward and say, "I want to go."

J. B. Hartranft, Jr., President
Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association
Washington, D. C.

It is unfortunate that the increasing complexity of the air-transport system will eventually doom the freedom of private flight. Each day, it will become more difficult to get airborne, climb a few thousand feet and thumb your nose at the people below. Perhaps we should start thinking now about establishing a flying preserve in which pilots can enjoy the type of freedom evoked by Mayer.

Donald E. Francke, Executive Director
Air Traffic Control Association
Washington, D. C.

Tom Mayer is either flying in his dreams or he is an accident about to happen. By publishing his article, you have done general aviation a gross injustice—especially in his boasting of flights made with a maximum of bravado and a minimum of judgment. The majority of general-aviation pilots exercise extremely good judgment learned through hours of study and practical exercises. These are the pilots who in 1970 flew more than 26,000,000 hours in 131,743 aircraft with a record that was, to quote the FAA, "the best safety year for general aviation in a decade." Articles such as Mayer's keep the myth alive that general-aviation pilots are nutty, rich daredevils zipping around the skies looking for an airliner to run into or buzzing the local girls' school.

George W. J. Howson, President
General Aviation Promotions
Fishkill, New York

THE ILLUSTRATED BODY

After reading and looking at *Skinetic Art* (PLAYBOY, September), your feature on tattoos, I must say bravo. It is a great satisfaction to know that more and more people are looking at tattooing as a true art medium. As your pictorial clearly shows, the designs are not ugly and the girls are far from barbaric.

Richard Castleman
Boston, Massachusetts

LABOR'S LOVE LOST

Geoffrey Norman's *Blue-Collar Saboteurs* (PLAYBOY, September), which reported on working conditions at the Lordstown Vega plant, gives an excellent picture of factory life in America. I've

The pleasure tree.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

Have a Dickens
of a Christmas
with Marley's ghost,
Bob Cratchit, and Scrooge
—all delightfully depicted
on the very attractive
J&B gift carton—
yours at no extra cost.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Our new SX-727. So much for so little.

If you think that value is an abstraction, you'll change your mind when you see and hear the new Pioneer SX-727 AM-FM stereo receiver. Comparison proves it has greater power, performance, precision, features and versatility than any similar priced receiver.

Looking behind its power rating — 195 watts IHF, 40 + 40 watts RMS at 8 ohms, both channels driven — you find a direct-coupled amplifier and dual power supplies. The result is consistent power throughout the 20-20,000 Hz bandwidth for improved transient, damping and frequency responses, with low, low distortion.

You're in complete command of the FM dial, even in congested areas. New and advanced FET/IC circuitry has substantially improved sensitivity and selectivity. Reception is crystal clear and free of interference.

There's a wide range of connections for turntables, tape decks, headphones, microphones, and even 4-channel. You can connect three speakers, which are protected against damage by an exclusive, new Pioneer safeguard system. Additional features include: loudness contour, high & low filters, FM and audio muting, click-stop tone controls, ultra wide FM tuning dial, dual tuning meters, mode lights and an oiled walnut cabinet.

Sensibly priced at $349.95, the SX-727 is one of Pioneer's new line of four 'margin of extra value' receivers. The others are SX-828, SX-626 and SX-525, designed for both more luxurious and more modest budgets.

Hear them all at your Pioneer dealer today.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
178 Commerce Road,
Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072
West: 13300 S. Estrella Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90248
Canada: S. H. Parker Co., Ontario

PIONEER®
when you want something better

experienced the same treatment the workers at Lordstown have been protesting. What people don't understand is that an assembly line that speeds up unrealistically misses some units. This piles up repairs along the line, which overworks the repairmen until the line eventually shuts down. In response, the supervisors send the workers home; and when the worker gets his abbreviated pay check—thanks to inefficient management—he builds up a resentment, which, in turn, hurts production all the more.

Charles F. Fischer
Evansville, Indiana

Blue-Collar Saboteurs asks some simple questions: Why do workers have to put in more hours than they want to when there are so many people looking for jobs? Why can't a man spend an hour welding, then an hour sanding? The answer: Because this would conflict with G. M.'s orthodox approach to management and not, as one executive asserts, because monotony is essential to efficiency.

David Fein
San Rafael, California

Norman has definitely put it all together! I am an employee of General Motors in Dayton. Our situation over the past 18 months was solved by the employees' having to take a wage cut, forced upon us by the fat cats in Detroit. I, along with all the young dudes who work here, sympathize with anyone who works on an assembly line in *any* General Motors plant. The work is hard, monotonous and dangerous. I would like to see G. M.'s executives try to work a line job—or any job in the factory—for just one day. Maybe then their asinine attitudes toward the workingman would change a bit.

Robert R. Hudnall
Dayton, Ohio

STUDENT AFFAIRS

Student Bodies (PLAYBOY, September), your pictorial essay on campus nudity, was a delightful turn-on. If I could just think of something to do with my husband and our two small children, I'd return to college full time.

Mrs. Tom-Eric Lagerloef
San Mateo, California

I hope that you'll continue to picture all of us as we are and that you don't let any bluenose change your policy.

Joe Tiffenbach
Inglewood, California

I wish to compliment your handling of the article on campus nudity. Nudity is, of course, a part of the everyday lives of most students. When treated casually, it promotes sincerity in relationships between individuals or groups. Hence,

You've had some good times.

But the old ticker ain't what it used to be.

It slows up, it stops, it makes you realize you need something new.

But instead of a new ticker, what you need is something that tells time a whole other way: A hummer.

It has no mainspring or balance wheel that can make tickers tick too fast or too slow.

Instead, it has a tuning fork movement that's guaranteed to keep it accurate to within a minute a month.* And it keeps accurate to within a minute a month, month after month.

So when it came to naming our hummer, we had no problems.

We just started with the word "Accurate" and proceeded from there.

ACCUTRON® BY BULOVA

Accutron Date/Day "B". 14k gold filled case with matching textured band. Date resets instantly. $250. **Accutron** Date/Day "BH". 14k solid gold case and tapered band with Accutron symbol design throughout. Date resets instantly. $750. **Accutron** Astronaut Mark II "K". 14k solid gold case. Tells time in two time zones simultaneously. Date resets instantly. $300. **Accutron** Date/Day "BC". All stainless steel. Luminous hands and markers. Date resets instantly. $185. Other styles from $110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.

Freeze-a-skier

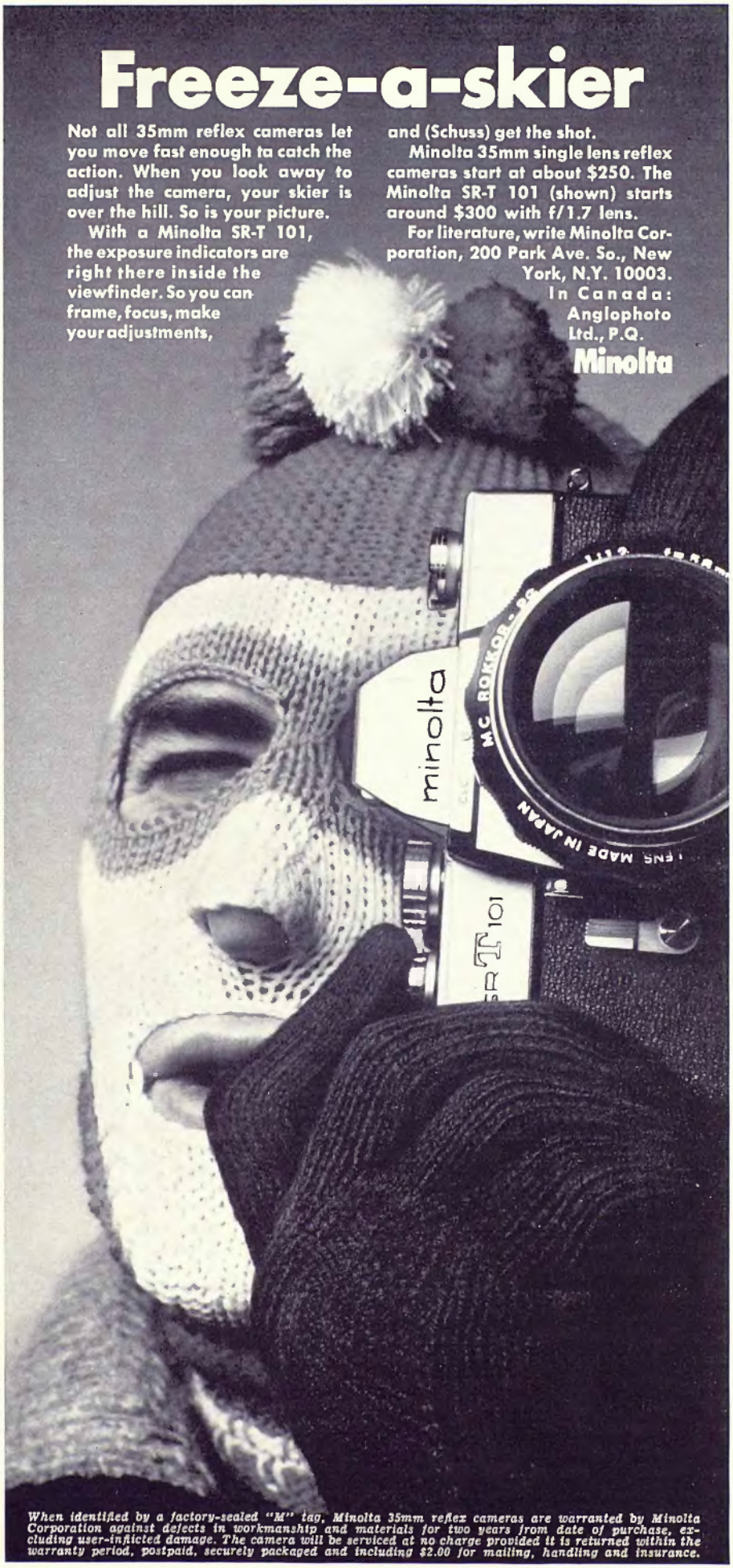
Not all 35mm reflex cameras let you move fast enough to catch the action. When you look away to adjust the camera, your skier is over the hill. So is your picture.

With a Minolta SR-T 101, the exposure indicators are right there inside the viewfinder. So you can frame, focus, make your adjustments, and (Schuss) get the shot.

Minolta 35mm single lens reflex cameras start at about $250. The Minolta SR-T 101 (shown) starts around $300 with f/1.7 lens.

For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta



When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corporation against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged and including $2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

it's refreshing to read an article that treats this subject as an accepted part of campus life.

Skip Flanagan
Knoxville, Tennessee

Balls at last! We are not a country of eunuchs.

Barbara Holliday
South Amboy, New Jersey

At first, I thought your pictorial on campus nudity, particularly the photos of dorm and fraternity life at Lake Forest and Stanford, was a satire along the lines of *Little Annie Fanny*. After convincing myself that you were serious, my reaction was, "You must be kidding." I am a student and do not consider myself nor the institution that I attend conservative or abnormally out of the swing of things. The photos depicting coed living are so obviously contrived that they're ludicrous. I realize that scenes such as these do occur—both on and off campus—but my objection is to your publication's suggestion that this is the normal life style of a coed dorm or fraternity.

Robert L. Little
Charlottesville, Virginia

I knew that there was a reason for the absence of riots on the campuses these past couple of years. What fool would risk expulsion from a coed dorm?

John R. Valentine
Benson, Arizona

A penis in PLAYBOY—ye Gods!

Catherine Salas
Suffolk, England

I fully realize that there are, on most campuses, males as well as females. But I've always considered PLAYBOY a magazine for men and I feel you've demeaned yourself by publishing photographs showing fully exposed male nudes. It's not that I have anything against penises, but I would like to have my magazine contain just the beautiful girls and the fantastic articles that you've always presented. Women have their magazines, *Ms.*, *Cosmopolitan*, or whatever, but men such as I who buy and read PLAYBOY deserve better.

Greg Backman
Salt Lake City, Utah

This isn't the first time we've published photographs of male genitalia, although earlier depictions may have been less obvious. Our decision to be more explicit was based on the belief that our readers, because of their growing familiarity with complete nudity of both sexes in other media, were ready to accept the same in PLAYBOY. *However, we can assure you that* PLAYBOY'S *lenses will, as always, continue to be focused primarily on the female.*

Give gold.

Do you think the gift of golden Galliono is too sentimental?

Perhaps it is.

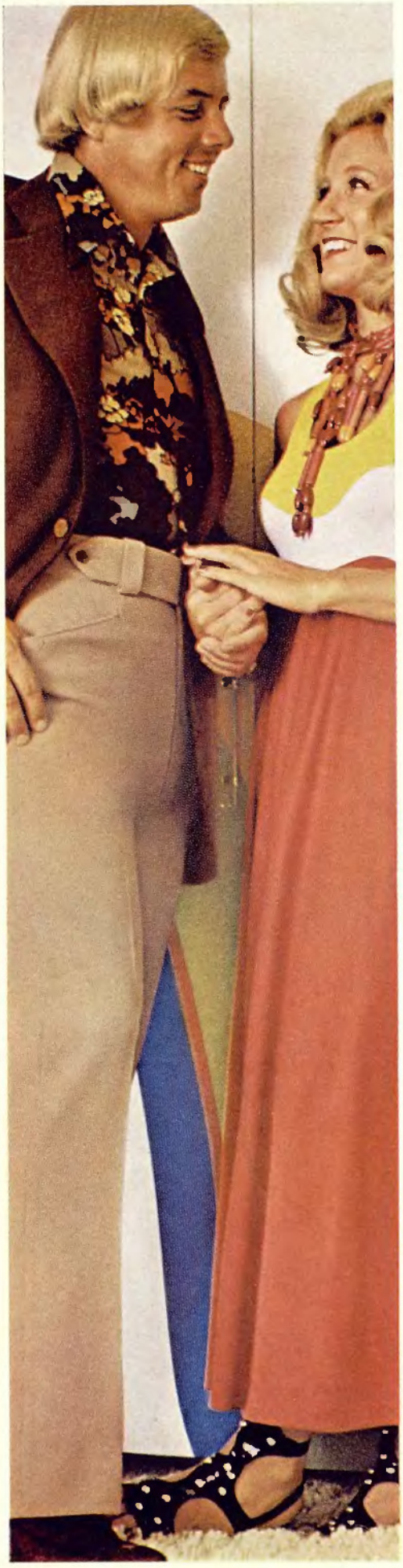
The taste of Galliano is decidedly romantic, with overtones of baroque Old World richness.

According to the Italian legend, Galliano is distilled from the rays of the sun; so perhaps it would help to describe the taste as, simply, golden.

But the tall bottle of golden Galliono makes a splendid gift. It isn't the thought that's sentimental.

It's the gift of gold behind it.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1969



TOM SHAW

Avco Open Champion	1969
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Touring Professional.
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"Since I Have To Get Dressed Twice A Day, I Might As Well Do It Right!"

"Matter of fact, once you've seen yourself in a pair of Sansabelt II No-Quit Knits by Jaymar you'll know what I'm talking about. What's more, you'll feel the unbelievable comfort of Sansabelt II's 3-way stretch webbing at the waist. There's never been a slack that gives more. More comfort, more fashion, more confidence!"

Sansabelt II No-Quit Knit Slacks by Jaymar are fashioned of 100% Dacron®, the big name in the automatic wash and dry polyesters. In any number of great colors and patterns. For on the greens or on the go. And in these days when you always seem to pay more for less, Sansabelt II is the slack to slip into when you want to step out!

Incidentally, ask your favorite retailer about the Sansabelt II guarantee. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

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SANSABELT II®
A JAYMAR® SLACK
of 100% DACRON®

Made by people who care for people . . . who care®

Sansabelt II Slacks shown $30.
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Mesa — Hanny's
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Phoenix — Hanny's
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Mexicali Baja — Casa Montano
Northern California — Grodins
Northern California — Hastings
Northern California — Roos/Atkins
Northridge Tall & Big Men's Shops
Oakland — Strom's Big & Tall
Oakland — Top Drawer—All Stores
Palm Springs — Mr. Ray's
Palo Alto — Wideman's
Sacramento — Bonney & Gordon—All Stores
Sacramento Kauffman's—All Stores
Salinas — Dick Bruhn
San Bernardino — Black's for Men
San Francisco — Howard's
San Francisco — Rochester Clothing—All Stores
San Jose — Eli Thomas—All Stores
Southern California — Gordins
Southern California Harris & Frank
Southern California — Roos/Atkins
Southern California — Silverwoods

COLORADO
Boulder — The Regiment
Colorado Springs — Hibbs
Colorado Springs — Waymire's
Denver — Cottrell's
Denver — Joslins
Denver — K-G Men's Store
Denver — May D & F—All Stores

CONNECTICUT
Kennedy's—All Stores
Rogers Peet—All Stores
Branford — Horwitz Dept. Store
Bridgeport — Wallachs
Bristol — Land's
Manchester — Regal Men's Store—All Stores
Orange — Nat Greenblatt, Inc.
Trumbull — D. M. Read, Inc.—All Stores
Waterbury — Langley's
West Hartford — Langley's
Wethersfield — Levison's Men Shop

DELAWARE
Newark — Jack Lang Clothes
Pennsauken — Jack Lang Clothes All Stores
Wilmington — Brait Co.
Wilmington — Jack Lang Clothes

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington George & Co.-Big & Tall Men's Shop—Both Stores
Washington — Woodward & Lothrop

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Hialeah — Surreys
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Miami — Rick's
Miami — Wallachs—Dick Richmond
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Orlando — Ivey's—All Stores
Pensacola — Gayfer's—Both Stores
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Tampa — Maas Brothers
Tampa Jack Pendola's Men's Store—Both Stores
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GEORGIA
Atlanta — Muse's—All Stores
Atlanta — Tall & Big Men's Shops—Both Stores
Atlanta — Zachry—All Stores
Augusta — Cullum's
Columbus — Harry's Haberdashery
Columbus — Metcalf's—Both Stores
Columbus — Tillman's
Savannah — Morris Levy
Savannah — Men's Quality Shop

HAWAII
Honolulu — M. McInerny Ltd.
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland

IDAHO
Boise — Roper's
Idaho Falls — Brown & Gesas
Twin Falls — Roper's

ILLINOIS
Aurora — Lytton's
Belleville — Imber's Men's Wear
Belleville — Union Clothing Co.
Calumet City — Baskin
Calumet City Maurice L. Rothschild
Champaign — Baskin
Chicago — Baskin—All Stores
Chicago — Bell Tailors
Chicago — Benson-Rixon—All Stores
Chicago — Broadstreet's
Chicago — Erie Clothing—All Stores
Chicago — Gaslight Men's Shop
Chicago — Gately's Peoples Store
Chicago — Herbert Mens Shop
Chicago — M. Hyman & Son
Chicago — Lauter Jerrem—All Stores
Chicago — Lytton's—All Stores
Chicago — Maurice L. Rothschild
Chicago — Morris B. Sachs
Chicago — Wieboldt Stores—All Stores
Christopher — Cury's
Collinsville — Imber's Men's Wear
DeKalb — Jolly's
Des Plaines — Allen's Store for Men
East St. Louis — Al's 234 Shops
East St. Louis — Plattner's
Edwardsville — Imber's Men's Wear
Elmhurst — Leonard's Store For Men
Elmwood Park — Jack Robbins Clo. Co.
Evanston — Baskin
Evanston — Lytton's
Evanston — Wieboldt Stores
Evergreen Park — Park Men's Shop
Galesburg — Fred Schubach
Homewood — Bovenkerk's
Lombard — M. Hyman & Son
Melrose Park — Erie Clothing
Moline — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Mt. Prospect — Baskin
Mt. Prospect — Lauter Jerrem
Mt. Prospect — Maurice L. Rothschild
Muscatine — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Oak Brook — Maurice L. Rothschild
Park Forest — Maurice L. Rothschild
Pekin — Russ Straumans
Peoria — The Bell Clothing & Shoe House—All Stores
Peoria — Schradzki's—All Stores
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's, Inc.
Rockford — Owens, Inc.—All Stores
Rockford — O. J. Stewart & Co.
Rockford — Stuckey's—Both Stores
Schaumburg — Erie Clothing
Schaumburg — Frank Bros.
Skokie — M. Hyman & Son
Skokie — Maurice L. Rothschild
Urbana — Baskin
Waukegan — Baskin
Waukegan — Feinberg's
Waukegan — Lytton's
Waukegan — Storey's—Both Stores
Waukegan — Wieboldt Stores

INDIANA
Anderson — Clair Call
Bloomington — Whitesides
Columbus — Dalton & Payne
East Chicago — Edward's Store For Men
Elkhart — Goldberg's
Evansville — Gordons
Evansville — Sater's
Ft. Wayne — Maier
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletcher
Gary — Mac & Dewey
Hammond — Jack Fox & Sons
Hobart — Edwards
Indiana Harbor — Milt's Store For Men
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis — The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis — Edrich Ltd.
Indianapolis — Hudson's Menswear
Jeffersonville — Keith Clothing
Marion — Milton's Clothes
Michigan City — Griegers
Michigan City — Herbert Men's Shop
New Albany — P. A. Niemaier
Noblesville — Zeckel's
South Bend — Gilbert's

IOWA
Cedar Falls — Palace Clothiers
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Davenport — Simon & Landauer
Davenport Syndicate Hub Clothing
Des Moines — Bond's of Beaverdale
Des Moines — Frankels—Both Stores
Des Moines — Kucharos—Both Stores
Sioux City — Weatherwax
Waterloo — Palace Clothiers

KANSAS
Hays — Browne's For Men
Overland Park — Barron's For The Big & Tall
Overland Park — Jones Store
Overland Park — Skip Wantland's
Prairie Village — Jones Store
Topeka — Ray Beers
Topeka — Cunningham Shields

KENTUCKY
Hopkinsville — Wade's
Louisville — Levy Bros.
Louisville — Rodes

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's—Both Stores
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner & Co.
Baton Rouge — Goudchaux's
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's, Inc.
Lake Charles — Love's
Leesville — Caplan's
Natchitoches — Caplan's
New Orleans — Godchaux's—Both Stores
New Orleans — Porter's-Stevens—All Stores
New Orleans — Tall & Big Men's Shops

MAINE
Lewiston — Leblanc's
Portland — A. H. Benoit Co.
Portland — Mortons
South Portland — Kennedy's
South Portland — Leblanc's
Waterville — Levine's
Waterville — Sterns Dept. Store

MARYLAND
Baltimore — Hamburgers—All Stores
Baltimore — Hutzler's
Baltimore — Max Margolis Gentleman Stylist
Baltimore — Stewart's—All Stores
Clinton — Brinson's Dept. Store
Gaithersburg — Bernard's, Ltd.
Hyattsville — Fred's Mens Shop—Both Stores
Rockville — Lawrence Reed Ltd.—All Stores
Silver Spring — David's
Waldorf — Mr. B's

MASSACHUSETTS
Filene's—All Stores
Kennedy's—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Auburn — Peerless Co.
Chestnut Hill — Milton's
Danvers — Giblee's
Fall River — Empire, Inc.
Framingham — The Wardrobe
Haverhill — Barrett's
Hyannis — Puritan Clothing Co.
Lawrence — Kaps
Quincy — Milton's
Salem — Giblee's
Saugus — Joseph's Men Store
Springfield — Lou Dramin Ltd.
Springfield — Peerless Co.
Springfield — Steiger's
Swampscott — Judd, Inc.
West Springfield — Yale-Genton
Worcester — Eddy's Of Park Ave.

MICHIGAN
Detroit — Crowley's—All Stores
Detroit — Frank Bros.
Detroit — Hudson's Men's Store—All Stores
Detroit — Hughes & Hatcher—All Stores
Detroit — Jack's Place
Detroit — The Princeton Shop
Detroit — Scholnick's
Flint — Binder's Big & Tall
Flint — A. M. Davison's—All Stores
Flint — Hudson's Men's Store
Flint — Macko's Formal Wear
Flint — Marvin's
Flint — Smith-Bridgman's
Flint — Milt Weiss Apparel
Grand Rapids — Christopher's Apparel Big & Tall
Grand Rapids — Hughes & Hatcher
Grand Rapids — William Klein Store For Men
Grand Rapids — A. May & Son—All Stores
Grand Rapids — Wurzburg's
Highland Park — Powell's
Holland — Lokker-Rutgers
Jackson — Hayward's
Jackson — Wurzburg's
Kalamazoo — Lew Hubbard—All Stores
Kalamazoo — Wurzburg's
Lansing — J. W. Knapp—All Stores
Lansing — A. May & Son
Lansing — Small's
Lansing — Wurzburg's
Lincoln Park — B. L. Sims
Mt. Clemens — Anton's
Mt. Clemens — Teck & Mark
Pontiac — Hudson's Men's Store
Pontiac — Osmun's
Saginaw — Edward's—All Stores
Saginaw — Wiechmann's
St. Clair Shores — Wales Big & Tall
Southfield — Osmun's
Southfield — Van Horn's—All Stores
Utica — Anton's
Warren — Osmun's
Wyoming — Rogers Dept. Store
Ypsilanti — Hayward's

MINNESOTA
Duluth — M & K Man
Mankato — Wilson's
Minneapolis — Cy's Mens Wear
Minneapolis — Juster's—All Stores
Minneapolis — Liemandt's—All Stores
Minneapolis — Young Quinlan—All Stores
Rochester — Hanny's Men's Wear
Rosemount — Cedric's—All Stores
St. Paul — Field-Schlick—All Stores
St. Paul — Liemandt's—All Stores
St. Paul — Jack Raymonds Men's Wear
St. Paul — Young Quinlan—All Stores
Wayzata — The Foursome
West St. Paul — Van Arsdell's

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi — Gayfer's
Greenville — The Leader
Jackson — Emporium
Jackson — The Four Seasons
Jackson — Gayfer's
Jackson — McRae's—All Stores
Jackson — Stevens—Both Stores
Meridian — Alex Loeb Inc.
Meridian — Harry Mayer Inc.
Meridian — McRae's
Vicksburg — McRae's

MISSOURI
Clayton — Aronson's
Columbia — Harry Smith Men's Wear—All Stores
Hazelwood — Plattner's
Independence — Klaus' Men's Wear
Jefferson City — Czarlinsky's
Kansas City — Jones Store—All Stores
Kansas City — The Palace—All Stores
Kansas City Rothschild's—All Stores
St. Ann — Broadstreet's
St. Joseph — The Custom Shop
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Boyd's—All Stores
St. Louis — Broadstreet's
St. Louis — Downs Mens Shops
St. Louis — Famous-Barr—All Stores
St. Louis — Stix, Baer & Fuller—All Stores
St. Louis — Wolff's—All Stores
Springfield Cole's Clothing & Shoes

MONTANA
Great Falls — Kaufmans

NEBRASKA
Grand Island — Brandeis
Lincoln — Brandeis
Lincoln — Ben Simon's—Both Stores
Omaha — Brandeis

NEVADA
Las Vegas — R. Goldwater's
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Reno — Harris & Frank
Reno — Paterson's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bedford — Kennedy's
Manchester — Easter's

NEW JERSEY
Browning Fifth Ave.—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Atlantic City — Jules for Men & Young Men
Atlantic City — Schultz Inc.
Bloomfield — Barry's Inc.
Burlington — Polsky's
Camden — Brait Co.
Jersey City — Barrett's
Jersey City — Waldstein, Inc.
Morristown — Salny Bros.
Mt. Ephraim — Ergood's
Newark — Larkey—All Stores
Paramus — Gimbels
Paramus — B&B Lorrys
Paramus — Rogers Peet
Rahway — Marks-Harris
Rocky Hill — Jack's Custom Shop
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Wayne — Roger Kent
West Orange — Gruber's
Westfield — John Franks
Willingboro — Stanford-Reed
Woodbridge — Kennedy's
Woodbridge — B&B Lorrys

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Henry's
Albuquerque — Strombergs
Las Cruces — Popular Dry Goods
Santa Fe — Goodman's

NEW YORK
Field Brothers—All Stores
Gimbels—All Stores
B&B Lorrys—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Albany — Kennedy's
Albany — McManus & Riley
Albany — Spector's
Auburn — Homick's Men's Shop
Bronx — Fox Menswear
Brooklyn He-Man Shops—All Stores
Buffalo — Wm. Hengerer Co.—All Stores
Buffalo — The Kleinhans Co. — All Stores
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Flushing — Nibs Men's Shop
Kingston — H. G. Rafalowsky
Long Island City — Baron's
New York City — Browning Fifth Ave.—All Stores
New York City — Rogers Peet—All Stores
Niagara Falls Sam Paul Men's Shop
Rochester — Kennedy's
Rochester — McCurdy & Co.
Rochester — National Clothing Co.—All Stores
Smithaven — Rogers Peet
Southampton — Harry Frank Men's Shop
Spring Valley — Nat Kaplan
Syracuse — Gary's
Utica — Wicks & Greenman
Williamsville — Stylecrest Men's Shops

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Charlotte — Harris-Hart Clo. Co.
Charlotte — J. D. Jones
Charlotte — Tall & Big Men's Shops
Charlotte — Tate-Brown—All Stores
Durham — Van Straaten's—All Stores
Gastonia — Warren Gardner's — All Stores
Havelock — Tryon's Clothiers
High Point — Frank A. Stith Co.
Moorehead City — Hill's
New Bern — Hill's
Raleigh — The Hub of Raleigh Ltd.
Raleigh — Hudson-Belk Co.—All Stores
Raleigh — McLeod Watson & Lanier
Rockingham — Bill Wallace
Wilmington — Payne's
Winston-Salem — Hine-Bagby Co.—All Stores
Winston-Salem — Frank A. Stith Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
Dickinson — O'Hearns
Fargo — Straus Co.—All Stores
Grand Forks — Straus Co.
Jamestown — Solien's Men's Store
Valley City — Straus Co.

OHIO
Akron — Koch's
Akron — Lang's
Akron — O'Neil's
Canton — The Harvard—All Stores
Canton — Hughes & Hatcher
Canton — Vicary's
Cincinnati — McAlpin's
Cincinnati — Pogue's—All Stores
Cleveland — B. R. Baker—All Stores
Cleveland Harry's King Size Clothes
Columbus — Dunhill's
Columbus — Wallkes
Dayton — Walkers
Euclid — Gornik's
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Toledo — Damschroder's
Toledo — Harry's King Size Clothes
Toledo — Hudson's Men's Store
Toledo — Hughes & Hatcher
Toledo — Lamson's
Toledo — LaSalle's
Toledo — The Lion Store
Warren — Hughes & Hatcher
Youngstown — Hartzell's-Rose & Sons—All Stores
Youngstown — Hughes & Hatcher

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City — Mr. Buck Inc.—All Stores
Oklahoma City — Napoleon Nash's—All Stores
Oklahoma City — Parks—All Stores
Oklahoma City — Rothschild's—All Stores

OREGON
Eugene — Ellingsworth's
Eugene — Rosenblatts
Portland — Rosenblatts—Both Stores

PENNSYLVANIA
Bridgeville — Carlton Men's Shops
Butler — McCarren's
Camp Hill — Stark Bros
Clifton Heights — Kent Mill Store
Greensburg — Carlton Men's Shops
Greensburg — Gongaware-Long
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Hatboro — Jack's Men's Shop
Lancaster — Stark Bros
McKeesport — Cox's
McKeesport — Henry B. Klein
Monaco — Hughes & Hatcher
Monroeville — Carlton Men's Shops
Monroeville — Cox's
Monroeville — Hughes & Hatcher
Philadelphia — Gimbels—All Stores
Philadelphia — Jay's Men's Shop
Philadelphia — Morville—All Stores
Philadelphia — Jacob Reed's Sons—All Stores
Philadelphia — Strawbridge & Clothier—All Stores
Pittsburgh Herman's Stylegate Shop
Pittsburgh — Hughes & Hatcher—All Stores
Reading — Croll & Keck—All Stores
Scranton — Schreiber's
Upper Darby — Brait Co.
Wyomissing — Hughes & Hatcher

RHODE ISLAND
Kennedy's—All Stores
Peerless Co.—All Stores
Garden City — St. Onge's
Providence — Donnelly's—All Stores
Warwick — Filene's
Warwick — Wallachs
West Warwick — St. Onge's
Woonsocket — Korsteins

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston — Berlin's
Greenville — Heyward Mahon
Greenville — Frank Pettigrew's Men's Shop
Sumter — The Capitol Dept. Store
Walterboro — Warshaw's

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls — Norman's Mens Wear

TENNESSEE
Bristol — Courthouse Ltd.
Chattanooga — Ira Trivers
Cookeville — Bob's Shop for Men
Elizabethton — Courthouse Ltd.
Kingsport — Courthouse Ltd.
Knoxville — Schriver's
Memphis — Cashon-Wright—Both Stores
Memphis — James Davis
Memphis — Tall & Big Men's Shops
Nashville — Everett Holzapfel

TEXAS
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Amarillo — The Hub
Arlington — Tall & Big Men's Shops
Austin Blomquist-Clark—All Stores
Austin — Merritt Schaefer & Brown
Austin — Jack Mortons—All Stores
Austin — Scarbrough's—All Stores
Beaumont — Butch Hoffers
Corpus Christi — Lichtenstein's
Corsicana — Harris & Jacobs
Dallas — Copeland's Clothes
Dallas — Irby-Hayes—All Stores
Dallas E. M. Kahn & Co.—All Stores
Dallas — Tall & Big Men's Shops
Dallas — Jas. K. Wilson—All Stores
El Paso — Al's Shop for Men
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Clyde Campbell
Ft. Worth — Cox's—All Stores
Ft. Worth — Washer Bros.
Georgetown — Gold's
Harlingen — The Sportsman
Houston — Foley's—All Stores
Houston — Harold's Mens Wear
Houston — Joske's
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolfe—All Stores
Irving — Copeland's Clothes
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop—Both Stores
Midland — Cal's Man Shop
Odessa — The Model Shop
San Antonio — Dillard's—All Stores
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
San Antonio — Leo Mendlovitz
San Antonio — Pincus Company—All Stores
San Antonio — Todd's
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop

UTAH
Logan — Leven's
Ogden — Buehler Dunn Branz
Salt Lake City — Castletons
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

VIRGINIA
The Hub—All Stores
Abingdon — Courthouse Ltd.
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Danville — Sater's for Men
Newport News — Clayton's
Norfolk — Shulman's—All Stores
Roanoke — Mitchell Clothing Co.
Virginia Beach — Clayton's
Wytheville — Courthouse Ltd.

WASHINGTON
Seattle — Klopfensteins—All Stores
Seattle — Prager's—All Stores
Seattle — John Stern Men's Clothier
Spokane — The Crescent
Tacoma — Klopfensteins

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston — Kelley's Men's Shop

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close—All Stores
Appleton — Gimbels
Chippewa Falls — The Boston
Eau Claire — The Boston
Eau Claire — Muldoon's Men's Wear
Green Bay — C. A. Gross Co.
Janesville — W. C. Bullis
Kenosha — Chiappetta—Both Stores
La Crosse — Newburg's Men's Wear
Madison Baskin/Olson & Veerhusen
Madison — Gimbels—Both Stores
Madison — The Hub/Ed Schmitz & Sons—All Stores
Madison — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee Boston Store—All Stores
Milwaukee Brills/Colony—All Stores
Milwaukee — Friedman's
Milwaukee — Gieringer's Fine Mens Wear—All Stores
Milwaukee — Gimbels—All Stores
Milwaukee — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — Polacheck's
Milwaukee Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs—All Stores
Milwaukee Walkers Ltd.—All Stores
Rhinelander — DeByle's—All Stores

WYOMING
Casper — Woods for Men

PUERTO RICO
Cabrer—All Stores
Rio Piedras — Puerto Rico Elegante
San Juan Gonzalez Padin—All Stores
San Juan — Tops—All Stores

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The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Bloody Marys and all.

To make a Bloody Mary, shake with ice 1½ oz. Smirnoff, 3 oz. tomato juice, ½ tsp. lemon juice, Worcestershire, salt and pepper.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.®

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Tell us about the time you were caught making love," urges the suave male voice on the phone.

"Well," says Kay, 22, of Millbrae, California, "we were parked in the back seat of a car having fun—ha, ha—and I opened my eyes and there was the biggest badge on the biggest highway patrolman I ever saw. Well, I'm quick-witted enough, I said, 'You're no better than anyone else. Take a number and get in line.' He got in his car and drove away."

Now, what would possess a young middle-class nymph to participate in a semiobscene phone conversation with a stranger? The newest and lustiest of radio formats, that's what: the women-only, sex-only, phone-in talk show. The emcee is Don Chamberlain of San Francisco's KNEW, and the show is *California Girls*. Each day, from ten till two, there's a different topic, such as "Do you have more than one affair going at this time?" Chamberlain borrowed the idea from a d.j. named Bill Ballance, who confected a program called *Feminine Forum* on KGBS in Los Angeles almost two years ago. Since Ballance began his sex-rap show, his station has shot skyward in the highly competitive Los Angeles market, which is glutted with 77 radio stations. Chamberlain isn't doing badly, either: He says he's getting 200 letters a day—and lots of commercials for Undulator Water Beds and Passion Poop Pillows.

On another day, Chamberlain's subject was "The most unusual place you ever made love." "In a bathtub filled with Jell-O," replied a cheery food freak named Karen. The flavor (Don always presses for intimate details) was wild cherry. Vickie, 22, from San Francisco, said: "In a bed while it was on fire. We got so carried away we didn't notice that the bedclothes were in flames."

But the grand prize on that day had to go to a second Vickie, 18, of Marin County. "On a motorcycle in a gas station," she said.

"Why a motorcycle, Vickie?" Chamberlain asked, sighing audibly, but ever the inquiring reporter.

"Well, we happened to be sitting on it," she said.

Chamberlain, who has been married three times and has a gruff but sympathetic voice that gives him the tone of an avuncular Sam Spade, is not above egging the girls on ("They all want to take you to the feathers, then?"), though few need encouragement. A bigger problem with the California girls is that they get too explicit. When this happens, Don cuts in with a stock line, "Girls, use a little class, show a little discretion, but be imaginative." When they get so carried away as to resort to what Don calls "four-letter Anglo-Saxon words," he uses more drastic measures. For example, when someone says "I caught my girlfriend in bed with my boyfriend and they were——" Don takes advantage of the seven-second delay and hits the kill button, which starts an echo-chamber tape: "CENSORED! CENSORED! CENSORED! . . ."

A different day's question was "Have you told each other about your sex life?" One girl confessed that not only did her husband tell her about his sex life with other girls but she was *there*.

"Who was the girl?" asked Don breathlessly.

"My sister," she replied, regaling him with the tale of how the three of them ended up in the sack. "I didn't enjoy it too much," she went on. "Then we did it a second time with another girl."

"Who was it this time?"

"My second sister."

The following day, the subject was "The meanest thing you ever did to a man." Janet, 23, said she once set fire to the hair in her husband's armpits. "We like to play jokes on each other like that."

There seem to be intimations of the confessional in the program—girls feeling guilty about cheating or group balling but making a clean breast of it to Father Don. Even his customary farewells have an aura of absolution: "You're gonna have a nice life, Kathy." Bobbing merrily atop this diurnal sea of erotica, Don hardly arches an eyebrow, although he confesses that he's not yet completely inhibitionless. "I haven't yet found a way to come to grips with masturbation."

•

Our Far-Out! Award for Startling Flashes on the Drug Front goes this month to the United States Army. As *The New York Times* had it, in a three-year study of over 700 hash-smoking soldiers, it was found that "heavy users, who consumed the equivalent of up to 200 marijuana cigarettes a day, suffered a variety of ill effects, including a 'chronic intoxicated state, characterized by apathy, dullness and lethargy with mild-to-severe impairment of judgment, concentration and memory.'"

•

We suppose it had to happen. Ray Higgins, the nude chef at Toronto's Mynah Bird strip house, mentioned here in July, has suffered an occupational accident. He spilled some hot vegetable soup on the most sensitive portion of his anatomy and had to be taken to a hospital for emergency-room treatment. We assume he is covered by workmen's compensation—if nothing else.

•

You bet your life: After being told she'd won her round on a TV quiz show, a Sydney, Australia, woman collapsed onstage and died of a heart attack. The producers of the show assured her grieving family that they would be given a copy of the film—to show how happy she was when she expired.

•

According to the Lynn, Massachusetts, *Daily Evening Item*, the Loew's Danvers Theater is showing *Prime Cunt*.

•

C. Northcote Parkinson Department, Mickey Mouse Division: In response to an order from Admiral Zumwalt directing Navy personnel to find out which paperwork forms they think are unnecessary, the 12th Naval District, headquartered in San Francisco, has issued a Paperwork Necessity Inquiry Form.

•

This situations-wanted ad, from the St. Louis *County Star*, should make happy

holidays for some: "Ladies, is your husband too busy to take care of those little things? Always gone when you need him? Make those drab days bright. Call Bill and let him fill those holes and cracks your husband hasn't got time for. . . . Pay only what you feel it's worth."

•

Writ large in the front window of the Paulist Fathers Center in Boston is the old religious exhortation REPENT AND BE SAVED. Then, in smaller letters underneath: IF YOU HAVE ALREADY REPENTED, PLEASE DISREGARD THIS MESSAGE.

•

Plain speaking from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*'s Sunday magazine, in a feature on the German sport of finger wrestling: "The men, who have become pretty good in Bavaria at yanking one another's joints, spend many hours building up their finger muscles by pulling at whatever happens to be handy."

•

A promotional letter from Gloria Steinem's *Ms.* magazine states that "'Miss' and 'Mrs.' define us according to our relationship with men. If 'Mr.' is enough to indicate male, then 'Ms.' is enough to indicate female." The letter was sent to Mrs. John Gyorgy of Wilmington, Delaware.

•

In Durban, South Africa, vice-squad detectives purchased what was supposedly a blue movie. When it turned out to be a newsreel of an Apollo moon landing, they arrested the film's under-the-counter purveyor, who was fined $133 for fraud.

•

The Jack Frost Ski Shop in Jackson, New Hampshire, has found an appropriate spot for the required sign about price-ceiling information. It's on the ceiling.

•

We're not sure if the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate was intentionally indulging in campaign mudslinging, but it has come to our attention that the following headline appeared in the San Rafael, California, *Independent-Journal*: "SHRIVER: NIXON HAD VIET PIECE IN HIS LAP IN '69."

•

The computerized personal letter has added a new wrinkle to the junk-mail business, but not without occasional mechanical lapses. According to Dallas columnist Paul Crume, a Texas church received a letter from a Cleveland correspondence school addressed to—and saluting—"Mr. Melrose Drive Church of Christ." The letter capped a glowing description of the school's virtues with a ringing peroration that might have changed Western civilization—if only the mails had been faster: "Mr. Christ, don't waste your life in a dead-end, low-paying job."

•

Herb Caen's *San Francisco Chronicle* column reports that a youngster, hospitalized after a knee operation, wired Joe Namath: "I HAVE A NAMATH-TYPE KNEE INJURY. PLEASE ADVISE ABOUT SEX LIFE WHILE IN A CAST." The reply: "IF YOUR KNEE PLAYS SUCH A BIG PART IN YOUR SEX LIFE, YOU'RE IN REAL TROUBLE. BROADWAY JOE."

•

Promoters of a blood-bank drive in Delaware came up with a novel gimmick: to every donor, two free tickets to see the play *Dracula*.

•

Deputy of Internal Affairs? During a newscast introducing the newly appointed members of Premier Pierre Messmer's government to French television viewers, the government-run broadcasting company inadvertently included in the group of photographs the picture of a nationally sought sex maniac.

•

From the Waukegan, Illinois, *News-Sun*, we found out why they blew up that public-housing high-rise at the Pruitt-Igoe project in St. Louis. It seems the explosion was part of "an experimental program by the Federal Government to see if buildings can be made more livable for tenants."

•

At the University of New Mexico's free-university program, a course called Women and Their Bodies was postponed. A note on the bulletin board announced: "Classes will start when the materials arrive."

•

No hard feelings: A personalized license plate seen in Stockton, California, reads simply NADER. The car—a Chevrolet Corvair.

•

In a review of an Isaac Hayes concert, the Mobile, Alabama, *Press Register* criticized Hayes for an overly dramatic entrance—then went on, much more dramatically, to record that "the band cooked mercilessly, mellowing out on the chorus to allow Hayes's smooth-as-silk organ to come up."

•

We've heard of rolling up the sidewalks, but this is ridiculous: Signs along main thoroughfares in Cicero, Illinois, warn that during snowfalls of three inches or more, STREET MUST BE CLEARED OF ALL VEHICLES OR BE TOWED AWAY.

• • •

Alexander Solzhenitsyn is Russia's greatest contemporary novelist, the man whom Yevgeny Yevtushenko (interviewed in this issue) has called "our greatest living classic." He was first imprisoned for eight years in a Stalinist labor camp; while there, was stricken with cancer that has never been cured; was banished to Siberia for three more years; and, since 1964, has been subjected to a campaign of harassment, intimidation and vilification that has grown more intense every year. And through it all, despite working conditions that would, in the words of one American critic, "drive most of us to madness or suicide," Solzhenitsyn has produced one masterpiece after another: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" (his only novel published in the Soviet Union), "The First Circle," "Cancer Ward" and, most recently, "August 1914," which has been compared to Tolstoy's "War and Peace." His works banned at home, deprived of most income, barred from doing research, Solzhenitsyn continues not only to write but to stand alone against the machinery of the Soviet state. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1970 but could not travel to Stockholm, for fear of not being allowed to return. The following excerpts are taken from his undelivered acceptance speech, which was recently smuggled out and published by the Nobel Foundation. It is more than an acceptance speech: It is a plea for the rest of us to listen, from a man who, without question, has the right to make that plea.

In order to mount this platform from which the Nobel lecture is read, I have climbed not three or four makeshift steps but hundreds and even thousands of them: unyielding, precipitous, frozen steps, leading out of the darkness and cold where it was my fate to survive, while others—perhaps with a greater gift and stronger than I—have perished.

Of those others, I myself met but a few [at the corrective-labor-camp headquarters] on Gulag, that archipelago shattered and fragmented into a multitude of islands. Beneath the millstone of spying and mistrust, I did not talk to them all; of some I only heard, of others I could only guess. Those who fell into that abyss already bearing a literary name are at least known, but how many were never recognized, never once mentioned in public?

Virtually no one managed to return. A whole national literature remained there, cast into oblivion not only without a grave but without even underclothes, naked, with a number tagged to its toe. Russian literature never broke through, not even momentarily, and to the outside world it seemed a wasteland. Where a peaceful forest could have grown, there remained, after all the felling, two or three trees overlooked by chance.

Frequently, in painful camp seethings, in a column of prisoners, when chains of lanterns pierced the gloom of the evening frosts, we would feel well up inside us the words we should like to cry out,

17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

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if the world could just hear one of us. And when at last the outer pressure grew a little weaker, our horizon broadened and gradually, through a tiny crack, we saw and knew the rest of the world. To our amazement, the world was not as we had hoped; we saw, instead, a world where some weep unconsolable tears and others dance to a lighthearted musical.

There are at least several scales of values in the world: one for evaluating events near at hand, another for events far away; aging societies possess one, young societies another; successful people one, unsuccessful people yet another. The divergent scales of values scream in discordance, they dazzle and daze us, and to avoid the pain, we wave aside all other values but our own. Everything that is farther away, that does not threaten this very day to invade our threshold—with all its groans, its stifled cries, its destroyed lives, even if it claims millions of victims—this we consider on the whole to be perfectly bearable and of tolerable proportions.

Yet we cannot reproach human vision for this duality, for this dumfounded incomprehension of another man's distant grief; man is just made that way. But for the whole of mankind, now compressed into a single lump, such mutual incomprehension presents the threat of imminent violent destruction. One world, one mankind cannot exist in the face of six, four or even two scales of values: We shall be torn apart by this disparity of rhythm, this disparity of vibrations.

But who will coordinate these value scales, and how? Who will make clear to mankind what is truly heavy and intolerable, and what only grazes the skin locally? Propaganda, constraint, scientific proof—all are useless. But fortunately there does exist such a means in our world. That means is art. That means is literature.

[Art and literature] possess a wonderful ability: Despite distinctions of language, custom, social structure, they can convey the life experience of one whole nation to another. They can describe one country's harsh trial and spare the other nation from an unnecessary, or mistaken, or even disastrous course, thereby curtailing the meandering of human history. And literature conveys irrefutable condensed experience in yet another invaluable direction: from generation to generation. Thus it becomes the living memory of a nation.

But woe to that nation whose literature is disturbed by the intervention of power. Because that is not just a violation against "freedom of print." It is the closing off of the heart of the nation, a slashing to pieces of its memory. Silent generations grow old and die without ever having talked about themselves, either to each other or to their descendants. When such masters as [poet Anna] Akmatova and [satirist Yevgeny] Zamyatin are interred alive and condemned to create in silence until they die, never hearing the echo of their written words, then that is not only their personal tragedy but a sorrow to the whole nation, a danger to the whole nation.

In some cases, moreover, when as a result of such a silence the whole of history ceases to be understood in its entirety, it is a danger to the whole of mankind.

The world is being inundated by the brazen conviction that power can do anything, justice nothing. Dostoievsky's devils—supposedly a provincial, nightmarish fantasy of the last century—are crawling across the entire world in front of our very eyes, infesting countries where they could never have been dreamed of. And by means of hijackings, kidnapings, explosions and fires of recent years, they are announcing their determination to shake and destroy civilization. And they may well succeed.

The young, at an age when they have not yet any experience other than sexual, when they do not yet have years of personal suffering and personal understanding behind them, are jubilantly repeating our pointless Russian blunders of the 19th Century, under the impression that they are discovering something new. With a shallow lack of understanding of mankind's age-old essence, in the naïve confidence of inexperienced hearts, they cry: Let us get rid of those cruel, greedy oppressors and rulers, and once our grenades and rifles have been laid aside, the new ones (we?) will be just and understanding. . . . And among those who have lived longer and understand, among those in a position to contradict the young, most are afraid to contradict and even act obsequiously—anything not to appear conservative.

The timid civilized world has found nothing with which to oppose the onslaught of a sudden revival of barefaced barbarity, other than concessions and smiles. The spirit of Munich, which has by no means retreated into the past, is a sickness of successful people. It is the daily condition of those who have given themselves up to the thirst after prosperity at any price, to material well-being as the chief goal of earthly existence. Such people—and there are many in today's world—elect passivity and retreat, just so their accustomed life might last a bit longer, just so as not to step over the threshold of hardship today—and tomorrow, you'll see, it will be all right. (But it will never be all right. The price of cowardice will simply be that much harsher. We shall reap courage and victory only when we dare to make sacrifices.)

What, then, is the place and role of the writer in this cruel, dynamic, explosive world on the brink of its ten destructions? After all, we have nothing to do with letting off rockets; we do not even push the lowliest handcarts; we are quite scorned by those who respect only material power. But a writer is not the detached judge of his compatriots and contemporaries. He is an accomplice to all the evil committed in his native land or by his countrymen. And if the tanks of his fatherland have flooded the asphalt of a foreign capital with blood, then the brown drops have spattered the face of the writer forever. And if his young compatriots breezily announce their preference for depravity over honest work, if they give themselves over to seizing hostages or taking drugs, then their stink mingles with the breath of the writer.

Shall we have the temerity to declare that we are not responsible for the sores of today's world?

There are no internal affairs left in our crowded world. Mankind's sole salvation lies in everyone's making everything his business: in the people of the East's being vitally concerned with what is thought in the West, the people of the West vitally concerned with what goes on in the East.

Let us not forget that violence does not live alone and is not capable of living alone: It is necessarily interwoven with falsehood. No sooner does it become strong, firmly established, than it senses the rarefaction of the air around it and cannot continue to exist without descending into a fog of lies, clothing them in sweet talk.

But writers and artists can conquer falsehood. *One word of truth shall outweigh the whole world.* And it is here, on an imaginary fantasy, a breach of the law of conservation of mass and energy, that I base both my own activity and my appeal to the writers of the whole world.

BOOKS

The decision makers who so thoroughly deceived themselves as well as the rest of us as they entangled the nation in Vietnam are probed in David Halberstam's long, fascinatingly detailed contribution to the psychohistory of America's quarter century in Southeast Asian quicksand. ***The Best and the Brightest*** (Random House) provides a narrative of the spiraling disaster as experienced within the inner Government as well as a series of unsparing profiles of the protagonists, especially those highly educated aides-de-camp—"men linked more to one another, their schools, their own social class and their own concerns than they were to their country." From

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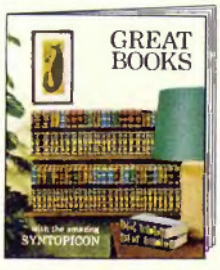

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Dean Acheson (more responsible than even John Foster Dulles for America's plunge into disaster) to Walt Rostow. Halberstam reveals the casts of mind of the elite cadre of Cold War religionists "for whom the enemy is not simply the Communists but everything else, its own press, its own judiciary, its own Congress." Trained to lead, intoxicated by access to power, the "best and brightest" from prestigious banks, law firms and universities could not even conceive of asking by what right America was savaging Vietnam in order to save it. This, after all, was the American Century, and what was good for America was automatically good for the preservation of true civilization. Brilliant but not wise, tough and therefore not "sentimental" about such abstract notions as morality, McNamara, the Bundys, General Maxwell Taylor, Rostow, and even the resident doubter, George Ball, considered themselves accountable only to the Chief Executive, certainly not to the American people. Significantly, not a single member of the highest level of the inner Government has yet publicly expressed contrition or a trace of shame. Halberstam interconnects the internal power plays with the widely differentiated personalities of the players, up to and including the oversized Lyndon Baines Johnson. He makes clear—by name, deed and motivation—who was most to blame for the worst misadventure in our national history.

•

Last year British newsman Frederick Forsyth wrote a nail biter called *The Day of the Jackal* that promptly turned into The Day of the Jackpot: number-one best seller, big movie deal, heavy paperback bread—the works. So what does he do for an encore? ***The Odessa File*** (Viking), another thriller, again projecting a fictional yarn against the factual backdrop of European politics. His title is misleading: Odessa turns out to be not the Soviet city by the sea but the acronym of a German phrase meaning Organization of Former Members of the SS. As Forsyth tells the tale, these super-Nazis by 1963 had formed a secret network including many a fat-cat member of the political-industrial complex, all engaged in preparing guidance systems for the missiles their *Kameraden* were making in Egypt to cover Israel with plague germs and strontium. Forsyth's saga really begins when a young Hamburg free-lancer stumbles onto the concentration-camp diary of a recent Jewish suicide and for the first time (it says here) realizes what horrendous crimes were committed by his countrymen—notably, one SS Captain Roschmann. He discovers that Roschmann is still alive and well, living somewhere in the *Reich*, and determines to flush him

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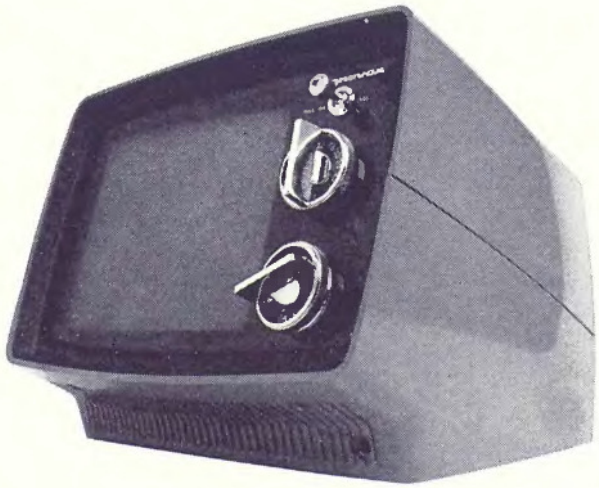

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out. Whereupon follows an intricate series of adventures that involves him with the Israeli Death's Head hunters and results in his posing as an SS man in order to infiltrate Odessa. Being refreshingly inexpert (no Jackal, he), our hero soon blows his cover and becomes a hunted hunter. Things build quickly to a chilling climax and an ironic ending. Despite too much talk-talk before the bang-bang, this is a zippy encore. An engrossing meld of incredible fact with credible fiction—which seems to be Forsyth's forte.

•

Almost as productive of an emotional high as the wiles of the Yaqui Indian sorcerer it celebrates, ***Journey to Ixtlan*** (Simon & Schuster) recounts the initiation of anthropologist Carlos Castaneda into an alien system of belief. Two previous books—*The Teachings of Don Juan* and *A Separate Reality*—detailed Castaneda's use of psychotropic drugs to reach another dimension of awareness. This time our attention is focused more sharply on the compelling figure of Don Juan, whose capacity for seduction, mystification, insult, command and mollification flows like quicksilver through each encounter. Juan mocks, cajoles and bullies Carlos into surrendering his routines and petty concerns; he frightens him into running swiftly across unknown ground in the darkness; he induces him to concentrate on objects until they lose shape, to squint at a distant landscape until its meaning disintegrates, to sit with his arms and legs bent at odd angles. He watches, alternately mirthful and concerned, as Carlos confronts an unaccountable wind, flees from spirit voices, tosses in the delirium of a strange fever. Carlos learns to live with an awareness of his own death, a palpable presence at his left shoulder, and he learns how to stop the world and see it as a pattern of shimmering lines. Is Juan fraud or fantasy, saint or charlatan? Who dares say? But, like his teacher, Castaneda's works seem to transform the world—not only for himself but for a large audience of readers.

•

Until recent years, most of the writing about American black music was by white men. Some of it was valuable historically (Fred Ramsey) and in terms of musical analysis (André Hodeir)—but not until *Blues People*, by LeRoi Jones (now Imamu Baraka), was there a book exploring the socioeconomic-psychological roots of evolving black American music through more than three centuries of black experience in this country. Ortiz Walton's ***Music: Black, White & Blue*** (Morrow) continues that investigation. The first black member of a major American orchestra (the Boston Symphony), Walton has also been principal double bassist with the Cairo

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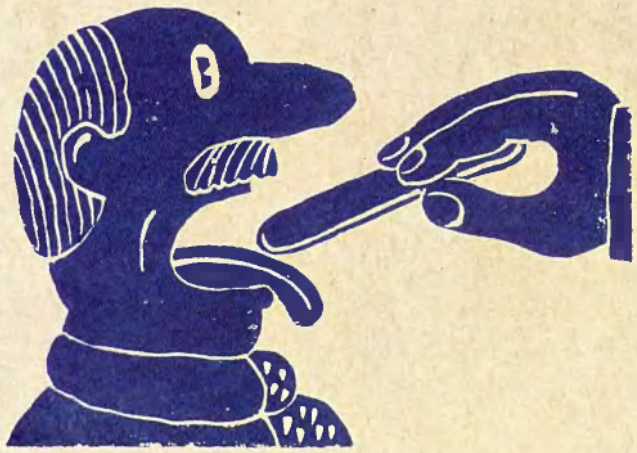

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(U. A. R.) Symphony Orchestra and now heads the Hoodoo Jazz Band while completing his work at the University of California for a doctorate in sociology. He is an exceptionally lucid as well as a widely knowledgeable writer. His section on the organic relationships between African music and African ways of life and their legacy to Afro-Americans may well be the best single introduction to the subject for the lay reader. Also absorbing are Walton's examinations of blues, ragtime and the early decades of jazz—which he regards as *the* American classical music. (A continuing obbligato to his account is that of black innovation followed by white exploitation.) Walton is skimpy on post-bop developments, preferring to focus on the discrimination by symphony orchestras against black musicians and the discrimination by society as a whole against black culture in our hugely disproportionate subsidization of symphony orchestras and opera companies rather than of black American classical music. He strongly advocates a reversal of the priorities of public cultural funding and the establishment of training centers for Afro-American musicians on a community and national level, as well as a massive infusion of the teaching of Afro-American music in the public schools. This is one of the very few serious books on music that any reader can assimilate with ease and pleasure.

•

CIA: The Myth and the Madness (Saturday Review Press) was written by ex–CIAnik Patrick McGarvey, who served in various intelligence agencies for 14 years. Were it not so basically melancholy, it would be a marvelous farce. McGarvey tells stories so bizarre they must be true. The CIA wanted to know the state of King Farouk's health, so it tapped two urinals in a john at a Monte Carlo casino. When the plump monarch went to the loo, an agent sitting in a stall peered out through a crack and, by coughing, signaled to a colleague on the other side of the wall which urinal Farouk was using. Presto! A specimen by remote control. McGarvey tells of stupefying bureaucracy, costly duplication, an avalanche of information so overwhelming that the important is often overlooked, and just plain incompetence. Perhaps the biggest intelligence fiasco of recent years was the capture of the spy ship Pueblo by North Korea. When the White House instantly fired off a rocket to the Defense Department's intelligence agency, the desk officer there didn't have the vaguest notion what the ship had been up to. Nobody had told him. Nor had he received a warning from the National Security Agency (the one concerned with electronic intelligence) that the Pueblo would be in danger if it went too close

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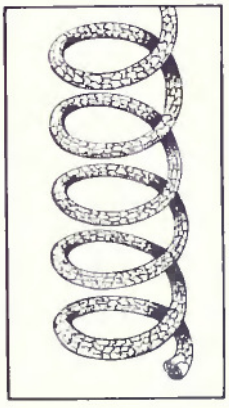

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to the coast, for the North Koreans were clearly undertaking a more aggressive counterintelligence program. And, anyway, the intelligence the Pueblo was supposed to gather was already being adequately collected by another agency. There's a lot more like that, and when McGarvey is finished, there's not much left of the CIA myth. More damaging—but this one politically—is ***The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*** (Harper & Row), written by a Yale Ph.D. candidate, Alfred W. McCoy, with two other grad students, Cathleen R. Read and Leonard P. Adams II. McCoy accuses the CIA—which did its best to discredit the book before publication—of supporting traffickers in opium and heroin. He charges that high-ranking Thai officials close to the U. S. and high-ranking South Vietnamese and Laotian officials entirely dependent on American support are directly involved in the sale of heroin to American Servicemen and in the shipment of heroin for sale on American streets. According to McCoy, the Nixon Administration knows exactly what's happening but will do nothing effective to stop the drug flow because that would undermine U. S. favorites in Indochina. It's a terrible accusation, but the documentation is strong. It sounds like the real McCoy.

•

The Greeks had a word for it—*stomachos*, or opening; but Old English had a more forthright one—*belig*, meaning bag or sack. In his grab bag of a book about the human midsection, James Trager opts for the latter. And in ***The Big, Fertile, Rumbling, Cast-Iron, Growling, Aching, Unbuttoned Bellybook*** (Grossman), he tells us all about the crowded, busy, gurgling world that's sheltered by our rib cage. Trager may be the most knowledgeable man on earth about the human belly—from what goes into it to what happens after it gets there; from belly ailments to belly builders; from the art of belly dancing to the etiquette of eructation, or belly burping. But *Bellybook* is more than a guided tour through the alimentary canal. Trager defies the complexities of organic chemistry and makes a brave attempt to clarify the enormously complex interrelationships of food and enzymes, metabolism and genetics. He also examines such gut issues as diet, nutrition, food safety and the maldistribution of the world's food supply. Like a good cook, Trager has seasoned his reportage with a soupçon of legend, a sprinkling of anecdote (Nelson won at Trafalgar because the British had learned how to keep their sailors from getting scurvy) and several dashes of wit. In his obsession with the surprisingly misunderstood world of the belly,

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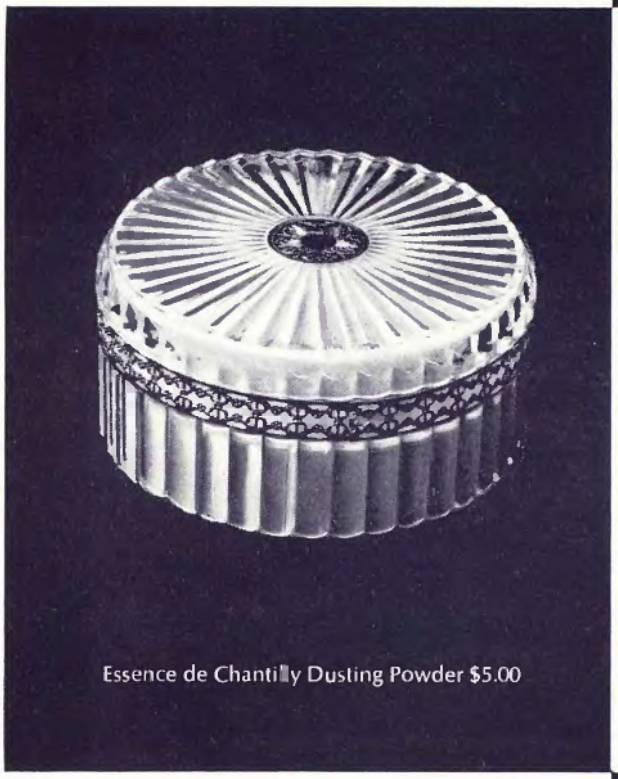

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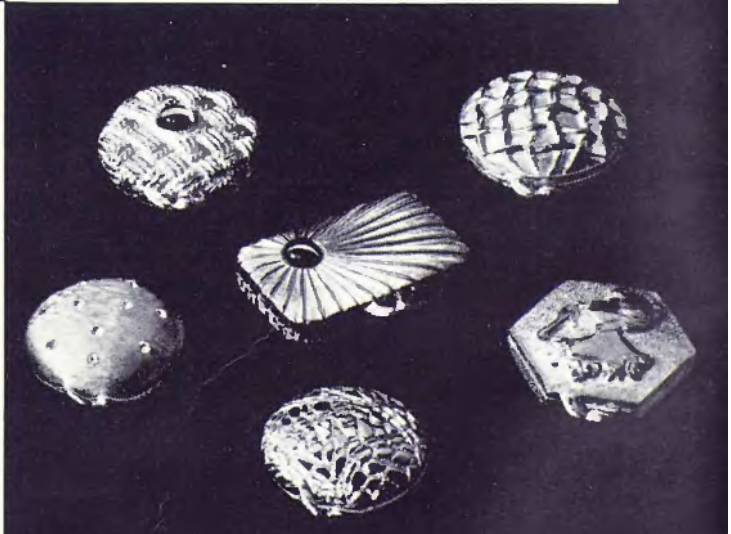

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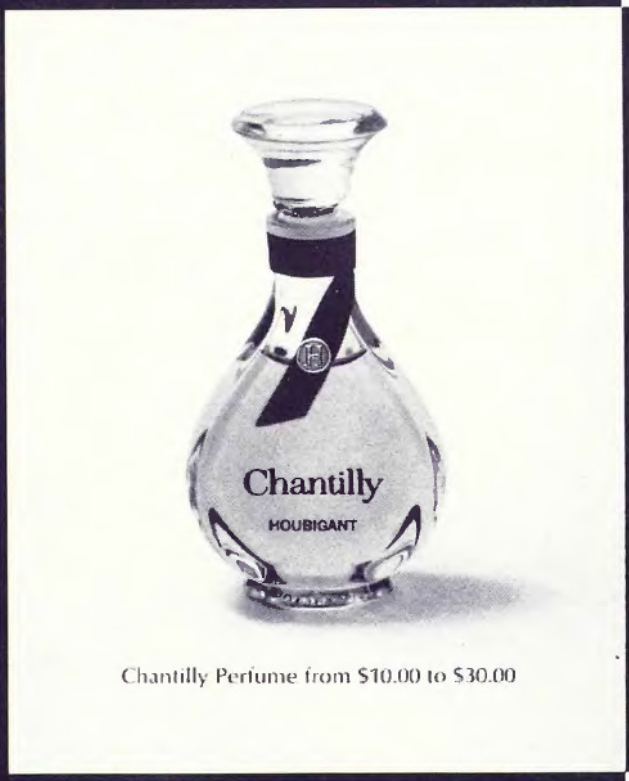

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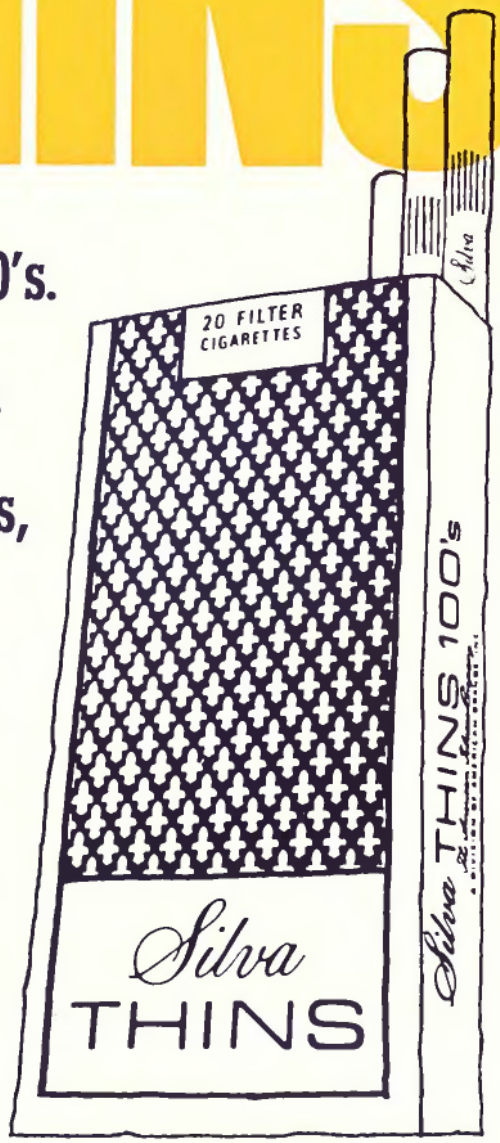

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Trager has bitten off more than he can properly digest—but he has catered a buffet of fascinating facts.

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Anthony Quinn's autobiographical ***The Original Sin*** (Little, Brown) will frustrate readers hungry for details about the actor's sexual exploits. While the book includes an intriguing offhand reference to his affair with a movie queen he "almost committed suicide over," little is said about the breakup of his longtime marriage to Katharine De Mille (adopted daughter of C. B.) and nothing about his subsequent marriage to an Italian beauty who has borne him three sons. Yet Quinn strips himself naked in a way that's almost unprecedented in superstar biographies. Stretched out on an analyst's couch, which serves as home base for his first-person psychodrama, Quinn flashes back to a series of surprisingly frank and probably painful revelations. Vivid memories of poverty and squalor are woven darkly through episodes about his Mexican-Irish boyhood, his total dependence on the good opinion of a ruthlessly authoritarian father, his youthful liaison with an older married woman who helped give shape to his professional life, plus colorful tales of how he came under the influence of such diverse characters as Aimee Semple McPherson, Mae West, John Barrymore and Frank Lloyd Wright. The book's most provocative figure, however, is a character identified merely as The Boy—a fantasy creature who is, of course, Quinn's alter ego, his inner voice. "A ghost," his doctor tells him—"a memory we all carry of our youth." The actor-author's attempts to rid himself of this ghost, to discover why he is "unable to love unconditionally," define the form and substance of *The Original Sin*. Unsparingly honest, self-made and furiously ego driven, Quinn often proves as compelling in print as he is on film. His written confessional ends, unfortunately, with a scene that might have been judiciously cut from one of the more flamboyant Anthony Quinn movies—with the star on his knees against the backdrop of a desert sunrise, shedding real tears and joyously baritoning the praises of love, love, *love*. Even so, he still comes off as a hell of a guy.

•

What a dream when it started: to encourage and finance the creative projects of young artists in every field without limiting their freedom. That was Apple, the corporate structure erected in 1968 by the bulging moneybags and high-minded motives of the Beatles. By 1971, Apple was sauce—a financial shambles, an artistic failure and a legal muddle. Its three years of surreal existence are the subject of ***The Longest Cocktail Party*** (Playboy Press). Richard DiLello, a self-described

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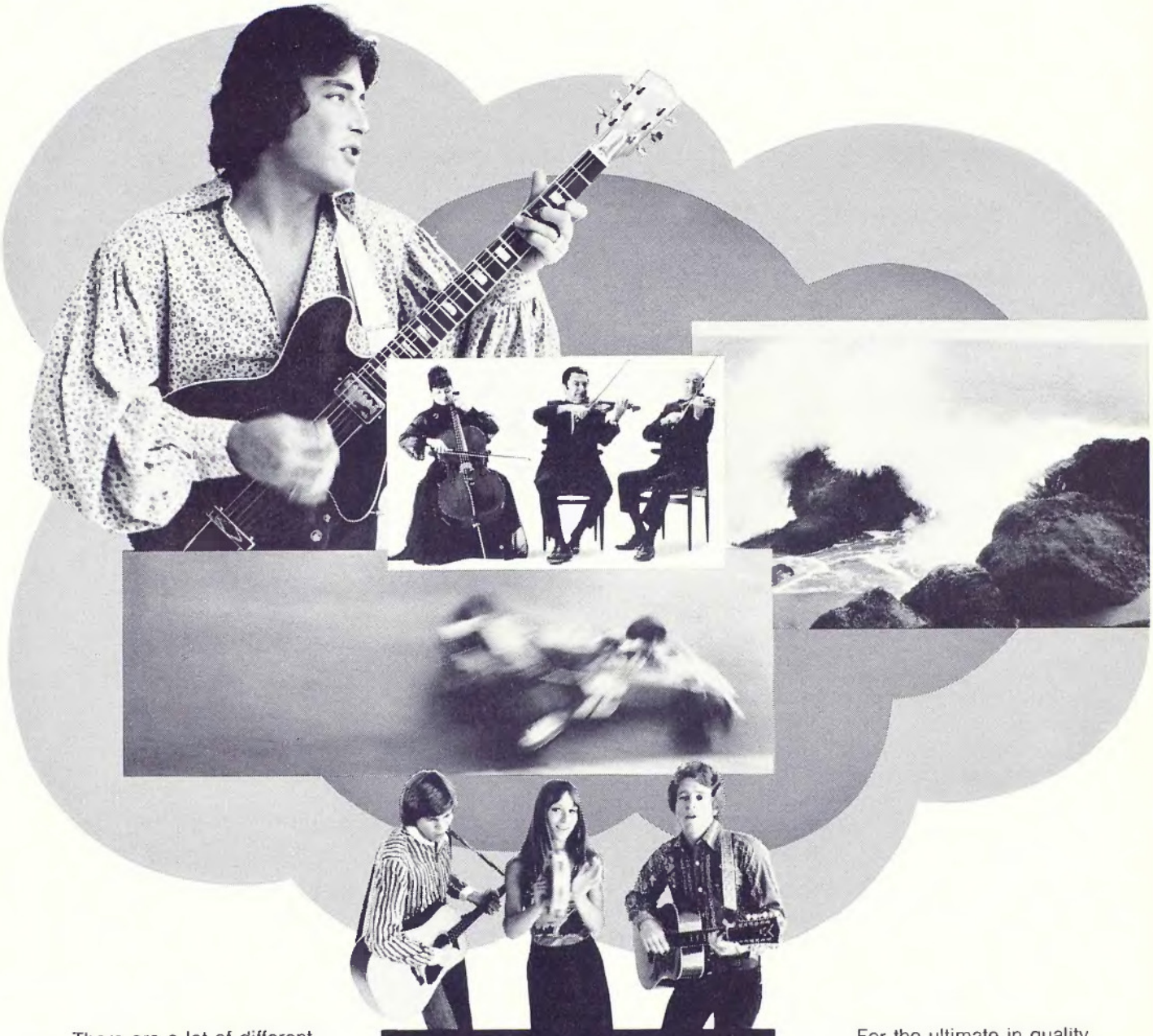

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American hippie who conned his way into a job with Apple's publicity department, gives his highly personalized, kaleidoscopic version of what happened. For the most part, he eschews cheap psychologizing and tortuous financial details. What he gives us is a day-to-day anecdotal picture of the decline and fall of an empire: John and Yoko ordering the frantically busy staff to find 100 perfect acorns to be sent to world leaders as a plea for peace; American drug freaks bivouacking in Apple's commodious offices until they get bored waiting for a Beatle to pay attention to their acidy scheme dreams; grandiose plans for records, films, books, television programs—all going down the drain for lack of planning or follow-through. Gradually, working for Apple became less of a daily party as its new chief executive, controversial Allen Klein (subject of the November 1971 *Playboy Interview*), tried to bring financial order out of chaos. But his efforts—ranging from cutting out free lunch for the staff to streamlining the business operation—couldn't get at the emotional rot. In DiLello's version, two converging currents created the whirlpool in which Apple first bobbed, then sank. One was a stream of rip-offs that siphoned millions from the golden flow of royalties. The other was the gradual disillusionment of the Beatles themselves with their own godhead. Pulled apart by divergent personal interests and jealousies, they became feared and then hated by many who worked for them. The ultimate blow—Paul McCartney's suit to put Apple into receivership and dissolve the Beatles' partnership—merely confirmed the sad end of a noble experiment doomed by its own charisma.

•

Beth Day isn't the first writer to have discovered the connection between bigotry and interracial sex. But in ***Sexual Life Between Blacks and Whites*** (World) she brings together a lot of helpful data; she is as likely to draw from poets and novelists as from social scientists, a rare and appealing tendency these days. She reviews Southern white fears of the black as superstud—those lynchings, with their grisly mutilations, were hardly Platonic—and she explores the psychosexual problems of black males. Many black men, she notes, naturally prefer the ego-building blandishments of "weak" white women to the shattering bitchiness of "strong" black women. Furthermore, "Some black men make a game of exploiting white 'bleeding-heart' liberal women, parlaying their guilt over racial injustice into sexual favors." Despite the games people play, however, Day finds the trend toward interracial sex—both marital and otherwise—a generally encouraging sign. She predicts more of the same, especially in the South, where "blacks tend more to

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goals of integration than militancy," and where they aren't "a faceless mass walled into a welfare ghetto." But she isn't carried away by her own thesis. Interracial marriage, she notes, will remain relatively rare until other forms of segregation begin to give way. "Perhaps the most important will be changes in housing patterns"—a sensible conclusion to a sensible book.

•

The prolific Donald E. Westlake has outdone himself. Like the rubber-armed pitcher who tries to hurl both ends of a double-header, he serves up his own twin bill this fall—a crime novel and a work of political nonfiction. The chore must have left him a trifle arm-weary, for he just manages to stagger through to a narrow win in each. ***Cops and Robbers*** (M. Evans) is traditional if not vintage Westlake—unlikely criminals bungling their way through an unlikely caper. It's giving no secrets away to say that his policemen protagonists—blue-collar stereotypes bored and scared by their jobs, their lives and New York City—work out a scheme to get rich quick at the expense of the Mafia. There are lots of gimmicks and some suspense, but not as much cleverness as Westlake has shown in the past. In ***Under an English Heaven*** (Simon & Schuster), he indulges an idea that seems not only to have gripped his imagination but to have gnawed it to bits. Three years ago, an oddball British fighting force of marines, paratroopers and London bobbies landed on the tiny, poor West Indian island of Anguilla, in the climactic event of a comic-opera situation. The naïvely and stubbornly democratic Anguillans, who would rather be a happy British colony than an unhappy independent nation, had set off a series of political absurdities—involving everyone from Parliament and the UN to an American soldier of fortune—that out-Gilberted any G. & S. plot. Westlake's tongue-in-cheek approach keeps the intricate maneuverings fun for a while. But as detail piles on detail, we are forced to learn far more about the Anguilla affair than anyone would conceivably want to know.

•

Seasoned commodity speculators know that success in the futures market is largely a matter of overcoming one's personal hang-ups. An abundance of trading techniques—all based on the time-honored proposal of cutting losses quickly and letting profits run—generate gratifying returns with surprising frequency, as long as they are used consistently and dispassionately. The problem is just that: using them consistently and dispassionately. Sören Kierkegaard wasn't writing about commodity speculation, but he said it all in 1847 in one of his journals: "The majority of men are

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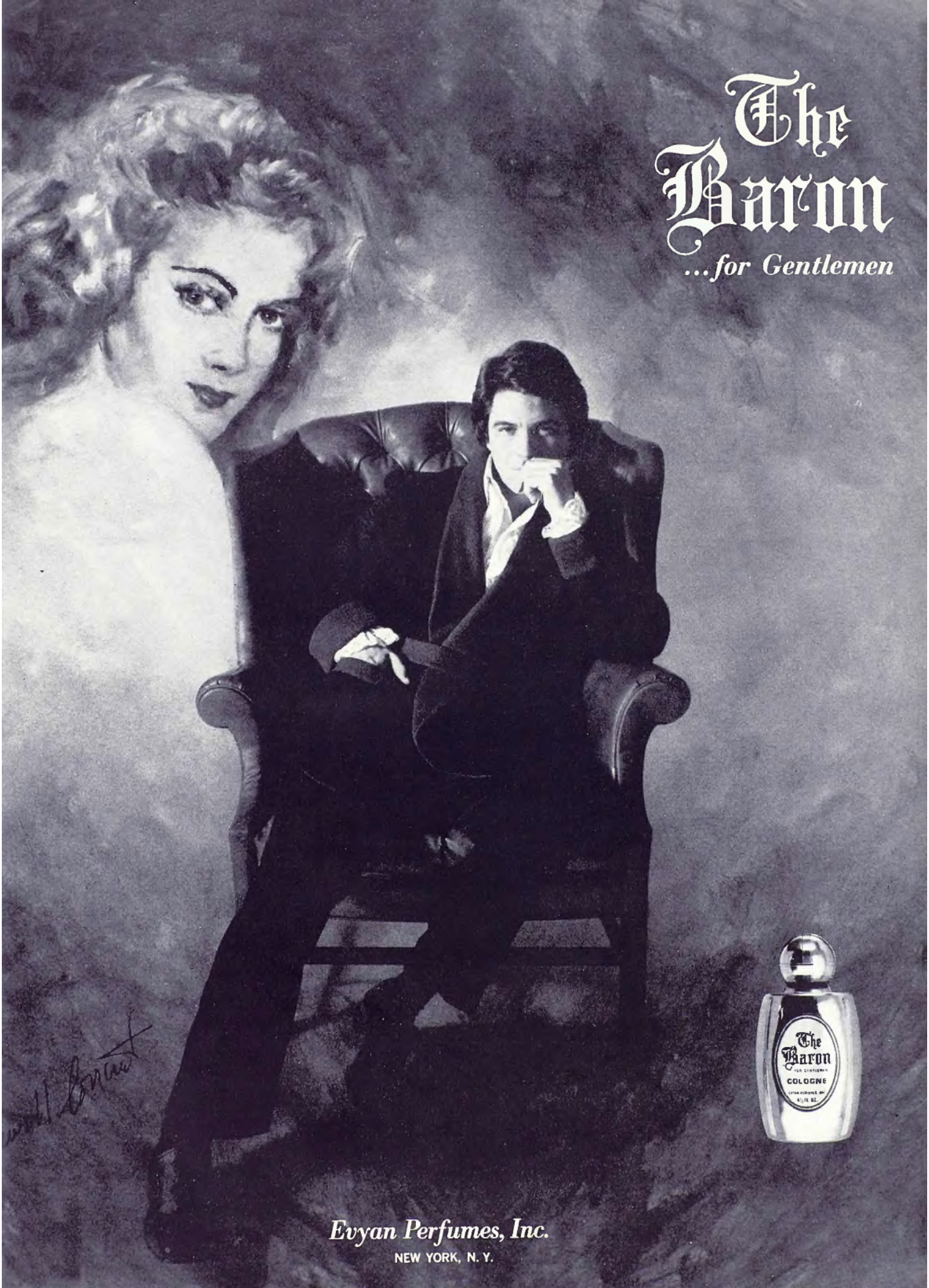
subjective toward themselves and objective toward others . . . but the real task is to be objective toward oneself and subjective toward others." This is where speculators break down, especially in commodities. A special form of *hubris* grows from following too many pork-belly prices and reading too many issues of the *Journal of Commerce*. Speculators begin to think that they know more about how prices will move than any silly rule or trading technique can tell them. They begin to act on hunches rather than follow a consistent plan. And this, more than anything else, explains why three out of every four commodity speculators lose their shirt. Two recent books attempt to finesse this statistical reality by presenting techniques and approaches to protect the speculator from his own worst instincts. The more successful of the pair, Stanley Angrist's ***Sensible Speculating in Commodities*** (Simon & Schuster), is a welcome addition to the amateur speculator's library. The author is a science writer who has dabbled extensively (with apparent success) in commodities. He combines sound sense with an ability to explain his thoughts so that others can understand him—no mean feat in the murky fens of investment journalism. Angrist touches all the conventional bases: the history of futures trading, how exchanges work, how to open and use an account and how to guess price movements from supply-and-demand figures. But the meat of his book is devoted to technical analysis—divining future price movement from past price action. Trading from charts and graphs works especially well in commodities; there is plenty of action and the cutting edge of the technical approach is that the market quickly tells the speculator when he's wrong. Thus—assuming the speculator follows the rules—his inevitable losses will be small ones. For the man who is seriously interested in commodities speculation, Angrist's critical evaluation of 27 major commodities-advisory services—about which he has some surprisingly kind words to say—is, in itself, worth the price of admission. Less valuable is ***The Commodity Futures Market Guide*** (Harper & Row), by Stanley Kroll and Irwin Shiskow. This massive (360 pages) and pedantic attempt to apply the science of statistical analysis to the fine art of speculation was probably doomed to failure from the moment it was conceived. The book may be of interest to econometricians or grain-elevator owners, but it holds little for the part-time commodities freak. At one point, in an attempt to validate a computer model of how prices *ought* to move, the authors make the astonishing statement that "the market is not always right." That sort of pronouncement might be tolerable in an ivory-tower Ph.D. thesis, but it has nothing to tell the commodities speculator,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for whom the rightness or wrongness of the market has no meaning—as long as his money is going with the trend. Angrist knows better, and—for those who are interested—his book is recommended.

•

Alan Watts's chatty autobiography, ***In My Own Way*** (Pantheon), lauds life's many pleasures, from English beer to Zen meditation ("sitting quietly . . . without thoughts in your head"). His final chapter, "The Sound of Rain," appeared in PLAYBOY's May issue. Watts's own life has been a tasty Buddhist-Christian buffet, a meeting of yeast and zest. An Englishman by birth and a Californian by nature, he has sampled a dozen-odd religions, three wives and several careers, including an unhappy five-year stint in the Episcopal ministry. At present, he is an unofficial and reluctant guru among do-your-own-thing young people. In this, his 21st book, he gurus on the meaning of life and concludes that there is none. "Like all classical music, it means nothing except itself. . . . There is no 'message' in a Bach fugue." In Watts's world, the moment is the message; nothing exists but the present. It is a seize-the-day philosophy that allows him both the luxury of retrospective innocence ("How can I forgive anyone else if I don't forgive myself?") and the joys of fornication: "My life would be much, much poorer were it not for certain particular women with whom I have most happily and congenially committed adultery." This is all very charming, even challenging in spots, but finally somewhat disappointing, because Watts seldom *shows* us his life—he merely discusses it. We do get a fine, sensual portrait of his childhood days in Chislehurst—the gardens, the schools, the Tiger's Head pub—but the vivid details recede as the book moves on, with Watts cataloging his California friends and telling which parties he attended. His manner of writing becomes too sketchy to support the burden of his nonmeanings.

•

The outpouring of published material on the women's liberation movement shows no sign of slackening—but there is evidence of a change in approach, a diminution of female rage and male ridicule, the replacement of rhetoric with reason. The fundamental issue seems to be coming into focus. It's not male *vs.* female but the individual *vs.* society—the search by modern woman and man alike for personal fulfillment in a world where sex no longer limits expectations. The game is no longer two on a seesaw, it's two on a tandem: If we want to get anywhere, we must learn to pedal together. Two recent books on women's lib are linked not only by subject matter but also by a curious irony. One is written by a man, the other by a woman; one attacks, the other supports. Contrary to what you might expect, however, it's the man who champions the movement and the woman who rejects it. In ***A Male Guide to Women's Liberation*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), Gene Marine makes an impressive case for female equality. He writes in an easygoing, unargumentative way, willingly conceding his own failings. He holds up a mirror to his male readers, wherein they may see themselves as "masculinists"—unconsciously prejudiced individuals whose assumptions are on an intellectual par with those who in another age were certain the earth was flat. Marine would class Midge Decter, author of ***The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Women's Liberation*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), among the masculinists. Most of her book is given to attacking a straw woman—a caricature of the feminists rigged up to scare the hell out of men. Some women, to be sure, do hate men (some men hate women), and some women do despise motherhood (some men despise fatherhood); but surely it's unfair to equate the entire sex-equality movement with its lunatic fringe. Decter's book does sound one major theme that merits serious consideration: She claims that a substantial number of feminists are little girls who have never grown up, who don't realize that the goals they seek can't be handed over like birthday gifts, who haven't yet learned what men have by necessity long known—that any prize worth the winning can't be gained except by "blood, toil, tears and sweat." Both Decter and Marine desire the same goal—an end to that immaturity.

•

Norman Cousins calls his new book, ***The Improbable Triumvirate*** (Norton), "hardly more than an asterisk to history," but his account of his personal dealings with Nikita Khrushchev, Pope John and John Kennedy makes a valuable footnote. Cousins is so earnest that he can be somewhat off-putting—yet, as this book demonstrates, he has been an uncommonly useful citizen. For a period of 18 months beginning in March 1962, he served as go-between in the triangular relationship of the three world leaders. Representing the Vatican, he twice met Khrushchev in meetings that led to the release of two long-imprisoned prelates and improved relations between Catholics and Communists. His account of these two long meetings with Khrushchev provides an unusual close-up look at that extraordinary figure. Cousins sees him as a thoroughly appealing man, earthy, outspoken, lusty and, most important, dedicated to peace.

•

"Human life," writes Vladimir Nabokov in his latest novel, ***Transparent Things*** (McGraw-Hill), "can be compared to a person dancing in a variety of forms around his own self: thus the

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vegetables of our first picture book encircled a boy in his dream—green cucumber, blue eggplant, red beet, potato *père*, potato *fils*, a girly asparagus, and, oh, many more, their spinning *ronde* going faster and faster and gradually forming a transparent ring of banded colors around a dead person or planet." The particular human life being observed is that of Hugh Person (You! Person! Get it?), who shares with other Nabokovian heroes the galactic property of swimming into view of our telescope from the left, performing certain marvels and then exiting far right. Hugh is an editor. His main function seems to be that of tracking down Mr. R., a dilatory author, German in origin and American in genius, and of coaxing away from the profitable writer his latest manuscript. Mr. R. is not unlike another author of contemporary fame who, adept in several languages, particularly his native Russian, found pure gold in the American idiom. But it is Hugh who commands our attention here. In one of his Swiss excursions to excavate Mr. R., Hugh finds and falls in love with Armande. She is beautiful, Belgian-Russian, a skier, nymphlike, if not nymphet, and quite stupid. But Hugh adores her, as Dante adored his Bea and Poe his Vee, to paraphrase from *Lolita*; he marries her and they live together for six months before certain unconscious strains and somnambulistic tendencies combine toward a deadly climax. This is not one of Nabokov's major efforts—but mere embellishments by this remarkable Vladimir are like finger exercises by Horowitz: They may not be part of a Chopin étude, but they give one a thrilling idea of what a Chopin étude would sound like consummately performed.

•

Noteworthy: Those two indefatigable essayist/antagonists (lightweight division) William F. Buckley, Jr., and Gore Vidal come forward in characteristic form this season, with a volume of essays apiece. In ***Inveighing We Will Go*** (Putnam), battling Buckley pummels everyone from John Lindsay to Helen Gurley Brown, while galloping Gore's ***Collected Essays*** (Random House) rides roughshod over such luminaries as Susan Sontag and Bill Buckley. Or is this where we came in?

Friends and fans of Jean Shepherd's are hereby notified that his newest collection of wry observations on American life—this time dissecting common Seventies' hang-ups—is available in ***The Ferrari in the Bedroom*** (Dodd, Mead).

DINING-DRINKING

Mama's, at the corner of Stockton and Filbert, alongside Washington Square in San Francisco's North Beach, is a gustatory marvel compounded of a fresh-food takeout, a cheerful romantic lingering spot and the brisk kitchen of the

REMINGTON TALKS TO EDD BYRNES.

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The whole job usually takes only a few minutes.

REMINGTON: By the way, whose idea was it for you to do the comb routine on the television series?

EDD: Mine. The part I had was very small. "Kookie" was the attendant in the parking lot, so I didn't have much to do except open and close car doors. I had to find a way to get a bigger part —more attention. So I started doing the comb bit.

In no time, it caught on. I was getting 10,000 to 15,000 fan letters a week asking me for combs. The studio bosses loved it. They wanted me to comb my hair more.

The whole thing wound up getting me bigger parts and sometimes my own episode.

I owe a lot to my old comb.

REMINGTON: One last question. Do you do anything else today besides use the *Mist-Air Hot Comb* to keep your hair looking great?

EDD: Yeah. Headstands. No fooling. It lets the blood flow to your head and keeps hair healthy.

I also use an organic shampoo. And of course, I get great haircuts.

REMINGTON: O.K. Thank you, Edd.

EDD: Thank you, Remington.

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SPERRY RAND

loving mother you never had. Mama Sanchez really exists, and so do Papa Sanchez and their many children, one of whom, Michael, specializes in blueberry pancakes. What else? Well, perhaps one of 15 different omelets, including chili-pepper-and-sour-cream, crab, and Mama's family favorite—sautéed fresh mushrooms, green onions, tomatoes and melted Jack cheese. The over-all effect is of a healthy unspoiled French bistro, if you can imagine that, with French bread and 14 other varieties of bread available, some of which Mama makes into spectacular Swedish cinnamon French toast—covered not with syrup but with fresh-fruit cocktail and a powdering of confectioners' sugar. Even the bacon and ham and the bowls of raspberry jam and Mama's special blend of coffee lure your average young hip lawyer, stockbroker or architect (and their molls) down from Telegraph or across from Russian Hill for a morning meet and treat. At lunch, more fresh fruit appears: raspberries, strawberries, melons, or fruit and yoghurt, with superhealth pastries from 14 bakers. More ambitious trenchermen try the crab *quiche* or the Slim Joe—grilled ground chuck, onions, Monterey Jack and catsup on half a French *baguette*. Cole slaw? Try Mama's paper-thin cabbage slices with her secret dressing. *Frittata?* There is an Italian egg-and-vegetable concoction baked in seasonings. Mama and Papa Sanchez have eight children, and most of them helped name various sandwiches and dishes: Charlie the Tuna, Charlie's Aunt, Crab Joyce, John the Gardener, Papa's Favorite. Fresh flowers, honest food, happy people make this a rare, no-nonsense, nonethnic restaurant for extroverted gourmets. Open seven days a week from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Crowded. Cheerful. Cheap. A joy.

•

Juanita's, located 50 miles north of San Francisco in Fetter's Hot Springs, is a trip in more ways than one. At the entrance to the restaurant—housed in a turn-of-the-century hotel—visitors are met by Juanita's welcoming committee, a nonchalant troupe of parrots, peacocks, chickens, turkeys, a pet fox and a woolly monkey named Beaudegard. More of the resident menagerie is on the loose in the outer lobby, along with proprietress Juanita Musson, the ebullient 250-pound earth mother who is entirely responsible for her establishment's ability to lure long-hairs, locals and San Francisco executives alike. "The only reason we get such a mix of people is because they all feel at home here," she says. "And it *is* a home—hell, my bedroom is two feet from the men's john." The low-key atmosphere of Juanita's is reinforced by the establishment's eclectic decor—a mixture of old prints, portraits, grandfather clocks, huge divans and overstuffed easy

Don Giovanni, Eleanor Rigby & Bill Bailey make a poor medley

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MOVIES

Fellini's Roma is a cinematic pearl, one of those gems that so often result when the germ of an idea lodges itself in the phantasmagoric imagination of Federico Fellini. Those who view Fellini's showmanship as a mere shell game may label *Roma* a documentary about the Eternal City—but we prefer to compare it with the etchings of Hogarth or Toulouse-Lautrec. (For a play-by-play sampling, see PLAYBOY's October pictorial.) Spurning even the loose story structure of *Satyricon*, Fellini disguises his vision of modern existence as a quasi-biographical portrait of Rome, in triptych form—the Rome he imagined as a lad in Rimini; the Rome he discovered firsthand during the prewar Fascist era, at the age of 18; and Rome today. A dozen or more major sequences flash by almost kaleidoscopically, out of strict chronological order yet held together by Fellini's rich sensual imagery and extravagant perception. On Fellini's sprawling tapestry, resident celebrities Anna Magnani and Gore Vidal appear briefly as themselves. The screen erupts into vivid re-creations of wartime brothels for rich and poor, a far-out trip into antiquity via Rome's unfinished Metropolitana subway, a rowdy Roman music hall. Memorable in the heady blend of fable and fantasy are episodes filmed on the heavily trafficked Raccordo Anulare that encircles modern Rome, a rainy-day nightmare of urban ugliness; and the climactic night-riding revels of a band of noisy *motociclisti* in the ancient city, whose menacing shadows suggest that *Clockwork Orange* droogs are alive and well on the Appian Way. Superb cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) adds panache to *Roma*'s showstopping ecclesiastical fashion show—nuns and priests promenading like *Vogue* mannequins in a cruel and hilarious satirical statement that only Fellini would dare dream up or be able to materialize. *Roma* makes palpable the greed, corruption, coldness, insanity and unfailing magnetism of a great city.

•

At least 50 or 60 bodies litter the screen before the fade-out of ***Slaughter,*** which is not only the name of the game but also the name of the character tackled by ex–football star Jim Brown. As a former Green Beret whose parents have been slain by order of an international crime syndicate, Brown follows the group's hired assassin (Rip Torn, a perennial movie meanie who appears to be afflicted with terminal psychosis) to a South American city that photographs well. When director Jack Starrett can tear himself away from the scenery, he serves up *Slaughter*'s wholesale carnage in slow motion, at distorted camera angles—as good a way as any to package brutality for viewers who dig seeing people beaten, butchered and burned alive. As pictured in our October issue, *Slaughter* does change the pace, as Brown is paired in a series of black-on-white boudoir skirmishes with blonde Stella Stevens, a gifted, misused actress who somehow leaves her signature on rubber-stamped trollopy parts that usually reveal everything but her talent.

•

The opening scene of ***The Ruling Class*** is set in a stately home in England, that "teeming womb of privilege," where a dotty old earl (Harry Andrews) accidentally hangs himself while acting out a fetish that compels him to wear a cocked hat and a ballerina's tutu over his long johns. The earl's heir (Peter O'Toole) arrives to assume his responsibilities and is considered mad by other members of the Gurney family because he affects flowing robes and a mane of golden curls and insists he is God Almighty. *The Ruling Class* then proceeds rather predictably to show how the demented young Lord Gurney—who calls himself a prince of peace and behaves like a jive Jesus—is restored to sanity and assumes his "normal" role as a murderous but respectable English lord who secretly imagines he is Jack the Ripper. While the meat of the film seems almost too obvious, the manner of it seldom lacks for surprises—with O'Toole, Alastair Sim, Coral Browne and Carolyn Seymour heading a brilliant company that shucks upper-class reserve from time to time to belt out a snappy song and dance. O'Toole shags through *The Varsity Drag* with a pair of neighboring

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aristocrats and his butler (Arthur Lowe, in a devastating comic turn as the manservant who collects his inheritance and sticks around to insult the late earl's heirs). The peripheral comic madness of *Ruling Class* stems directly from a stage play by Peter Barnes, who also wrote the screen adaptation and allows the movie to run on and on for a good 30 minutes too long. Director Peter Medak is likewise afflicted with a certain staginess and occasionally plays up effects that ought to be played down—O'Toole's make-up, for example, which gives him the appearance of a Jesus freak in drag. The flaws finally wear away a viewer's early enthusiasm, but the best of this unusually literate social satire makes even the worst of it palatable.

•

That memorable wartime summer of '42 is examined again in ***A Separate Peace,*** director Larry Peerce's movie version of John Knowles's novel about the violence set off by juvenile rituals of manhood at a proper Eastern prep school. The irrational impulses that lead from the playing fields to the battle front—with war as man's ultimate competitive sport—were what Knowles was getting at in his deceptively simple story of a bright, studious boy who causes a crippling accident to befall his friend and roommate, an unstoppable athlete named Finny. In his quest for authenticity, Peerce shot much of the movie at Knowles's own alma mater, Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, and cast actual schoolboys in both leading and secondary roles. As Finny and his dangerous friend Gene, John Heyl and Parker Stevenson perform with such easy conviction that their inexperience seldom shows, and they are in no way responsible for making *Separate Peace* a generally lethargic, unsatisfying film. Unfortunately, overstatement appears to be the bane of all Peerce films—from *One Potato, Two Potato* to *Goodbye, Columbus* and *The Sporting Club*—a failing that becomes evident here when he closes in on faces at a lawn reception as if determined to make nearly everyone present look silly, stuffy or stupid. Though it tries, *Separate Peace* can't get out from under its heavy directorial hand.

•

Richard Burton playing ***Bluebeard*** opposite eight unusually touchable femmes fatales may spell box-office magic, but there's precious little magic in the movie itself, despite the presence of Raquel Welch (suffocated), Karin Schubert (shot), Virna Lisi (beheaded), Marilu' Tolo (drowned), Agostina Belli (felled by a falcon), Nathalie Delon and Sybil Danning (impaled in Lesbian embrace by a chandelier)—plus pert Joey Heatherton as the wife who got away. Neither veteran director Edward Dmytryk nor the two Italian writers who collaborated with him on this tale of multiple uxoricide seem sure where they want to go. Filmed in Budapest, with sumptuous period costumes—also an abundance of bare silken skin, as occasion warrants—both Burton and *Bluebeard* come close in spirit to those red-plush Saturday-matinee shockers starring Vincent Price as Dr. Phibes. The movie is bad, but intermittently enjoyable for the sheer mindless pleasure of girl watching some pretty spectacular girls. Raquel, as a religious novice with a colorful civilian past she won't stop talking about, and Virna, as a lady who sings too much, merit a nod. And Joey, as the uncuddled chorine who ultimately spoils her lord and master's murderous game, almost conquers *Bluebeard*'s idiotic dialog by doing a dumb-blonde shtick that—intentional or not—is laughable beyond words.

•

A sealed box containing the names of key Nazi collaborators is discovered in an Austrian lake where it was sunk during the frantic final days of World War Two. For reasons of their own, secret agents from Russia, China, Israel, Austria and the U. S. begin to vie for possession of the box, and woe be to anyone who knows its secrets. Readers of ***The Salzburg Connection*** may well recognize the plot, though others are apt to wonder why Helen MacInnes' suspense thriller became a best seller when they see the pallid movie version produced by Ingo Preminger, a formula spy story steeped in mediocrity from beginning to end. Barry Newman, as the lawyer hero who innocently wanders into a nest of vipers, and Anna Karina, as a murder victim's widow, perform adequately with minimal support from a miscast company that includes people such as lovely Karen Jensen, playing a triple agent whose approach to international espionage smacks of hanky-panky on a final exam at Bennington. You might be better off with the paperback edition.

•

The American dream as pioneers saw it more than a century ago is depicted with miraculous sensitivity in ***The Emigrants,*** a Swedish film that sums up an aspect of the American experience in a manner seldom matched, or even attempted, by our own moviemakers. Based on a Swedish classic by Vilhelm Moberg, *The Emigrants* has been beautifully adapted (in collaboration with Bengt Forslund), directed, photographed and edited by 32-year-old Jan Troell, whose budding genius has already been hailed by his distinguished colleague Ingmar Bergman. It's easy to see why. Max Von Sydow and Liv Ullmann maintain their high standard of

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excellence as a poverty-stricken peasant couple who leave their homeland to dare death, disease and unbelievable squalor on a long ocean voyage to the New World. Filmed in Sweden and Denmark—with American sequences shot on locations in Colorado, Minnesota and Wisconsin—*The Emigrants* is steeped in the stark beauty of Andrew Wyeth landscapes and stormy seascapes of Winslow Homer, and may evoke aching nostalgia in U. S. viewers whose forebears, at one time or another, all set out on a desperate adventure much like this. The roots of America's traditional pride in herself is felt in the experience of farmer, mother, preacher, callow youth and former slut, each sharing the dream reflected in the image of a boy whose shipboard romance consists of teaching a friend to say, in English, "I am . . . the new . . . servant girl." Troell's epic ends with the family's arrival at its Minnesota homestead, and dramatizes only the first two of four novels by Moberg. If a completed film sequel, *The Settlers*, proves remotely up to its glowing notices abroad, hats off to Troell for a dual miniclassic.

•

An advertising teaser heralds **Stigma** as "the curse that begins with a kiss." Which is the polite way to promote a horror flick, sort of, about a rampaging army of spirochetes—syphilis bacteria. Brought to the screen by a producer and director previously associated with such shockers as *Let's Scare Jessica to Death* and *I Drink Your Blood*, nasty ole *Stigma* concerns a young black physician (Philip M. Thomas) who tries to practice medicine in a New England coastal resort where ignorance, prejudice and venereal disease are epidemic. Some teenagers are attending nightly orgies out by the lighthouse, for one thing, and the doctor's job is to trace the virulent infection back to its source. Filmed in and around picturesque Gloucester, Massachusetts, *Stigma* offers clumsy writing and worse direction to nullify any resemblance to a serious drama about V. D. If the movie were serious, we doubt that it would include a featured spot by Manhattan radio celebrity "Cousin Brucie" Morrow, who appears as a TV talk-show host ("This is very heavy, kids") introducing a graphic film full of chancres, swollen joints and even worse manifestations of syphilis in the final stages. Yucchhhhh.

•

The open-minded honesty and zest of **Rip-Off** compensate richly for Canadian director Donald Shebib's addiction to slow-motion running and jumping shots set to lyrical rock ballads—a youth-film cliché that passed retirement age several seasons ago. Otherwise, Shebib takes the easy-does-it approach displayed in his rewarding first feature, *Goin' Down the Road*, and produces an eloquent essay on the eagerness and anguish of four high school boys whose experiments with sex, drugs, communal living and other aspects of the counterculture get them precisely nowhere. Though the film's title has little relevance to anything in the story, *Rip-Off* resembles an updated *Summer of '42* while steering its quartet of protagonists (Don Scardino and Ralph Endersby, joined by two winningly real nonprofessionals, Mike Kukulewich and Peter Gross) through their junior-senior growing pains. What makes the movie work is the director's skill at handling actors, combined with his amused but never patronizing view of plain people, young or old; witness a poignant sequence in which a long-haired boy creeps home at dawn to discover his dad in the kitchen, eating breakfast alone, as usual, while recalling his own long-lost dreams of breathless adventure. The highlight of the picture —and a fair measure of Shebib's eye for telling detail—is an episode about a spring-vacation trip to a northern wilderness, where the lads intend to found a commune on property Scardino has just inherited. Their various disillusionments are capped by a hilarious encounter with two businesslike Indians, sensibly dressed in lumber jackets and tickled to death by the spectacle of city kids roughing it in headbands from Woolworth's.

•

Wooing the new black audience is the principal business of **Melinda**, with Vonetta McGee as a semi-Afro *Laura*, mysteriously murdered in the early reels and the subject of a deepening enigma thereafter. Written by Lonne Elder III, *Melinda* pretends to be more than a melodrama about a gorgeous California deejay billed as Frankie J. The Joy Man (played by Calvin Lockhart with plenty of dash and arrogance), who gets involved with Melinda just before her death. "You're beautiful and I'm beautiful, so it's just natural that we should gravitate toward one another," purrs Lockhart. His discovery that the girl was killed because she knew too much about the assassination of a black labor leader elected to high office in a blue-collar union represents a cursory nod toward contemporary issues, but *Melinda*'s true significance lies elsewhere. The movie is a 1972 model of the great American dream machine perfected by Hollywood decades ago to make white folks feel better off than they ever were. Here, the mythmakers celebrate a life style in which hip, rich blacks wear the grooviest clothes, lounge aboard luxury yachts and drive far-out foreign cars—supported, of course, by money from music, sports and the rackets. There's a grain of social truth buried beneath the surface glitter of sex and violence, but *Melinda* says it best when Rosalind Cash is on the screen, as Lockhart's doggedly loyal mistress. Though she plays a chic editor with a closetful of crazy vines, Rosalind never loses the angry spark of a soul sister who has paid her dues—twice over.

•

Apocryphal tales of a female Pope who perhaps—just perhaps—occupied the Chair of St. Peter in Rome some ten centuries ago are the basis for **Pope Joan**, the most doggedly asinine movie of the year. Swedish actress Liv Ullmann, sprung from Ingmar Bergman's thoroughbred stable to play the title role, works very hard in a losing battle against John Briley's scenario, one of those pseudohistorical spectacles in which all the actors behave as if their cowls and cassocks were getups for the annual Beaux Arts Ball. It was probably a mistake, anyway, to dramatize Pope Joan's unauthorized biography as the sick ravings of a modern-day lady evangelist who suffers delusions of grandeur. "Why did you become a monk?" asks Liv. "It's the only way I could get myself into a nunnery," retorts Maximilian Schell, playing an artist-priest who paints illuminated manuscripts and murals between seductions (winsome Lesley-Anne Down is his likeliest subject). Franco Nero, as a Holy Roman Emperor named Louis, looks even sillier, particularly when he announces, "I *crave* an audience"—a prelude to his discovery that the newly elected Holy Father is the sensual sister he nearly seduced several reels earlier. Alas, the Pope becomes pregnant as a result of this audience—and is torn to pieces by the enraged multitudes, exactly as legend has it. But shaping a dubious legend into a passable film proves to be beyond the capacities of director Michael Anderson, who steers even such seasoned performers as Trevor Howard and Olivia de Havilland through some excruciatingly funny scenes that were undoubtedly meant to be taken seriously.

•

Though Andy Warhol's formerly underground film factory has a reputation for turning out porno-pop epics, its latest production, **Heat**, is the most convincing movie about Hollywood since *Sunset Boulevard*, which director Paul Morrissey sets out to parody and almost manages to surpass. Tripling as writer and photographer as well, Morrissey lets his performers invent many of their own lines and becomes so involved in what is being said that he almost turns his back on film technique—yet he may be the man to put Warhol movies on the map. *Heat*, an outright steal of Billy Wilder's memorable melodrama about a has-been actress and her passion for a younger man, lacks the sophistication of the

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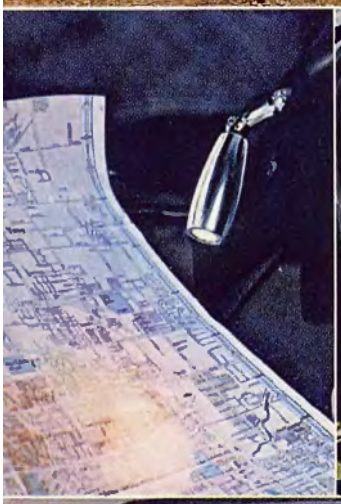

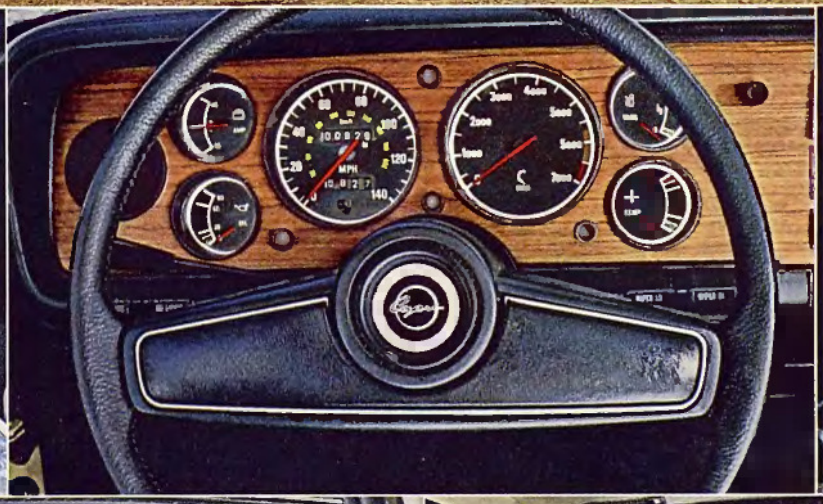

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original, yet Morrissey loads his brash little broadside with something else—a pop artist's appreciation of the seedy world bounded by Strip motels and opulent mansions, where somebodies bump pelvises with nobodies and everybody comes up a loser in the end. The meatiest bits fall to Sylvia Miles, as Sally Todd, a dimly glimmering former starlet who reappears on TV game shows to support her 36-room mansion and a kinky daughter named Jessica (Andrea Feldman). Into this unseemly ménage wanders Joe Dallesandro (star of Warhol's *Trash* and *Flesh*) as Joey Davis, a semipro stud and onetime boy wonder of such TV classics as *The Big Ranch* and *Mousetime U. S. A.* He's dead right as a 1972 male version of those beautiful-but-dumb things whose best lines burst out of their swimsuits. And Sylvia delivers a consistently funny, occasionally touching performance far superior to the kept-woman cameo that won her an Oscar nomination for *Midnight Cowboy*. Despite digressions into pure-camp homosexual comedy, Morrissey maintains his vision of a seamy Sunset Boulevard where absolutely nothing works anymore—not the movie business itself, not the perverts and lay-abouts flaunting their anonymity at poolside in a nickel-and-dime motel, not even the goddamn gun that fails to go off when the spurned heroine tries to shoot her paramour in *Heat*'s impish anticlimax.

RECORDINGS

Spencer Davis, who has been playing rock and folk music since the Fifties, is one of those relaxed and engaging guitarists who have, willfully or not, stayed out of the public eye and avoided the insanity of pop stardom. ***Mousetrap*** (United Artists) proves that he has not been idle. Davis and Tret Fure sing and play dual acoustic guitars in a tasteful, subdued style that ranges from British folk to Nashville, from Leadbelly to Delaney & Bonnie. The accompanying musicians are superb, consisting of people such as Lee Sklar, Jim Keltner, Ernie Watts, jazz trumpet great Harry ("Sweets") Edison and Sneaky Pete Kleinow (who produced the album). Traditional folk seems lately to be reaching a new and interesting accommodation with rock. This disc shows how it's happening. Two more artists who have come out from under the bushel are Roy Buchanan and Eric von Schmidt. Buchanan, the legendary rock guitarist, has lived and played in Washington, D. C., for years with his regular band, the Snakestretchers. He travels little, has had no previous recordings, was asked to join The Rolling Stones after Brian Jones died—and refused. Finally, after a sold-out Carnegie Hall concert and some NET specials, he was induced to make ***Roy Buchanan***

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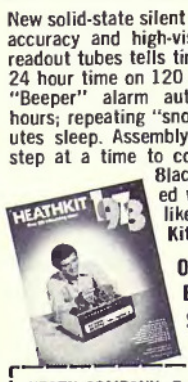

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(Polydor), which in fact shows that he can play rings around most any rock guitarist alive. He sticks mostly to country and blues, but there are a fine bayou-music cut, *Cajun*, and a nod to the old days, *Hey, Good Lookin'*, that will knock you out. Eric von Schmidt is a central, if shadowy, figure in the American folk movement. He appeared on the cover of Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home*, and Bob has reciprocated with a paste-on blurb for Eric's ***2nd Right 3rd Row*** (Poppy), his first record in three years. Word has it that Dylan and Garth Hudson, among other notables, sat in for some of these sessions. The album is about as quirky and eccentric as anything you'll hear, but nonetheless an absolute delight, with tunes about wet birds flying at night, Nixon in China, a beautiful love ballad (*The Letter*) and one really marvelous song about money and power and their consequences (*Believer*). To paraphrase a thought from one of these songs: This album should get Von Schmidt out of the woodwork and into your head.

•

Bonnie Koloc does four original songs on her new album, ***Hold On to Me*** (Ovation). In one, *Every Day II*, she sings, "Any day, any way, you've got to get just a little bit of what you can." Unfortunately, those lyrics apply all too well to this album. Although her voice is superb and her band rocks better than ever, the album is choppy. Side two is marred by her misinterpretation of John Prine's *Angel from Montgomery* but is considerably enhanced by Jackson Browne's *Jamaica* and David Bromberg's *Diamond Lil*, both of which show her voice at its best. Side one almost fails to take off altogether, although another original, *Sweet Mama*, is the best of the lot. It begins, "She's a woman; that lady is a bitch." It is just that paradoxical uncertainty in her selection of material that prevents Miss Koloc from getting the kind of recognition her voice deserves.

•

Valerie Simpson (Tamla) is polished, perfected pop by a Motown girl who ought to be better known. She can sing with the best of them—in Carole King–style tunes (*Benjie*), pop-Latin à la Aretha (*Could Have Been Sweeter*) or funky r&b (*Drink the Wine*). The message numbers (*Genius I* and *Genius II*) don't come off as well, but Valerie's expressive voice and good taste consistently do. Her backings are excellent throughout.

•

On the front cover of ***Carney*** (Shelter) is Leon Russell looking like death in his carnival barker's make-up. On the back, he's sitting in front of a small trailer to which is attached his Rolls-Royce. Dig the ambivalence? The music pursues this theme. You can imagine him singing: "Although I'm Mr. Pop Superstar with a supersize spread and recording studio in Oklahoma, etc., life is like a crummy carnival for me . . . with all its aches and joys and sordid impermanencies." That kind of thing. The songs are disappointing—some, like *Acid Annapolis*, downright awful—and Leon's mannered singing makes it only occasionally. This is sad, because Russell's talent, particularly his piano playing, has always been so impressive. Recently, he has put together a "rock-'n'-roll circus" that is touring the country. So *Carney* may be just another part of the act.

•

Anthony Newman plays Bach like a man possessed—and you never heard it so good. ***The Six Brandenburg Concertos*** (Columbia), played by harpsichordist-conductor Newman and "Friends" (mostly young), are given electrifying and expressive readings, which Newman achieves through elaborate Baroque embellishment, changes in phrasing and tempo variation. Several authentic old instruments are used, for the most part, and the leader's harpsichord playing—heard to advantage in the cadenza of Number Five—is positively brilliant. Some will take issue with the fast tempi or with the set's most radical gesture, inserting the D Minor Organ Trio in Number Three to fill the gap in Bach's manuscript; but these performances are, all of them, the most open, sonorous and spirited ones you can find.

•

Gene Ammons has a tough, tough album in ***Free Again*** (Prestige), which, we hope, will help put him back on top. There's a big, surging, rocking band behind him that provides a dazzling showcase for the searing Ammons tenor. Jug even manages to turn the rather effete Michel Legrand ballad *What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?* into a ballsy tour de force. The backup band, incidentally, reads like a roster of jazz all-stars. The swinging charts are by conductor Bobby Bryant. A monster album.

•

Organist Shirley Scott should stop being so damned diffident. She's an inventive, sensitive musician and she's the name on top of the title of her latest LP, ***Lean on Me*** (Cadet). So why do we hear so little of her on the album? We'd much rather listen to her than to reed men J. Daniel Turner and George Coleman or guitarist Roland Prince, for that matter, but Miss Scott keeps much too much in the background. Oh, she's there, all right—on the likes of *Funky Blues*, *You Can't Mess Around with Love* and *Carla's Dance*—but if you've got it, Shirley, flaunt it.

•

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(CTI) was a marriage made in heaven. Jackson's vibework—tasteful, tempered, understated—provides the perfect counterpoint for Turrentine's hard-edged tenor sounds. We've never enjoyed Turrentine as much as on this LP, where—with pianist Bob James, guitarist Cornell Dupree, drummer Billy Cobham and bassist Ron Carter—he and Jackson play off marvelously against each other on everything from the late Lee Morgan's *Speedball* to the classic *I Remember You*. Turrentine and Jackson—a duo to conjure with.

•

How long the Eckstine pipes will hold out we wouldn't attempt to guess. But Mr. B's booming baritone, incredibly, has never sounded so good. We're talking about ***Senior Soul*** (Enterprise), Billy's latest album. Eckstine works his way through fine Artie Butler arrangements of such items as Leon Russell's *A Song for You*, Mac Davis' *I Believe in Music* and Percy Mayfield's *Please Send Me Someone to Love*. Back off, everybody—Mr. B's coming through.

•

Her voice is not quite as big as Mahalia Jackson's nor as agile as Aretha Franklin's, but Linda Hopkins will remind you of both ladies, particularly in the dramatic Gospel attack she brings to all her material. ***Linda Hopkins*** (RCA) contains everything from a slick Nancy Wilson type of arrangement to an uptempo rock shout. It's both a showcase for her talents and a documentary of the long road she's traveled between New Orleans (with the Southern Harp Spiritual Singers) and Broadway (in the musical *Inner City*). As is usual in big productions, the backup musicians get no credit. Which is too bad, since they're very capable here. Linda is more than capable; she's great.

•

Lee Konitz' ***Spirits*** (Milestone) is a tribute to his onetime jazz associate Lennie Tristano—more than half of the tracks are Tristano compositions, three others are by the eminent altoist himself, while the remaining track, *Background Music*, is by another great reed man from that Konitz-Tristano era, Warne Marsh. Echoing and extending the musical voice of Tristano is pianist Sal Mosca, who has a lot to say on his own. Drummer Mousie Alexander and bassist Carter provide the rhythm on four of the items, but Konitz and Mosca are really the whole show, with Konitz giving a remarkable demonstration of a talent that was huge more than two decades ago and has diminished not at all.

•

Bayeté is Zulu for "between man and God." It's the professional name of Todd Cochran, a 21-year-old San Franciscan who has graduated from Oxford's Trinity College of Music and has been hailed in

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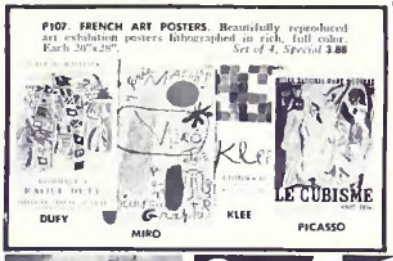

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some quarters as a genius. ***Worlds Around the Sun*** (Prestige) is his first LP as a leader (he's played on others by Bobby Hutcherson and Hadley Caliman), and it gives credibility to his press clippings. Bayeté's work on piano, electric piano and clavinet has enough dexterity and assurance to remind one of all the jazz keyboard greats, from Oscar Peterson to Jaki Byard; his eight colleagues (including Hutcherson and Caliman) do all the right things at the right times. The music varies from spacy-moody sounds (*Eurus*) to full-speed jamming (*It Ain't, Bayeté*) to near rock (*Free Angela, I'm On It*)—and it's all pretty distinctive. It's appropriate, too, that Bayeté is on Prestige; after all, Miles, Coltrane and Rollins were once there.

•

Les McCann would seem to have nothing left to prove; but ***Talk to the People*** (Atlantic) is an ear opener, anyway. McCann sings better than we've ever heard him on the title tune and on Stevie Wonder's ballad *Seems So Long*; his electric-keyboard work and Keith Loving's guitar get into some loving dialogs on the instrumental ballad *She's Here* and on *North Carolina*, a funky-butt number (both are McCann originals).

•

With King Curtis dead and gone, Grover Washington, Jr., is making a bid for number-one billing in the soul-sax field. On ***All the King's Horses*** (CTI), he walks the line between jazz and pop very neatly, superimposing some avant-gardish note clusters and some time-teasing phrases on the basic funk rhythms of the title tune (an Aretha Franklin composition) and on Bill Withers' *Lean on Me*. Several tunes, including *Lover Man* and *Love Song 1700*, feature orchestral backing, charted by Bob James, and the result is a tasteful middle-of-the-road approach. It's not art on a Coltrane level, nor is it as funky as, say, Aretha herself; but there's a lot to listen to here and most of it is pleasing, indeed.

•

Buddy Guy & Junior Wells Play the Blues (Atco) is a welcome reunion and a convincing program of indigo classics such as *I Don't Know, Bad Bad Whiskey, T-Bone Shuffle* and Junior's well-remembered *Messin' with the Kid*—plus some Guy originals (*This Old Fool* and *A Man of Many Words*, part of which is a cop from Otis Redding's *Hard to Handle*). In the backup battalion are pop stars such as Dr. John and Eric Clapton (one of the producers of the album), but they're in the background, as they should be, while the blues are up front. Still and all, despite the tight execution, there's something lacking; the LP just doesn't have the spirit of the cuts Buddy and Junior made some years back for Vanguard. Maybe it's just the inevitable attrition of the blues life.

•

Reed man Joe Henderson, on the back cover of ***Black Is the Color*** (Milestone), explains that the selections were originally cut free style—but that patterns were added through the miracle of overdubbing when new ideas came up at playback time. We'd never know if he hadn't told us, since the music is really together. Henderson's colleagues include such accomplished performers as the omnipresent Ron Carter, Jack De Johnette, David Holland and Airto Moreira. Everything works on such items as *Foregone Conclusion*, a straight-ahead cooker; the kaleidoscopic *Terra Firma*, also a cooker; and free-form tracks such as the lyrical title tune and *Current Events*, which employs electronic sounds to create a suitably nightmarish feeling.

•

We suppose we're just a plain patsy for Jackie Vernon—every time he opens his mouth, we laugh. With that so-bad-it's-good monotone of his, Jackie could recite the phone book and get yoks. On ***Sex Is Not Hazardous to Your Health*** (Beverly Hills), he has the material going for him, too. Jackie, as Dr. Leonardo Hughes, answers sex questions and—with some help from Tom (*Fiorello*) Bosley, Marian Mercer of *The Dean Martin Show* and Goldie Hawnish Louisa Moritz—tickles a lot of funny bones. To wit: "What's a transvestite, doctor?" "He's a man who would give you the skirt off his back." "Does the pill have any unpleasant side effects?" "No, they're all in the front." "What should I do about very small breasts, doctor?" "Marry a man with very small hands." "What does a female homosexual prostitute do?" "Depends how much money you have." "Doctor, what question about sex do men ask most?" "How about it?" "What is a sex offender?" "A man who does everything to a girl that other men do but neglects to buy her dinner first." "What is a gay bar, doctor?" "A five-cent candy eaten by choreographers." All that and more—plus the Vernon nondelivery.

TELEVISION

Out there in televisionland, where a majority of every season's programs seem designed to confirm H. L. Mencken's observation that "No one ever went broke underestimating the taste of the American public," there are flickers of light—some evidence that educational TV may be easing out of its ghetto into prime time on major networks. On November 14 on NBC, British journalist Alistair Cooke—whose chores as host-narrator of last year's BBC series about Henry VIII's wives and the reign of Elizabeth I made Tudor England vivid to millions of American viewers—began performing a comparable service for the former Colonies with a 13-week series titled *America: "A Personal History of the United States."* Sponsored by Xerox, this BBC coproduction (in association with Time-Life Films) also enlists producer-director Michael Gill and many of the talents responsible for Kenneth Clark's memorable *Civilization* series in 1971.

A sampling of the hourlong segments, slated for the 10–11 P.M. (Eastern standard time) slot on alternate Tuesdays, suggests that *America* will fulfill its promise as an urbanely informative interpretation of history by Cooke, who has covered this country for *The Manchester Guardian* for more than three decades. Bent on doing the shows where history was actually made, Cooke moves from Concord Bridge to Williamsburg, for example, to report on the Revolution, abetted by American art and music of the period. Contemporary relevance comes through when Cooke visits Boston's Old South Meeting House, that "cradle of sedition," to find the Boston Massacre "not unlike the appearance on a college campus of the National Guard."

Cooke's perceptions of the main currents in American life, though necessarily abbreviated, are shrewd and untainted by condescension. One installment, "Inventing a Nation," briskly describes the struggle of the founding fathers to create "the first modern democracy worthy of ancient Greece" and lucidly lays out the origins of conflicts and controversies that have split the country up to the present day—the break between young America's Eastern intellectual elite (represented by "learned and graceful 18th Century men" such as Jefferson) and the rugged frontiersmen who pushed West. "A Firebell in the Night" offers a clear-eyed view of the Civil War period, with characteristically dry asides by Cooke about the White House's Lincoln bedroom, which "has accommodated heads of state, Prince Philip, Bob Hope." A later episode, "Money on the Land," offers a short, lively economic history of the U. S.

It's ironic that the first attempt at a history of this country should come to U. S. television more or less as a British import. Superpatriots may stay tuned out until late 1973, target date for the premiere of a Wolper Productions–American Heritage series of 16 hourlong "docudramas" aimed at re-creating—more believably, one hopes, than on CBS' *You Are There* series—key episodes of American history in painstaking detail, as if cameramen had been there at the time. Meanwhile, *America* is a treat for those among us whose pride in their native land has survived both the Vietnam war and *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

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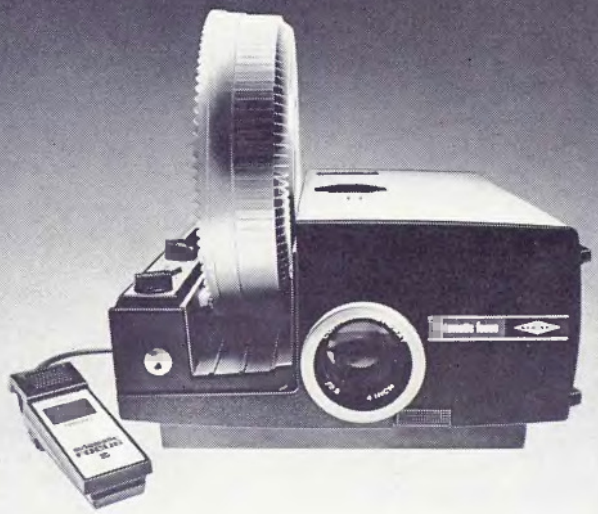

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Last summer, I visited the Louvre, and of all the paintings and sculptures of the male nude, I can't remember one that had a circumcised penis. Is there any reason for this?—C. G., Chicago, Illinois.

None that is known with certainty. One possibility is that, among Christian nations, circumcision has become a popular operation only in this century. Previously, it was routinely practiced primarily by Jews and Muslims. Most of the art in the Louvre is by Christian or pagan artists, since Jews and Muslims took the Second Commandment literally: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . ." (Granted that in apparent violation of this, there are copies of the Koran containing pictures of holy men.) It's unlikely, therefore, that Jewish or Arab artists would have painted or sculpted the human form at all and equally unlikely that devout Jews or Muslims would have posed, clothed or nude, for Christian artists.

As a college student about to choose a major field of study, I'm curious as to what type of business in the United States might be the most profitable—and therefore probably the highest paying in the long run for me to enter when I graduate. Do you have the facts?—B. F., New York, New York.

There are many ways of computing the profitability of a business. Basing it on the return on stockholders' equity, the return on sales and the return on total capital for the years 1969, 1970 and 1971, the five most profitable industries are: pharmaceuticals, mining, soaps and cosmetics, tobacco, and scientific and photographic equipment. Potential profitability for an individual within a particular industry, however, would depend upon a person's talent for the job, his intelligence, knowledge, ambition, courage and other factors.

My problem is that I keep thinking my fiancée is stepping out on me, even though I really know better. I love her deeply and don't want to lose her; however, I have absolutely nothing on which to base my suspicion that she may be two-timing me. I often get depressed and ask her if she still loves me, and though she assures me that she does, I can't quite believe her and sometimes go as far as to check up on her activities. She is an immensely attractive girl and I keep thinking other men must be interested in her and, after all, what is to prevent her from being interested in them if they have more to offer than I do?—L. R., Muscatine, Iowa.

How much you have to offer your fiancée is really for her to decide, isn't it? What prevents her from being more interested in others than in you is that, after all, you're the one she's in love with. Your own insecurity, fostered by your lack of self-esteem, may make it difficult for you to believe this—which means you can try to persuade yourself of this obvious fact, discuss the problem of your unfounded jealousy with her in hopes that additional expressions of affection on her part will help convince you of the truth of the situation or—as a last resort—seek professional help.

I've been considering purchasing a boat and also buying a chronometer for it. I would, however, like to know the purpose of a chronometer, why they're relatively expensive (as compared with most ordinary watches) and what the difference is between a chronometer and a chronograph.—P. A., Portland, Oregon.

Briefly, a chronometer is an accurate timepiece useful for determining longitude at sea. It is usually enclosed in a case and suspended in gimbals so that it remains horizontal, despite the ship's motion. Larger and heavier than an ordinary clock or watch, it's also relatively immune to the effects of heat and cold. A good chronometer is accurate to within a second per day. A chronograph is simply a device for coordinating a sequence of events with the passage of time. A stop watch is one example, an electrocardiograph (which plots the beats of a heart against time via a pen and a roll of paper) is another, and an oscillograph—an electronic instrument with a viewing screen on which one can watch sine waves—is yet another, provided the X or the Y axis is a time scale.

For our wedding a few months ago, a friend gave us a magnum of champagne, suggesting we save it for a special occasion. I can think of any number of special occasions but am curious as to how long the champagne itself will keep.—D. M., Miami, Florida.

If your champagne is nonvintage, it should be consumed within a few months of the purchase date. Vintage champagne, however, can usually be kept for eight to ten years—under the proper conditions—from the year on the label. If the champagne is of really high quality, it may keep a few years longer, but by the time it's 20 years old, it will probably be undrinkable. (Some very great vintages, however, may last even longer, depending on storage conditions.)

I've read a lot about mate swapping and sex orgies but I can't seem to locate where any of this is happening. Both my

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wife and I would like to share sex with others but have never had the opportunity to do so. How do you approach old friends without possibly offending them by merely suggesting sharing or swapping? How do you know up front that you won't lose their friendship over a sexual encounter, or that they won't feel jealous or guilty about such an episode? —A. G., San Antonio, Texas.

Perhaps your friends are as eager as you and your wife. Discreetly sounding them out is the only way to produce the response you're seeking. On the other hand, you may have to find new friends. You could try ads in newspapers and magazines published for just the purpose you have in mind. Don't be too surprised, incidentally, if you find yourself subject to some of the same hang-ups and emotional reactions you fear. Attitudes ingrained by society run so deep you may not be prepared for your own responses once involved in a swapping or orgy situation.

My husband is a handsome, well-built man—but built on a small scale: he barely reaches 5'5" in his shoes. He's fashion-conscious and, of course, long ago realized that what looks great on a six-foot model doesn't necessarily look as good when scaled down to his dimensions. Since he occasionally comes to me for advice, my question is: What styles in suits, shirts, slacks, sports coats, etc., are best for the smaller man?—Mrs. T. M., Oakland, California.

Advise your husband to stay away from double-breasted suits or jackets and to purchase only two- or three-button single-breasted models. He should avoid the currently popular superwide lapel, sticking to longer lapels of average width. Darker suits and jackets in subdued patterns will prove flattering and vertical stripes—never horizontal—in shirts, slacks, jackets and suits will do much to lend an appearance of height. Also suggest he stay away from widespread shirt collars and go with the fashionable long-points.

In a recent ad for Volvo automobiles, seven cars were stacked on top of one another. How did they do it?—D. S., Chicago, Illinois.

The ad was originally brain-stormed several years ago and turned down by the ad agency because of the potential expense. Then a Gulf Coast hurricane swept through a Mobile, Alabama, storage lot leased by Volvo and the result was a cheap supply of cars internally ruined by the salt water but externally unharmed. A concrete platform was built so the cars wouldn't sink into the ground and pallets were placed between the cars for balance. The ad was shot several times on a windy day with guy wires stabilizing the cars. The last shooting was actually a short art film and

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featured The Rascals playing "Beautiful Morning" while the cars slowly toppled to the ground (to be resurrected when the footage was subsequently run backward). Sic transit gloria Volvo.

Like many men, I dig starting out the day with a bang. Unfortunately, my wife, who is a tigress at night, is a rather reluctant sex partner in the morning. How can I arouse her enthusiasm for A.M. sex?—S. J., Akron, Ohio.

Your wife might find morning sex distasteful for any number of reasons (if she's like many other women). Perhaps she's put off by the combination of morning mouth and your unshaved, scratchy face; or she likes making love in the dark; or she's worried that the kids might barge into the room; or she's concerned about getting up to go to work and/or do her household chores; or maybe she's just operating on a metabolic schedule different from yours, so that waking up—sexually and otherwise—takes longer for her. (Most women enjoy, and sometimes even require, more foreplay and romance than is usually generated by a morning quickie.) To find out what your wife's specific objection is, you'll have to ask her. Or try to alleviate all the possible objections we've mentioned on a weekend morning; then perhaps you can convince her that sex is the greatest wake-up exercise since deep knee bends.

A friend has some early issues of PLAYBOY and wonders what they are worth. Can you give me an idea?—H. F., Houston, Texas.

"The Flea Market Shopper" values the first issue of PLAYBOY *(December 1953) at between $150 and $200. The January 1954 issue is worth $45 and February, $40. All other issues in 1954 are valued at an estimated $25 each. Issues in 1955 presumably sell for between $12 and $15, with the price declining rapidly after that. The value of old magazines, of course, depends largely on age and condition—and on whether or not you can find a buyer.*

Recently, my girlfriend and I attended a wedding (we're both friends of the groom). However, we ended up in an argument over how we should address the card on the gift we took to the wedding. She maintained that only the bride's name should appear on the envelope; I said that both the bride's and the bridegroom's names should appear. Which is correct?—B. H., Detroit, Michigan.

If the gift is sent to the bride's home before the wedding, then only the bride's maiden name should appear. If it's taken to the reception, then the envelope is properly addressed to Mr. and Mrs. There is no reason, however, to send a gift in advance or even to take one to the reception. In the future we suggest that you wait until the couple have settled into their home, then determine what they need. This way, you avoid giving them a fifth toaster or a third pepper mill.

After purchasing a rather expensive component stereo system, I started receiving unlimited advice from friends on its care and maintenance. One ex-Serviceman even suggested that I leave the power on at all times, on the theory that sudden surges of current when I turn it on could eventually prove harmful to the equipment. Is this true?—S. T., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Heavy-duty electronic equipment in broadcast and recording studios, as well as on board ships and at military installations, is sometimes kept continuously turned on in a standby condition, ready for instant use. This is wasteful and unnecessary for the home music system, however.

Can you tell me how the number of American soldiers killed in Vietnam compares with the number killed in the Korean War and in World War Two?—E. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

American battle deaths totaled 292,131 during World War Two, 33,629 during the Korean action and 45,847 in Vietnam (from 1961 to mid-August 1972).

I am pregnant, and while I've decided not to drop any acid for the duration, for fear of damaging the fetus, I wonder if I have to be as careful about smoking pot. Has there been any evidence to indicate that an occasional joint would harm my baby?—Mrs. T. A., Atlanta, Georgia.

There is no evidence that we know of to indicate that an infrequent toke will harm a fetus. However, considering the sensitivity of the embryo during the first three months of pregnancy to outside influences, including radiation, virus infections, chemicals and certain drugs, some of which are capable of causing birth defects, it might be wise to avoid use of all drugs during this period. That includes caffeine, nicotine, alcohol and aspirin, as well as marijuana, LSD and the like. If you're unable to go cold turkey on cigarettes and coffee, then use them in moderation. Why take a chance?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SHEBOYGAN'S SHAME

Richard Rhodes's article *Sex and Sin in Sheboygan* (PLAYBOY, August), which described how the prosecution of Jim Decko under Sheboygan's cohabitation law ruined his life and drove him to suicide, has provoked a response from the Sheboygan County district attorney, Lance Jones. According to *The Sheboygan Press*, he claimed the article was "glaringly slanted and containing many misrepresentations and false allegations," and he attacked the belief that fornication is a victimless crime. The story further stated:

> Jones pointed out that for the year 1971, 92 illegitimacy cases were referred by the Department of Social Services to the district attorney's office for paternity proceedings.
>
> The cost paid out in aid to unwed mothers for support of illegitimate children was over $58,000.
>
> "Are sex crimes really victimless crimes?" asked the district attorney. "We taxpayers of Sheboygan County and the state of Wisconsin can answer with a resounding 'no.'"
>
> But Jones stressed that not the taxpayers but the children are the most tragic victims of illegal relationships.

Jones is the D. A. who had jurisdiction and pressed charges in Decko's case. His explanation looks pathetic to me.

John Lyons
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Rhodes's article left D. A. Jones with very little ammunition to defend himself, but this line of argument is farfetched, indeed. Consensual sex laws—particularly laws as unpredictably and arbitrarily enforced as Wisconsin's—are a poor deterrent to illegitimacy; the cases cited by Jones are sufficient proof of that. Jones didn't mention that until a 1972 U. S. Supreme Court decision cast doubt on the constitutionality of the law, it was illegal in Wisconsin to provide contraceptives to the unwed. Perhaps this had something to do with those 92 cases of illegitimacy in 1971. In any case, Jim Decko produced no illegitimate child. We find Jones's apologia not only pathetic but irrelevant.

VIRGIN SHORTAGE

In the chart showing state penalties for consensual sex offenses that appeared in the August PLAYBOY, you noted that the state of Washington includes sex with the dead as a crime against nature. Since the law doesn't define dead as being deceased, one might get ten years for having sex with an unresponsive partner, as well as for anal, oral or animal intercourse.

You indicated that there's no penalty for fornication here, but that's actually included in the laws against sodomy. We also have a law against seduction: "Every person who shall seduce and have sexual intercourse with any female of previously chaste character shall be punished by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for not more than five (5) years or in the county jail for not more than one (1) year or by a fine of $1000 or by both fine and imprisonment." In other words, it's a crime to go to bed with a virgin in the state of Washington. Inasmuch as we have had so few prosecutions under this law, I would assume that virgins have been in short supply in the state.

Alva C. Long
Attorney at Law
Auburn, Washington

SEX ED VIA COMICS

While regular readers of PLAYBOY are undoubtedly well informed and progressive in the area of sexuality, too many Americans still fail to communicate important facts about sex to our adolescents, as evidenced by some overwhelming statistics from recent years. For example, the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future reported this year that the birth rate is decreasing in every category except among young women aged 15 to 19, whose rate of illegitimate births tripled between 1940 and 1968. The National Commission on Venereal Disease estimates that approximately 300,000 teenagers contracted V. D. last year.

Ed-U Press, the publishing division of the nonprofit Family Planning and Population Information Center at Syracuse University, is attempting to disseminate important information through the medium of educational comic books. The first of these, *Ten Heavy Facts About Sex*, is based on the ten most frequently asked questions from a survey of 5000 teenagers. It provides frank, open answers, untainted by moralization, on subjects such as oral-genital sex, homosexuality, masturbation and penis size.

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Sol Gordon, Ph.D.
Professor of Child and Family Studies
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

CONTRACEPTIVE INFORMATION

I want to thank PLAYBOY for publishing the Community Sex Information, Inc., birth-control poster in your August issue. Many of your readers have called or written to us about it. We wrote the poster over two years ago and, since it was not possible to make editorial changes, some information should be clarified and updated:

1. Vasectomy should be considered a permanent operation to prevent pregnancy. Some doctors do claim to be able to reverse the procedure 50 percent of the time; however, even after reversal, the chances of conception cannot be assured.

2. Intra-uterine devices are now being used successfully by women who have never had children.

3. Douching should not be considered a means of birth control. It is very unreliable. We mentioned it in the poster, however, because many women continue to use it and regard it as a means of contraception.

Our heartiest thanks for letting PLAYBOY's readers know about C. S. I.

Ann Welbourne, Director
Community Sex Information, Inc.
New York, New York

ABORTION MORALITY

In the July *Playboy Forum*, James Breig argues that a fetus is human and, therefore, it is the duty of those of us who are Catholic to impose our beliefs about abortion on the rest of the people, just as we (and others) do in the case of murder. Both his premise and his conclusion are faulty.

Consider his first point: that the fetus is human. Brilliant! No one, including pro-abortionists, denies that. But a human is, by definition, simply another kind of animal; what remains to be determined is when the fetus reaches the stage at which it can be differentiated from other animals and accorded a right to life. Now, the fact is that many people who believe that all humans have equal rights will grant a fetus fewer rights than a fully developed person. For example, I once asked a judge who gave an anti-abortion speech at my high school if I could be charged with homicide if I accidentally shot someone while playing with a gun; he answered yes. Then I asked him if a seven- or eight-months-pregnant woman who, knowing the dangers involved, went

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SEAGOING SEX

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA—*In his effort to modernize the Navy by lifting the ban against women serving on warships, Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., has run into a storm of protest from some sailors' wives. A group of wives in Norfolk, the largest naval base in the world, have been circulating petitions opposing the idea on various grounds—but the wives' main concern seems to be that their husbands would combine sailoring with sex at the first opportunity.*

KEEP TRYING

DETROIT—*A 24-year-old Detroit woman obtained a court peace bond to stop her husband from beating her. When she showed him the document, he forced her to eat it, then beat her again. The man pleaded guilty to assault and battery and was fined $100.*

LESBIAN COURT VICTORY

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—*A 34-year-old divorced woman who is an admitted homosexual has been granted custody of her three children after a two-year legal battle. The woman's attorneys and the Lesbian Mothers' Union said the case appeared to be the first one in the U. S. in which a self-acknowledged gay parent has been awarded custody of children. The decision stipulated that the mother must not expose them to any homosexual activity or influences. The children, ages 9, 12 and 14, testified that they knew their mother was a Lesbian and stated their preference to live with her instead of with their father.*

FRITZ MAKES IT ON GERMAN TV

Viewers of U. S. television, which loves its murder but is death on sex, can only envy their West German counterparts. According to the newsletter Earth News, *a German TV network recently showed the X-rated cartoon feature "Fritz the Cat" with its overt sex scenes complete and uncensored, merely advising its viewing audience that the film was "not suitable for young children."*

PORN WAR HEATS UP

LOS ANGELES—*The Los Angeles County district attorney's office has wheeled out an old law as a new weapon in its incessant war on pornography. A spokesman said that California's Red Light Abatement Act, an anti-prostitution law passed in 1913, would be enforced against the publishers of sex magazines, on the theory that the models who pose for the photographs are performing sexual acts for pay.*

Primary target of the D. A. has been the publishing empire of Milton Luros, whose five-acre plant was virtually closed down by a temporary court order impounding some 3,000,000 books and magazines as evidence. The police reportedly stopped and searched cars leaving the premises to prevent the smuggling out of any "evidence" by employees or visitors.

JUDICIAL HANKY-PANKY

One judge in Michigan and another in Los Angeles have been accused of improper behavior on and off the judicial bench:

A county district court judge in Michigan was publicly censured by the state supreme court because he "slapped, patted or touched" female court employees repeatedly in "a familiar or suggestive manner" but mainly because he coerced a female court employee into letting him autograph her panties while she was wearing them.

The California Commission on Judicial Qualifications has recommended removal of a Los Angeles municipal judge who, among other things, allegedly used a battery-powered dildo to jokingly threaten lawyers from the public defender's office into shortening their arguments in court.

ESCAPE CLAUSE FAILS

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—*The state supreme court has ruled that a woman cannot sign away her right to alimony or support payments nor can a man free himself of such financial responsibility by means of a contract. A 50-year-old man and a 40-year-old woman, before they married in 1970, entered into a contract that set the terms of financial settlement in the event they ever separated or divorced. When a separation did occur and resulted in a legal battle, the state's high court invalidated the contract. The decision included a quotation attributed to Lord Byron: "Women are made to be loved—not to be understood." A lower court had awarded the woman separation alimony of $1800 a month, plus $3000 for attorney's fees.*

In Sacramento, California, however, the heiress to the Kool-Aid fortune agreed to dissolution of her 20-year marriage on terms that give her former husband alimony of $2500 a month.

LIQUOR LIABILITY

ST. PAUL—*The Minnesota supreme court has ruled that a host who serves liquor to a minor or to an intoxicated person at a private party may be held*

liable for that person's actions while drunk. The decision extended the state's dramshop law to include not just bartenders and liquor dealers but also private individuals who serve booze in their homes, at picnics or wedding receptions or on any other social occasion. Twenty other states have similar laws, but courts have applied them only to bars and liquor stores.

DEATH TO COMPUTERS

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—*An unidentified man shot, but failed to kill, a computer in the office of a Johannesburg company. The police speculated that the gunman was a distraught customer. Despite four bullet wounds, the machine continued to compute.*

THE MOON MADE ME DO IT

MIAMI—*The moon may somehow drive men to murder, according to two researchers at the University of Miami School of Medicine. A study of Dade County, Florida, murder statistics from 1956 to 1970 disclosed that homicides consistently peaked at full moon and just after new moon. The same correlation was found for murder in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, although it was less pronounced. Reporting their findings in* The American Journal of Psychiatry, *Arnold L. Lieber and Carolyn R. Sherin speculated that because the body is at least 80 percent water, the moon's gravitational pull could conceivably affect human mood and behavior by causing cyclic changes in water flow within the body's fluid compartments.*

WOMB FOR RENT?

PHILADELPHIA—*A 17-year-old Philadelphia man placed a newspaper ad offering $10,000 and other benefits to a woman willing to become pregnant for the purpose of providing a childless couple with a blood-related baby. After numerous women responded, the man confessed the ad was merely an experiment to "see what it would cost to make such a purchase on the open market." He described himself as an actuary and a "cad" who has been married for 21 years. He said that the $10,000 proved to be overpricing, since a number of women offered to perform the requested service free.*

JACKIE THE RIPPER

LONDON—*Jack the Ripper, the supposed sex killer who terrorized London in 1888 and 1889, may have been a woman abortionist who mutilated her victims to conceal the fact that they died from bungled abortions. Former Scotland Yard official Arthur Butler has been working on the unsolved case since his retirement four years ago, and he has speculated in a London newspaper article that the killer was not a male sex criminal but one of London's midwives who performed illegal abortions for prostitutes in the city's East End.*

ABORTION RULINGS

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—*For the second time, a Federal court has ruled that Connecticut's strict abortion law violates a woman's rights "to privacy and personal choice in matters of sex and family." When an 1860 abortion law was struck down by the same court on the same grounds last April, Governor Thomas J. Meskill called a special session of the state legislature, which enacted an almost identical statute and stiffened abortion penalties ("Forum Newsfront," July, September). The three-judge panel ruled that the new law was just as unconstitutional as the old one and issued an injunction against its enforcement. The state has appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.*

Elsewhere:

• In New York, a three-judge Federal court has ruled that elective abortions are fully covered under the state's Medicaid program. The decision invalidated a 1971 state Social Services Department directive restricting Medicaid payments to those abortions deemed medically "necessary." The court unanimously decided that such a restriction "would deny indigent women the equal protection of the laws to which they are constitutionally entitled." Although legally significant, the ruling does not substantially change hospitals' existing abortion policies. A Social Services spokesman conceded that the department, despite its own directive, had continued paying Medicaid abortion claims because "any service administered by a doctor is assumed to be necessary."

• The Michigan court of appeals has ruled that the state's 1846 abortion law was enacted to protect women, not fetuses, and that the safety of modern abortion techniques makes the old law obsolete. The court held that licensed physicians cannot be prosecuted for performing abortions in accredited hospitals or clinics during the first trimester, but the decision will probably have no effect on abortions in the state pending its review by higher courts.

• A new Gallup Poll indicates that more Americans than ever—including a majority of Catholics—now believe "the decision to have an abortion should be made solely by a woman and her physician." In the nationwide survey, 61 percent of the respondents favored completely elective abortion, five percent had no opinion, and of the dissenting 31 percent, two out of three would approve of abortion when a pregnancy endangers the mental health of the woman.

horseback riding and killed the child she was carrying could be charged with homicide also. This time his answer was no. Clearly, it would be denied that the fetus had a right to life in the latter case, yet most people who oppose abortion would not be overly concerned. A more graphic example is that of the pregnant woman who will surely die if she gives birth. In my class, there was unanimous agreement that the fetus should be aborted even though all but two students were otherwise against abortion. The woman's right to life took precedence over that of the unborn fetus'. Thus, not only do many people disagree on whether or not a fetus is human but even those who think it is human are usually prepared to give it fewer rights.

Breig's second argument is that morality must be legislated in the case of abortion, as it is for murder. But with murder, the morality involved is quite clear, and so it is acceptable to tell the populace not to kill. The morality of abortion, however, is not clear at all and, with so many different opinions, we should not force others to accept the ethics of a few. A large percentage of the population doesn't believe that a fetus is human. A large percentage of the remainder feel that it is not quite human, or at least that the rights it must be accorded are more limited than those for a fully developed person. Clearly, the only avenue open to reasonable people in such a controversial matter is to allow the individual to decide for herself.

John Sauter
Oak Park, Michigan

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

In his letter in the September *Playboy Forum*, Richard J. Greene states that it is evil to kill the human fetus. Who says so? Not my conscience. If Greene is against abortion, that's his business and only his business. I'm not against it, and if I need an abortion, I demand the right to choose.

Mrs. Kitty Bacso, R. N.
Southgate, Michigan

NO-FAULT DIVORCE

Most attorneys oppose the concept of no-fault divorce because it eliminates the need for a lawyer. However, the delegates to the New Orleans American Bar Association convention, who rejected the principle of no-fault divorce as described by Lou J. Filczer in the August *Playboy Forum*, were influenced by more than merely the grounds for divorce when they voted down the proposal. The proposal was called the Uniform Marriage and Divorce Act, not just the no-fault divorce act. The entire proposal was 56 pages long and included items such as dropping the age for marriage to 16 for both sexes, with a judge

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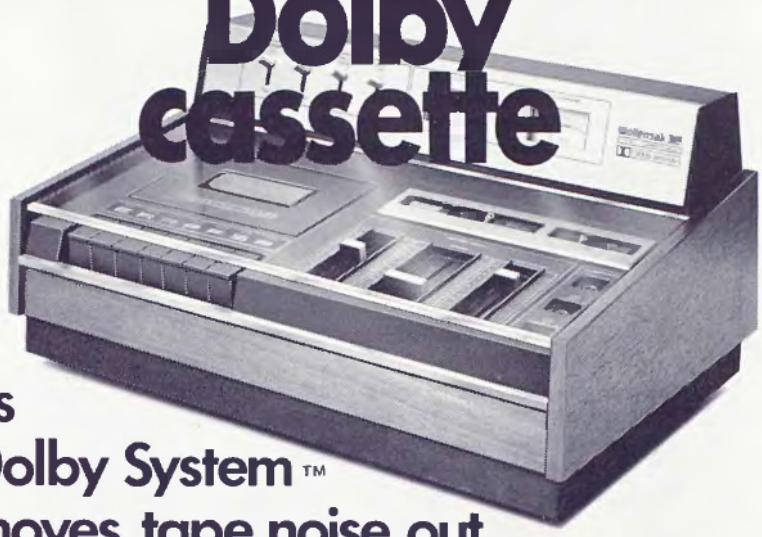

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settling cases in which the parents oppose the marriage; and a "third lawyer clause," which would allow the court to appoint a lawyer to represent the children in a divorce case, so that the father might have to pay three lawyers instead of two. There was even a clause that would have required a divorced father to continue to pay support after his death! These clauses and others throughout the proposal are in direct conflict with what the divorce-reform movement advocates, and we applaud the A. B. A. for having the good sense to defeat that proposal.

We run an organization in Minneapolis built on the no-fault concept and on our belief that there is no need to destroy a person's life because of a divorce. If a couple's marriage is dead, we teach them how to bury it as quietly as possible.

Chuck and Donna Thibodeau
Divorce Education Association
Minneapolis, Minnesota

CREDIT-CARD ALIENATION

Dale D. DeWalt's letter, "Fair Shake for Singles," in the September *Playboy Forum* makes some good points, but I'd like to point out that married women also aren't getting a fair shake. I'm particularly angry about the matter of credit cards. If Mary Jones marries John Smith, many of her credit cards have to be changed to read Mrs. John Smith. Mary's name and her identity disappear altogether. Also, when she registers her new last name and address, she has to make a new application for credit, because, as one credit-card agency told me, she might get pregnant and have to quit working. The fact that a married woman might not intend to get pregnant, or that she would not let childbirth interfere with her job, makes no difference. We are all lumped together and treated the same way. My income was not even considered by the credit-card companies after I married; all they wanted to know was my husband's income.

I'm returning each and every credit card that doesn't bear my own name, along with a letter explaining why. If the company wants to send another credit card and keep a good customer, it must send it in *my* name.

Irene L. Guild
Framingham, Massachusetts

TRIAL COMMITMENTS

An August *Forum Newsfront* item about my "trial marriages" repeated a few misconceptions perpetrated by other media. In the first place, the ceremony is called a Celebration of Commitment and is specifically *not* a marriage. Also, you noted that its legality has not been tested; this is true, but only because a religious rite has no legal standing. The law has no business interfering with the practice of religion.

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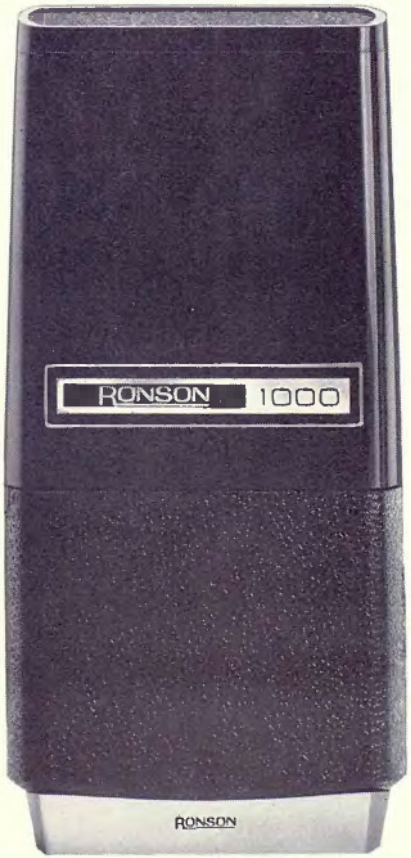

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is an unenforced law against cohabitation. Since they are not married, the people undertaking to live together following my ceremony are violating the law, and I am giving my blessing to the violation by means of the ceremony.

It is about time that religion, usually repressive or at best neutral, took a positively liberating stance in our society. I hope I have taken a small step in that direction.

The Rev. Adrian L. Melott
Unitarian Universalist Fellowship
Tampa, Florida

GAY PROBLEM CENTER

Stonewall is a residential treatment center for homosexual men and women who have been in trouble with drug addiction, alcoholism or the law. It was started in Seattle last year by a number of gay people who feel that heterosexuals do not know how to handle the problems of homosexuals. It was also started to provide an alternative for gays either in prison or facing a prison term. Until now, nearly all organizations such as Synanon and Phoenix House, to which people could be probated or paroled, have regarded homosexuality as abnormal. Because of the lack of a place that will accept them as they are, parole is often delayed or denied for those in prison who are not heterosexual.

The alcoholism and drug-addiction programs consist of 12 to 18 months of living and working at Stonewall, and they reject the medical approaches to homosexuality, addiction or crime. They present acceptance of one's homosexuality not only as normal and healthy but also as restorative and therapeutic, the key to successful rehabilitation. The approach is that of radical therapy, with emphasis on changing one's social situation, changing society's attitudes and gaining political effectiveness.

There is also a 90-day re-entry program for those coming out of prison and for the graduates of the treatment programs. This involves job placement and training, personal counseling and gay-consciousness raising. Stonewall seeks funds from organizations and individuals for both projects.

We are breaking ground by bringing what we know about human sexuality to the fore in the field of rehabilitation. Society makes a practice of taking sex away from those in trouble, be they prisoners, retarded children or mental patients. But sex is not disruptive; it is a highly socializing factor for all. Gay males are becoming more prominent in the area of prison reform, because prison is where we suffer the greatest oppression.

William H. DuBay, Training Director
Stonewall
Seattle, Washington

DuBay is a former Catholic priest who, in 1964, asked Pope Paul VI to oust Los Angeles' conservative Cardinal McIntyre and who, in 1966, wrote "The Human Church" (published without the usual ecclesiastical permission), which advocated, among other things, a labor union for priests.

CHANGING HOMOSEXUALITY

I agree almost entirely with your comments on my last letter (*The Playboy Forum*, September) and particularly with your support of "the right of researchers to investigate the causes of homosexuality and possible means for changing it." Individuals involved in the gay-liberation movement have expressed dismay at my research into the etiology of homosexuality and have said that no research should be done in that area.

I disagree, however, with your statement, "If your research contention is correct, it would mean that there are certain people whose fixed homosexuality can't be altered by existing methods." It is my belief that through electrocoagulation of the female-mating center of the sex-behavior center in the hypothalamus, homosexuality can be altered and even made to disappear. Also, aversion therapy coupled with desensitization can alter behavior, though it may not affect the underlying drive. But, whichever method is used, it is doubtful that the heterosexual encounters that may follow will involve the same intensity of arousal as the previous homosexual experiences.

Only when homosexuality causes problems that disable the individual in his life pursuits should electrocoagulation be used, and only when the individual has a female love object clearly in mind should aversion therapy coupled with desensitization be used. In all cases, the client and not the therapist should make the decision about a change in sexual thrust, and then only after careful consideration of the alternatives.

Norman C. Murphy, Ph.D.
Berkeley, California

THE KEATING PAPERS

The Playboy Forum has published a number of comments on the procensorship form letter sent out by Charles H. Keating, Jr., of Citizens for Decent Literature. I wonder if everyone found the letter as insulting to his intelligence as I did, with its first sentence, "The other day a friend of mine sent me a check and asked that I use part of his contribution to write to you about a problem in Honolulu." My name appears three times in the body of the letter and the name of my city or state appears 11 times, finally in the statement, "When I write to more people in Honolulu with your contribution. . . ."

One person who wrote to the *Forum* reported answering the letter. I did, too. I also used the cards provided to send to the governor and the attorney general of Hawaii, but rephrased them to express my rejection of Keating's theses. I think every person who receives one of the Keating letters and who values his liberties should reply to it, expressing his anger in clear and decisive terms.

Fred R. Methered
Honolulu, Hawaii

After receiving the letter from Charles H. Keating, Jr., urging me to donate money to his organization and to encourage officials to pursue a war on pornography, I wrote to both the governor and the attorney general of Virginia as follows:

> I urge you to refrain from using your personal or official prestige to support Keating.
>
> Keating seems to feel there is some evil in what he calls pornography. If there were some intrinsic evil in sex itself or the human body, this might make sense. Since there is not, I see nothing wrong in depicting sex graphically or through any other medium.

Lester A. Lawrence III
Falls Church, Virginia

SOONER CENSORS

The prohibition of the nude scene in *Hair* mentioned in the September *Playboy Forum* was not the only act of censorship to take place in Oklahoma in the past year. I, as president of the University of Oklahoma Cinema Society, was forced to cancel a showing of the best of the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival because it supposedly violated Oklahoma state law.

Although similar movies have been shown on the campus before, this was the first one that was banned. I was told by university officials that the films must be screened by a faculty advisor first and if any violation of law were apparent to him, the films were not to be shown. Because the movies portrayed sexual intercourse, I was subsequently forbidden to exhibit them. Now all films to be shown on campus will have to be prescreened, if there is reason to believe they break the law.

Larry Tauber
Memphis, Tennessee

BASTION OF DECENCY

A letter from William R. Wall in the July *Playboy Forum* makes light of the claim that the Deep South is the "last bastion of decency and order." Wall mentions the assassinations of Medgar Evers and Dr. Martin Luther King as examples of Southern lawlessness, but it is hardly fair to judge a section of the country by two murders. As for Selma, Little Rock and the other cities Wall referred to, he should realize that these

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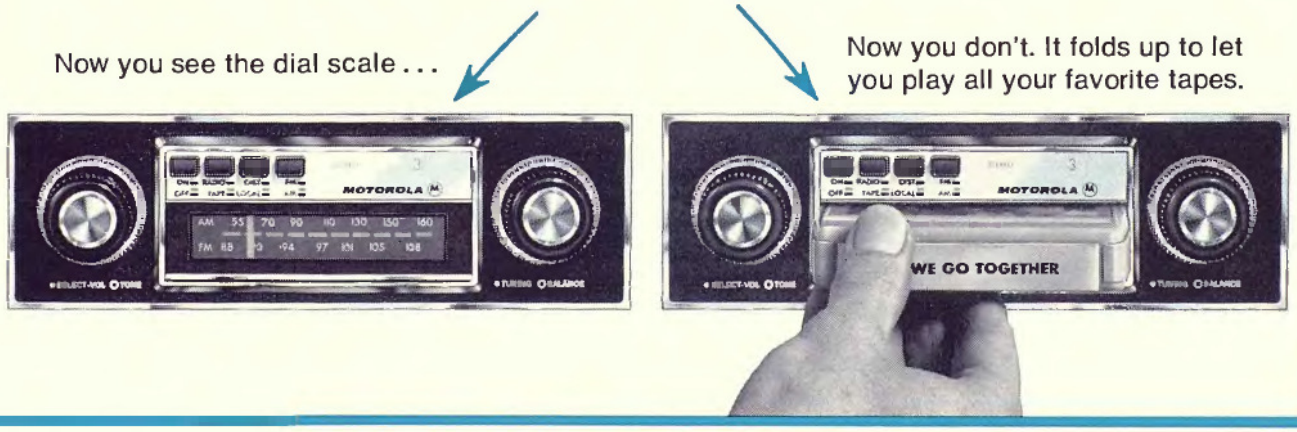

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cities were undergoing the trauma of a complete reversal of their ways of life. At such times, the best of us are liable to resort to violence.

Southerners have not defied the Constitution, as Wall claims, but only certain interpretations of this great document. I believe that this country will be brought to its downfall by liberal distortions of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

People such as Wall should not judge, lest they be liable to judgment themselves, and they should not condemn others without fair appraisal.

Marvin G. Pound, Jr.
Sparta, Georgia

DO AS WE SAY, NOT AS WE DO

As a parent of preschool children who, in a couple of years, may face being bused halfway across the city to attend an understaffed, poorly funded, ill-equipped school in a black neighborhood, I want to say that I think the liberals who are responsible for this absurdity are two-faced bastards. I'm not against integration; I'd be glad to have poor kids who are black or any other color come and attend school with my kids, and I'd hope it would lead to increased understanding for all of them. But I'll be damned if I'll pay the kind of taxes I do, to a community I moved to largely because of the quality of the schools, so that my kids can be bused to a slum in which they'll spend their time just learning to survive. If I'd wanted my kids to go to a crummy school, I never would have moved to a high-tax neighborhood.

A while ago, newspaper columnist Victor Lasky described how many of the Washington liberals who seem so eager to bus kids all over creation to satisfy their notions of equality of opportunity manage to assure that their own kids are a little more equal—by sending them off to private schools. He included Ed Muskie, George McGovern, Ted Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, Birch Bayh, Nicholas von Hoffman and, most interestingly, Carl Rowan, a black columnist, among the liberal hypocrites. Von Hoffman made the interesting comment that "nobody wants to make their children pay for their own social philosophy." I say that if a man isn't willing to do that, then he'd better change his social philosophy.

George Anderson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

AMNESTY

It is my belief that granting amnesty to the draft dodgers holed up in Canada and elsewhere would constitute an affront to all those men who have ever worn a uniform in any of the nation's Armed Forces.

As a man whose enlistment is drawing to a close, I recall vividly being faced with the prospect of trading a good job close to home for a stretch of low-paying forced labor, far from family and friends, with death as a possible consequence. I searched for alternatives, but copping out was not one of them. I had decided far in advance of my call-up that my response could not be a matter of believing in war rather than peace—God knows, war is total depravity—but of responsibility and a sense of duty to the nation on whose soil I make my home and on whose strength depends our way of life.

The alternative to the draft that I chose was enlistment in the Navy, which cost two additional years of my life. I'm certainly no hero, I'm just one of the millions of guys who have seen their responsibility and have lived up to it.

For my money, let the antiwar preachers and draft dodgers stay where they are. This country doesn't need the lack of courage they showed a couple of years ago.

Rm/2 Michael J. Lanspery, U. S. N.
Newburgh, New York

In the September *Playboy Forum*, Joe Mattys rejects the proposal that draft evaders who fled the country be given amnesty and remarks, "There is serious doubt that those men were substantially motivated by religious or political conscience to avoid military service."

I notice this question of motives frequently comes up in debates about amnesty. In my opinion, that's preachy tripe. A man who flees the country because he is afraid of getting wounded or killed has my respect just as much as one who leaves because he feels the war is a moral evil. What grounds does anyone have for saying that an action performed out of self-interest is inferior to one done in a spirit of altruism or adherence to principle? I think anyone who has the intelligence to see through Government lies and recognize that the Vietnam war is vicious and unnecessary and who has the courage to stay out of it deserves a hero's welcome—should he choose to honor this wretched nation by wishing to return.

William Harvey
Detroit, Michigan

Joe Mattys' letter condemning the "Americans who fled the draft" is startling. How a person can hold onto beliefs that adherence to the letter of the law is honorable and that draft evaders are traitors to America, in the face of the phony Gulf of Tonkin incident, the Pentagon papers, the slaughter of innocent people at My Lai and the massive and continuous bombing of a country with which we are not even officially at war, escapes me completely.

It is very easy to point to the coffins and tombstones of those who, whether out of fear, patriotism or indifference, died serving their country's foreign policy and then say that because these men died, those who chose not to join in the killing must be guilty of some crime. Apparently, the golden rule is easily broken, but the military code must be followed to the letter.

Mattys might want to think about the legal war evaders. Some men were fortunate enough to know someone in the right place, or they were smart enough to foresee the escalation of the war and enlist in the National Guard. For a few, this was a legal window. For many who might later have wanted to take advantage of it, the only window remaining was to flee the country.

If one looks at the past eight years, at how and why we became involved in this undeclared war, then the only conclusion one can reasonably draw is that we made an error. Why should we penalize people who saw the error and refused to go along with it?

Robert G. Dewsnap
Belchertown, Massachusetts

As a political refugee in Canada, I am sympathetic with Americans who advocate amnesty for exiles who left their country because of the draft. However, for me and others like me, the United States has become, for all practical purposes, a foreign country. All my friends are here in Canada, and the only difference amnesty would make for my life is that it would allow me to see my parents more frequently. The major impact of amnesty would be on those draft resisters now imprisoned in the United States. Justice cries for their release.

David J. Brown
Edmonton, Alberta

There is a great debate in this country over whether we should forgive those whose feelings about Vietnam led them to reprehensible acts or whether we should prosecute them. I am for amnesty. We will never have peace unless we relinquish the urge to settle old scores. I believe we should show ourselves to be generous and extend clemency not only to the men who did the actual killing in Vietnam but even to the military and Government officials who started the whole mess.

James Edwards
Denver, Colorado

WHY WE ARE IN VIETNAM

The Playboy Forum has published many letters from people who are vehement in their denunciation of the Vietnam war. I would like to reply. The U. S. entered Vietnam not because it had anything to gain thereby but because the freedom and sovereignty of the South Vietnamese people were being threatened by insurgents within

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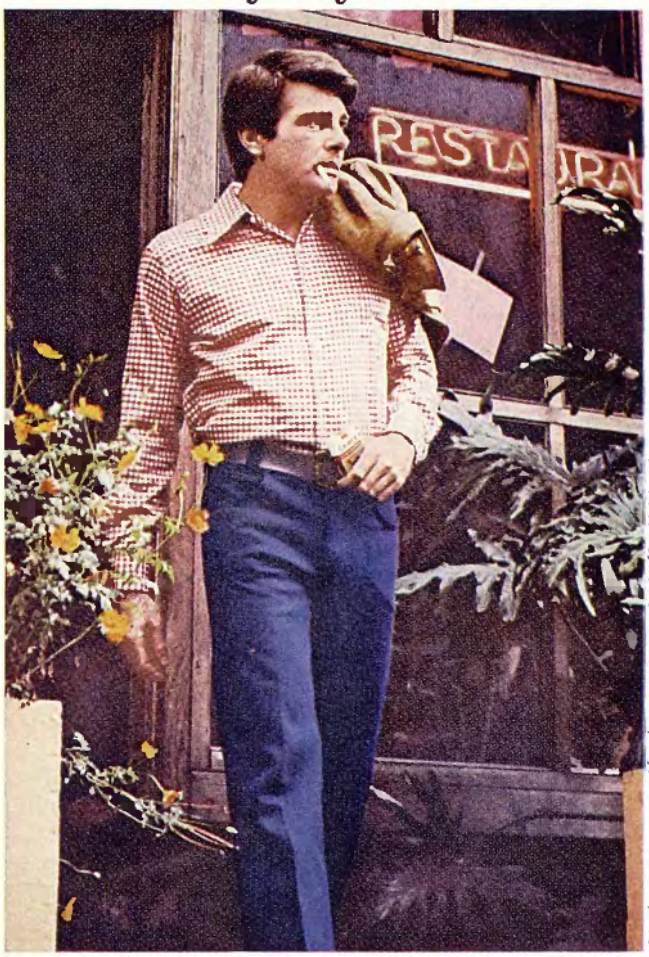

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their borders ultimately controlled by the Communist government of North Vietnam. American troops came first only as advisors, then their strength was increased as the other side escalated its efforts to destroy the South Vietnamese government.

The U. S. has given money and equipment to South Vietnam to strengthen its forces, and has trained and advised the Army of the Republic of South Vietnam in the maintenance and use of equipment so that the ARVN could take over the job of destroying hostile forces. U. S. soldiers in Vietnam have fought primarily to secure their bases and their personal safety and to remove enemy forces from their area of operations.

We are in Vietnam to give the South Vietnamese a chance for freedom and democracy. The value of freedom is not cheap; it cannot be measured either in money or in lives. The rewards make up for the suffering and the deaths.

Sp/4 Michael W. Hedges
APO San Francisco, California

CANADIAN MILITARY LIFE

The Playboy Forum has published many letters from U. S. Servicemen that discuss Vietnam, drugs in the Service, military injustice and the general misery of military life. Such conditions are not peculiar to the U. S. military but are also prevalent in the Canadian armed forces.

Our problems are not as great or as widely publicized, since the total armed forces' strength is only about 85,000; nevertheless, they are still there. I would venture to guess that 20 percent of the military men use one kind of drug or another. Military justice is a joke, and the carrying of grievances to higher authority or to nonmilitary organizations is frowned on and sometimes punished. Passing the buck is a favorite game, and requests for information are usually met with blank stares or such lengthy procrastination that one forgets the question. The peace symbol has come under attack from our superiors; one commanding officer has stated, "You are forbidden to display these things because they are detrimental to morale, and besides you are not a bunch of goddamn hippies but trained soldiers, and your responsibility is to kill on command, not to wage peace."

We are fortunate that Canada has no draft. Although the enlistment period here is for five years, one may be released for a valid reason before his time is up. I pray, now that I am again a civilian, that we in Canada will never suffer as the youth of America has.

Geoffrey Hahn
Toronto, Ontario

PRISON CONDITIONS

Eric A. DeRycke's letter in the August *Playboy Forum* states that "many prison administrators are making sincere but, unfortunately, little-known efforts to remedy" the deplorable conditions of inmate life. My observation is that most of the progress in the Federal prison system has been brought about by court action. For example, it was a class-action suit that established the right of newspaper reporters to visit institutions and to correspond with inmates. Similarly, the Black Muslims had to fight the Bureau of Prisons for years to gain their right to religious worship. The Bureau of Prisons continues to suppress the convict-founded Church of the New Song, numbering some 600 members at Atlanta and Leavenworth penitentiaries.

Unlike DeRycke, I've found that prison officials fight tooth and nail against any effort by prisoners to get themselves together spiritually or socially.

Joseph Harry Brown
Leavenworth, Kansas

FOR TOURISTS' EYES ONLY

Last August, Allen Donielson, U. S. Attorney of Des Moines, Iowa, took a tour of Federal prisons—including those in El Reno, Oklahoma; Englewood, Colorado; and Leavenworth, Kansas. According to a subsequent news story, "He said the tour demonstrated to him that confinement is better for some inmates than the environment in which they would live in society." During one week here in Leavenworth, there were two inmate deaths through accident, two attempted escapes and dozens of inmates confined for minor rule violations. I challenge any free community of 2000 people to match that much human misery.

The story added, "He said prisoners at Leavenworth can have private cells with their own keys and freedom to roam the cell blocks and recreation yards if they stay out of trouble." That statement is ridiculous. Leavenworth is a maximum-security prison and at no time are prisoners allowed to carry keys. Chain-link wire engulfs entire cell blocks and encircles the recreation yards, which are unlocked by a guard for five minutes each hour to permit inmates to enter and exit.

There have been prison tours virtually as long as there have been prisons, but public officials should know better than to take at face value what they are shown by the prison administrators.

Robert L. Swanson
Leavenworth, Kansas

MENTAL DETENTION

California apparently has a neat little law that could get you locked up incommunicado for three days without any charge being filed against you and without you having any right to post bail, see an attorney, be tried or make a phone call. In a newspaper article, Pat Michaels of Capitol News Service in Sacramento described a "72-hour mental-detention law," which was originally designed to provide a means for authorities to "cool down" a person bent on self-destruction or homicide, or someone who was enraged and a danger to those around him. Now, however, the law is being used by D. A.s to frighten divorced men into meeting support payments, by social workers to browbeat reluctant spouses into accompanying their mates to family-therapy sessions and by some psychiatrists to scare patients into paying their bills, to mention a few examples.

Michaels' article noted that it's hard to estimate the extent to which the law is thus being abused, since, unlike police arrests, locking someone up in a mental ward doesn't become part of the public record. Nevertheless, the number of examples given in the article as well as the existence of such a law at all are ominous portents. One would think that the psychiatric profession would protest against this kind of abrogation of individual civil rights. The fact that some psychiatrists actually take advantage of this mockery of due process makes one wonder if those who are concerned about psychiatric injustice and see that profession as becoming a tool of oppression are necessarily paranoid.

Tom Wilson
Los Angeles, California

CREEPING CONFORMITY

When new I. D. pictures had to be taken of employees of the Florida Parole and Probation Commission, a memo on the subject was slapped on my desk. This sentence disgusted me:

> As a prelude to this, it has been noticed that a few of the male personnel have taken advantage of the recent upheaval to let their hair grow to what is considered extreme length.

The memo goes on to command us to get haircuts before having our pictures taken. Note the typically bureaucratic use of the passive voice—long hair "has been noticed" and "is considered extreme." By whom?

Complaints about young men being forced to cut their hair don't get much sympathy, I've noticed—possibly because it's so easy to get a haircut. But there is an important principle involved, as that astute observer of American democracy Alexis de Tocqueville pointed out:

> It must not be forgotten that it is especially dangerous to enslave men in the minor details of life. For my own part, I should be inclined to think freedom less necessary in great things than in little ones, if it were possible to be secure of the one without possessing the other.

As a matter of fact, I feel I lack freedom not only in the small matter of

hair length but also in the larger one of self-expression.

(Name withheld by request)
Miami, Florida

WAR ON UNDESIRABLES

An article in the *Anaheim-Fullerton Independent* relates several ways in which local officials and other defenders of American culture are working to rid the natural pools around San Juan Hot Springs of what the paper euphemistically calls undesirables. In the belief that the pools are being haunted by nudists, hippies, homosexuals and marijuana smokers, Orange County has had work crews clearing away the brush so that the spa can be seen from the highway. The story adds:

> Sheriff's deputies said they have been making sporadic raids on the springs for 40 years, arresting trespassers. Residents of the area complained of heavy traffic, screams in the night and other disturbances because of hippie squatters, deputies said.
>
> Ranch cowboys have also tried to rid the pools of hippies, sometimes running them down on horseback and cutting their hair, or dropping broken glass in the pools so the bathers would cut their feet, deputies said.

All of which goes to prove that not all swinish behavior in this country is found in pigpens.

Alfred K. Day
Newport Beach, California

LONG LINES FOR LONG-HAIRS

An article in *The Denver Post* reports that the government of Singapore has put up signs in all its offices reading, MALES WITH LONG HAIR WILL BE ATTENDED TO LAST. Since last year, male tourists with long hair have been turned away from Singapore. The article concludes, "Authorities say wearing long hair, a fad imported from Western countries, is liable to 'pollute' Singapore's social environment."

Is not prejudice of this kind as vicious as racism?

Peter Allen Nowell
Lakewood, Colorado

If only such bigotry never cropped up any closer to home than Singapore.

1984 MINUS 12

I attend college on the West Coast and have become increasingly annoyed and frightened by police surveillance methods. One evening last summer, for example, my girl and I were on a beach when it was cleared by police in helicopters that were equipped with huge searchlights. A friend claimed that this was only a forerunner of things to come and that observation techniques used in Vietnam were being adapted for Stateside purposes. A quick trip to the library proved that he was, indeed, correct. Among examples of Vietnam war technology being adapted for civilian purposes is the border patrol's use of unmanned, remote-controlled Air Force drones that pick up signals from sensors buried along the border to relay to an infiltration-surveillance center. The sensors themselves are adaptations of those used to indicate troop movements along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Sensors that beep if somebody approaches are currently in use around prisons and governmental and industrial centers. The foliage-penetration radar used in Vietnam has been modernized so that it can peer through brick and cinder-block walls, while night-vision devices, which amplify light levels so that the user can see in the dark, are apparently already in use by many police departments on regular night patrols. There are also laser fingerprint analyzers, voiceprint equipment and low-light-level television cameras, which can be installed on poles high above city streets for nighttime inspection of intersections—and probably could be used for daytime surveillance of protesters in the streets. To avoid all of this (or almost all of it), my girl and I could stay home all the time and watch the tube—but how long will it be before the tube is equipped so that it can watch us?

George Ford
Los Angeles, California

FREE-LANCE NARC

After the police department of Pueblo, Colorado, arrested 13 young people in connection with a drug probe, the local newspaper, *The Pueblo Chieftain*, ran a story headlined "FREE-LANCE NARC SEES BIG DRUG PROBLEM IN PUEBLO." The story described a man from New Jersey who was in town drawing a regular policeman's salary to turn in young people involved in the drug scene. He claims he does this sort of work for the satisfaction it gives him: "That's all I need, man, is to see those pushers put away. It's satisfaction enough for me." The agent describes his *modus operandi* as follows:

> I buy them a drink, make friendly small talk. Eventually the conversation moves around to dope and I say, "Where can I buy some drugs?" That's how it all begins. I don't feel bad about anything I do. They deserve everything they get.

I happen to be a friend of at least half the people who were arrested, and they're guilty of nothing more than smoking some grass to have a good time. Yet now, because of this guy's activities, they may go to prison. Our stupid drug laws are producing a society in which young people must be suspicious of everyone, wondering whether each new friend might be a secret policeman.

Randall A. Martella
Pueblo, Colorado

GARBAGE MOUTHS

Columnist Abigail Van Buren was so impressed with a judge's lecture to a 17-year-old boy who had pleaded guilty to possession of hallucinogenic drugs that she published the whole thing in "Dear Abby," her newspaper column. The boy was sentenced to a year in the county stockade and four years' probation.

I feel that drug abuse can harm people physically and mentally; however, I find the judge's tirade far from impressive. It sounds like an exercise in name-calling of the sort that cuts off communication between the generations. Here are some excerpts from his lecture:

> "This is a time when phony kids your age are yelling, 'You adults have your alcohol, we want our drugs; you have polluted our water and our air, you have polluted this and that,' and all the rest of the garbage that comes out of your mouths. . . .
>
> "If you are sick, a doctor will treat you and he won't be on drugs. . . .
>
> "Your astronauts are not on drugs, and your President is not, and your legislators are not. . . .
>
> "Neither are those who build the bathrooms that you stink up with your lousy, rotten drugs. . . .
>
> "Let's see what kind of world you leave to your children before you talk about the world that we left to ours."

I'd like to look in the medicine cabinets and liquor cabinets of our professional people, officials and heroes throughout the country. I'm sure I'd find interesting collections of pills and booze, all perfectly legal, of course. We bring up our children in a drug- and booze-oriented society, damn them when they follow our example and damn them again for criticizing us.

Paula Hassler
Phoenix, Arizona

THE BOOZE PROBLEM

For the past several years, drug problems in the Armed Forces have received a great deal of publicity, and this has been used as ammunition by those who want to keep punitive drug laws on the books. Drug abuse is our number-one problem, they wail, and their answer to it is stricter enforcement and tougher penalties.

An item in *Time* about the rehabilitation of alcoholics in the Navy puts this clamor into perspective. It points out:

> The Pentagon estimates that there are between 50,000 and 115,000

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alcoholics among the 2,400,000 men in the Armed Forces, and alcoholism is a factor in the discharge of several hundred men each year. Alcoholism, in fact, is a far bigger problem than heroin addiction and the other, newer forms of drug abuse.

Nevertheless, the Department of Defense has published a directive stating that alcoholism is to be treated rather than punished and will not, if it is arrested, keep a Serviceman from obtaining promotions or a security clearance. Nobody has suggested closing down the bars in the Service clubs or those near the posts. All of which is fine, but if Americans are capable of this much enlightenment in dealing with booze, why are we such a backward nation when it comes to drugs—which apparently aren't as big a problem?

David Smith
Dallas, Texas

FEROCIOUS PENALTIES

I am deeply impressed by PLAYBOY's campaign to bring some rationality to marijuana laws. I'm shocked to learn that there are 53 inmates in the Ohio State Reformatory in Mansfield who are serving 10 to 40 years for sale or possession for sale of marijuana (*The Playboy Forum*, September). What an extraordinary waste of human life.

Penalties for particular kinds of misbehavior must have some relation to the harm that the offense does to the individual or to the community. The penalties provided by many state laws for the sale and use of marijuana are out of all proportion to any harm marijuana might do.

As a former director of the American Bar Association and American Medical Association Study on Narcotic Drugs, I believe that there should be a complete revision of criminal laws relating to marijuana. Possession should not be a criminal offense. Prohibition of sale might well be kept in the penal law, since there is considerable opinion that marijuana is harmful, even if it is not addicting. Nevertheless, penalties for sale might well be reduced to those imposed for misdemeanors. The ferocious punishments provided by existing statutes simply make no sense.

Morris Ploscowe
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

AIDING POT-LAW VICTIMS

I am sure that thousands of your readers throughout this country felt impelled to action after reading the letters in the September *Playboy Forum* about the cruel sentences meted out for marijuana offenses in states such as Ohio. The question is, how can this energy be used to help the victims? My elected officials don't care what's happening in Ohio, and those in Ohio don't care what an Oregon voter has to say. And, of course, President Nixon and his people are even less likely to listen.

I want to help, and I know there are others who want to help. Tell us how.

Mrs. Renee Malus
Merlin, Oregon

An expression of disapproval from out of state may have some small influence by serving notice on local officials that their actions are receiving national attention. Meanwhile, you can be working for reform of the marijuana laws in your own state. Progress in one state sets the example for others, so that, in the long run, what happens in Oregon can conceivably help people in Ohio. Finally, and most practically, you can support organizations that are working to change the laws. In your part of the country, there are Marijuana Education for Legalization in Oregon (MELO) and Basic Liberation of Smokers and Sympathizers of Marijuana (BLOSSOM) in Olympia, Washington. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), 1237 22nd Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037, acts as a clearinghouse of information about such regional efforts throughout the country.

IDEA FIGHTER

As the use of marijuana becomes more prevalent in American society, the President seems to become increasingly determined to return us to the general chaos of the Twenties and Prohibition.

Nixon continues to amaze liberals and conservatives alike with directives representative of no one's best interests. According to Washington columnist Jack Anderson, the President has ignored the recommendations of medical authorities on his own National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse and has ordered the preparation of a Congressional lobbying campaign to get passage of legal measures assuring continued prosecution for marijuana use. He has put the antidrug project into the hands of John Ingersoll, Director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Ingersoll represents the Administration at its Big Brother worst; according to Anderson, he has stated publicly that he feels it is his duty "not only to protect the public in the streets from vicious criminals but to protect the public from harmful ideas."

Ingersoll didn't elaborate on who would decide what ideas are harmful, but I'm sure there are any number of cranks around who would be delighted to undertake the task.

Wendell L. Allegood
Macon, Georgia

BRAIN DAMAGE

In the August *Playboy Forum*, a reader described an article in *The Lancet*, a British medical journal, concerning Cannabis smoking and brain damage, specifically, cerebral atrophy or the death of brain tissue leading to shrinkage of brain mass. PLAYBOY's response was glib and superficial, producing an effect of false reassurance.

The psychoactive ingredient in marijuana, THC, does cause brain damage, since it temporarily impairs brain functioning. In mild doses, this is transient and of no known consequence. Similar impaired brain functioning occurs with use of alcohol. The authors of *The Lancet* article reasoned that if low doses of marijuana can produce mild, reversible damage, might not higher doses lead to permanent damage? Such is the case with aspirin, alcohol and tobacco.

The study published in *The Lancet* may be criticized on the grounds that multiple-drug use was a factor in some cases and that other causes of cerebral atrophy were present in other cases. The ideal study of Cannabis use can't be done because of medical ethics. Such a study would involve daily administration of high doses of THC for a long time to normal subjects who had been thoroughly evaluated initially, with subsequent re-evaluation each year, looking for signs of brain damage. Nevertheless, the British study is suggestive and should alert people to the possibility of permanent brain damage consequent to Cannabis use.

I am in favor of legalizing use of marijuana under certain conditions. I feel that people have the right to determine how they should live, once they reach the age of rational judgment. I don't mind if people smoke pot, as long as they know the possible side effects and end results. (I feel the same way about alcohol and cigarettes.) And if ten years from now people get into trouble despite my warnings, I will try to help them if I can.

William E. Feeman, Jr., M.D.
(Address withheld by request)

We don't think our answer was falsely reassuring. We pointed out that neither Dr. Joel Fort, who provided "The Playboy Forum" with an analysis of the article in The Lancet, *"nor any other serious researcher claims that any drug, marijuana included, is totally harmless." But, in the context of the current debate over the legal status of marijuana, we think the most important fact is that the study reported in* The Lancet *did not prove anything.*

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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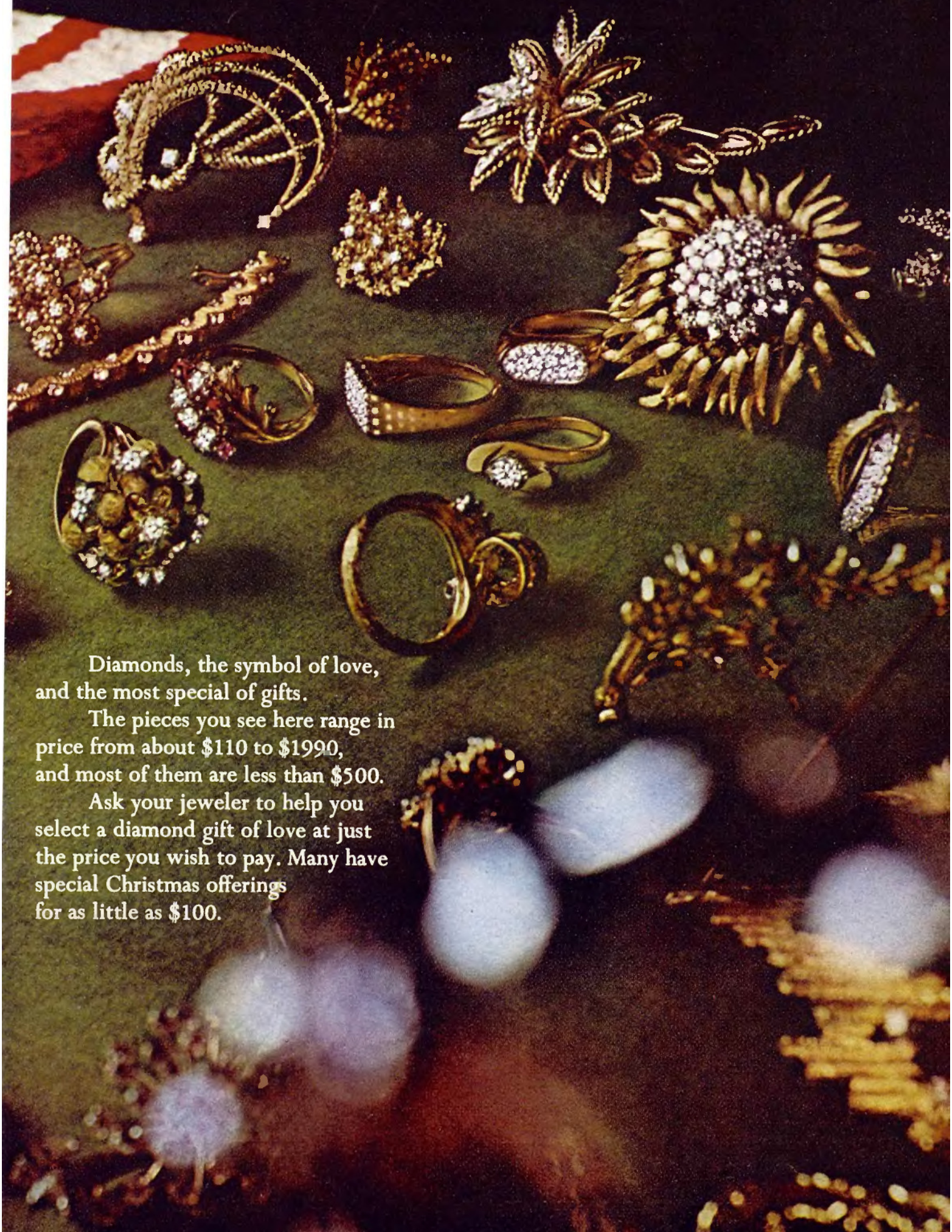

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

a candid conversation with the flamboyant doyen of russian poetry

Yevgeny Yevtushenko may be the world's best-known poet; surely he is the world's best-known Russian poet, and the most widely traveled. Despite frequent reports of his estrangement from the Soviet government, he darts in and out of Russia with the apparent freedom of an unofficial ambassador plenipotentiary. In a nation where political recognition is thought to hinge on Communist Party membership, he has risen to national prominence as a nonmember. In a society where atheism is the established religion, he willingly acknowledges his admiration for Christianity—even to the extent of wearing a gold cross around his neck. In a nation whose people are popularly viewed as drab and puritanical, he is fashionable, flamboyant and a self-styled Casanova.

Yevtushenko's international stature is such that the authorities simply couldn't keep him quiet even if they wanted to—which most likely they don't, since he is a staunch supporter of Soviet socialism and a good-will ambassador par excellence, as evidenced not only by his media appearances but also by his recent private conversations with President Nixon and various members of the Kennedy family. Though he is outspoken in his criticism of what he sees as defects in his own society as well as in others, his criticism always takes the form of amiable advice from an interested friend. But his criticism of Soviet society often makes headlines, usually written by Western journalists who don't understand that his words are based on an unquestionable patriotism and an almost mystical respect for the rich and divergent cultural heritage of his native land.

Yevtushenko's rise to stardom in the Soviet Union was meteoric. He was born on July 18, 1932, to a peasant family on a rural outpost in Siberia, the setting for one of his best-known poems, "Zima Junction." Among his earliest memories was the abrupt disappearance of both of his grandfathers, who were imprisoned in concentration camps during the Stalin era and did not survive. His parents were divorced during his childhood, and because of the terrible disruptions of wartime Russia, he found himself shunted between Siberia and Moscow, often in the company of his mother, a part-time cabaret singer who was soon to lose her voice.

During this period, Yevtushenko was exposed to many aspects of the Russian demimonde, whose language and life styles he would portray so faithfully in his verses. He attended the equivalent of high school near Moscow, but never distinguished himself, possibly because his early interest in poetry was overshadowed by his athletic prowess. Several coaches felt that he had the potential of a world-class soccer goalie. Yevtushenko neatly resolved this dilemma at 15. On the afternoon before a long-awaited professional soccer tryout, he learned that he had sold his first poem—to a magazine called Soviet Sport. *He celebrated this portentous event in a manner that was to become a trademark: by consuming monstrous quantities of wine. Next day, when he arrived at the tryout, he wasn't even hung over; he was still drunk. Russia may have lost a world-cup goalie, but she gained a major poet.*

Yevtushenko chronicled all this in an audacious self-appraisal titled "A Precocious Autobiography" (an appropriate title, since the book appeared in 1963, when the author was just 30). The work created a sensation in the West—and a scandal in the Soviet Union. Official retribution was swift, and Yevtushenko dropped from sight for a few months, only to emerge delivering an official apology. Characteristically, he recanted not a single word of his book, but he admitted bad judgment in allowing the work to be published abroad before its appearance in Russia—a curious mea culpa *that he maintains to this day. International acclaim soon followed. Having patched his fences at home, he was free to travel the world over, and did so with gusto. His poetic output, always enormous, actually increased. His most recent volume, "White Snows Are Falling," was a 100,000-copy sell-out in the Soviet Union, and his latest American translation, "Stolen*

"I don't really enjoy the physical process of sitting down and making scratches on paper. Here I am in a room like a sorry little clerk, while some wonderful woman might be passing on a nearby street."

"I'm going to exchange poetry for prose. It is time for me to test my strength in another field. Think of me as an old football player with vast experience. All I'm doing now is changing stadiums."

"Why are some people so concerned about freedom in Russia? I consider myself a free man, and so do my countrymen. The need for freedom is natural, but we don't go around shouting, 'I'm free!'"

Apples," sold in excess of 15,000 copies during the first six months of 1972—a significant figure for a work of serious verse. And yet, at the very height of his success, he began declaring his intention to stop writing poetry.

To gain an insight into the man, PLAYBOY *dispatched Senior Editor Michael Laurence, an unpublished poet better known for his writing on the subject of personal investment. Laurence reports:*

"I have known Yevtushenko through the mails since 1963. PLAYBOY *has from time to time published his poetry, and in the early years I acted as intermediary. We first met on his visit to America in 1968, at a poetry reading at the University of Chicago. That night we had a roaring good time drinking champagne at the Playboy Club in the company of a wild poet groupie named Lubya, a native speaker of Russian whom Yevtushenko had picked up at his reading. I wasn't surprised, however, when he subsequently called to decline being interviewed for* PLAYBOY, *on the grounds that it might not sit well with the folks back home. (*PLAYBOY *was—and still is—banned in the U. S. S. R.)*

"When word came, in late 1971, that Yevtushenko was returning to America, it was obviously time to try again. I was then living in Cornish, New Hampshire. Yevtushenko knows this town well, since it is the year-round home of J. D. Salinger, an author who is lionized in Russia. 'The Catcher in the Rye' is one of the most popular American novels ever translated into Russian. Through his friend and interpreter, Dr. Albert Todd of Queens College, Yevtushenko urged me to set up a meeting between him and Salinger.

"I had been a neighbor of Salinger's for three years but had never met him. Our acquaintance consisted of maybe ten seconds of eye contact, spread over 36 months, when he would drive past while I was retrieving my Wall Street Journal *from the mailbox. Yevtushenko's man hadn't said so, but there was the strong suggestion that Yevgeny might be much more willing to sit for an interview if, indeed, I could arrange a meeting between him and his American literary idol.*

"Thrilled with the prospect of midwifing a literary event, I decided to cast off neighborly indifference and pay Salinger a visit. I drove up to his house, but he wasn't home, so I left a note asking him to call. He telephoned later in the day. Politely, I tried to explain my request, but I had hardly uttered the word Yevtushenko when Salinger interrupted. 'Wait,' he said. 'Am I correct? Do you presume to call me on a literary matter?' I tried to explain, but the conversation ended when Salinger interrupted again to declare, 'This is precisely the sort of thing I've been trying to avoid for 15 years.' Click.

"Yevtushenko apparently felt sorry for me after this bleak encounter on his behalf: After a few weeks' deliberation, he consented to be interviewed anyway. The first session took place in San Francisco, where we recorded several hours of conversation while tooling around North Beach in the back of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's microbus. A few months later, just before Yevtushenko's departure for home, we completed the interview in New York, in the somewhat less frenetic surroundings of a suite in the Meurice Hotel.

"Yevtushenko is a fascinating and delightful man. At a Greek restaurant near the West Side bus terminal, he spent ten minutes autographing a napkin for a 12-year-old girl. Three bottles of retsina *later, we were on our way to see—of all things—the film 'Nicholas and Alexandra.' Yevtushenko's love of American movies is well known (he once wrote a poem about James Bond) and he was pleased with this one. 'Very accurate,' he concluded.*

"Much of the interview was conducted in English, which he speaks quite well. But for difficult questions, he responded in Russian, with Todd acting as translator. Whatever the language, Yevtushenko speaks very deliberately, chain-smoking filter cigarettes, smiling or grimacing as he talks, frequently bringing his hand to his face in what appears to be an effort to wrest the right words from his mouth. I never saw him dressed other than casually, usually in a cardigan, blue jeans and loafers, and always wearing Eskimo mementos—a carved walrus-tusk bracelet and occasionally a necklace—from an Alaskan trip. The first thing he wanted to know, when I met him in San Francisco, was the particulars of my non-get-together with Salinger. I recounted them as I set up the tape recorder, and that's where the interview began."

PLAYBOY: Why is J. D. Salinger such a popular writer in the Soviet Union?

YEVTUSHENKO: Largely because of *The Catcher in the Rye*. The book was extremely difficult to translate, since it is written in teenage slang. But Salinger found a wonderful translator in Rita Rait-Kovalëva, who had been a friend of Mayakovsky's, one of our greatest poets. She translated the book superbly into *Russian* teenage slang. Nothing quite like this had been done before, and the effect was startling.

PLAYBOY: Since the theme of the book is so specifically American, aren't you surprised it caught on in Russia?

YEVTUSHENKO: It is only the milieu of *The Catcher in the Rye* that is American. The book describes the problems of ordinary people starting their adult life lost in a vast world, and such problems are universal.

PLAYBOY: Have the translations of your own works into English been as successful?

YEVTUSHENKO: Not really. English translations convey the meaning of my words but fail to evoke their music. This is true for all Russian poetry. Russian is more melodious than English.

PLAYBOY: Does this make the Russian language better suited to poetry?

YEVTUSHENKO: Yes. A very great Russian poet of the 18th Century, Mikhail Lomonosov, observed that Russian has the power of English, the beauty of French, the music of Italian and the nobility of Spanish. As one who is at least vaguely familiar with all five languages, I agree. Also, because Russian is so very melodious, it offers frequent possibility for rhyming—even for fresh, new rhymes.

PLAYBOY: Why is rhyme so important in Russian poetry?

YEVTUSHENKO: Without rhyme you don't have poetry. I know that isn't the case in the United States, but it *is* true in Russia. In fact, one of the continuing problems of our poetry has been the supposed absence of new rhymes. For a while it was almost a cliché to say that all the rhymes had been used up. Mayakovsky mentioned this in a poem:

> *Surely, a dozen as yet unused rhymes*
> *Survive, somewhere in Venezuela.*

But this isn't true. Mayakovsky himself discovered new techniques for rhyming, and I too have developed new rhymes. In my teens I went through a big Russian dictionary, word by word, and found something like 10,000 new rhymes. I recorded them in a notebook, but this was a futile labor: I subsequently lost the notebook.

PLAYBOY: Critics have said that it's this fascination with the technique of poetry that weakens your work. They also say that you skip from subject to subject and from style to style like a poetic dilettante.

YEVTUSHENKO: I have traveled much and lived many lives. I can write my verses in different dialects, speaking for many different people, because I have lived their lives. I am familiar, for example, with the dialect of thieves, which is almost a language in itself. In my boyhood, during World War Two, I consorted with thieves. I *was* a thief for a while. And I know the jargon of the urban proletariat—blue-collar workers—because I was also a factory hand. I know the dialect of sailors because I was a sailor. I love language, all languages, and have a good ear for them—especially slang. Slang is real language. As you say, I have been criticized, even attacked, on these accounts. My poetry may be a strange cocktail of different styles and different slangs—but it spells life.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that your international success may have cut you off from these vital sources?

YEVTUSHENKO: Absolutely not. You must

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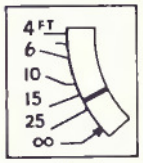

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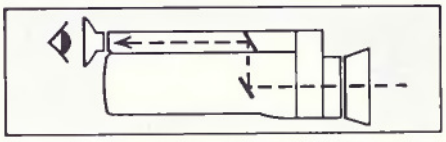

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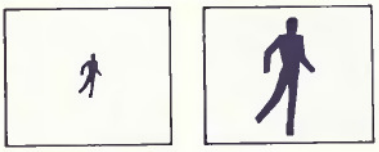

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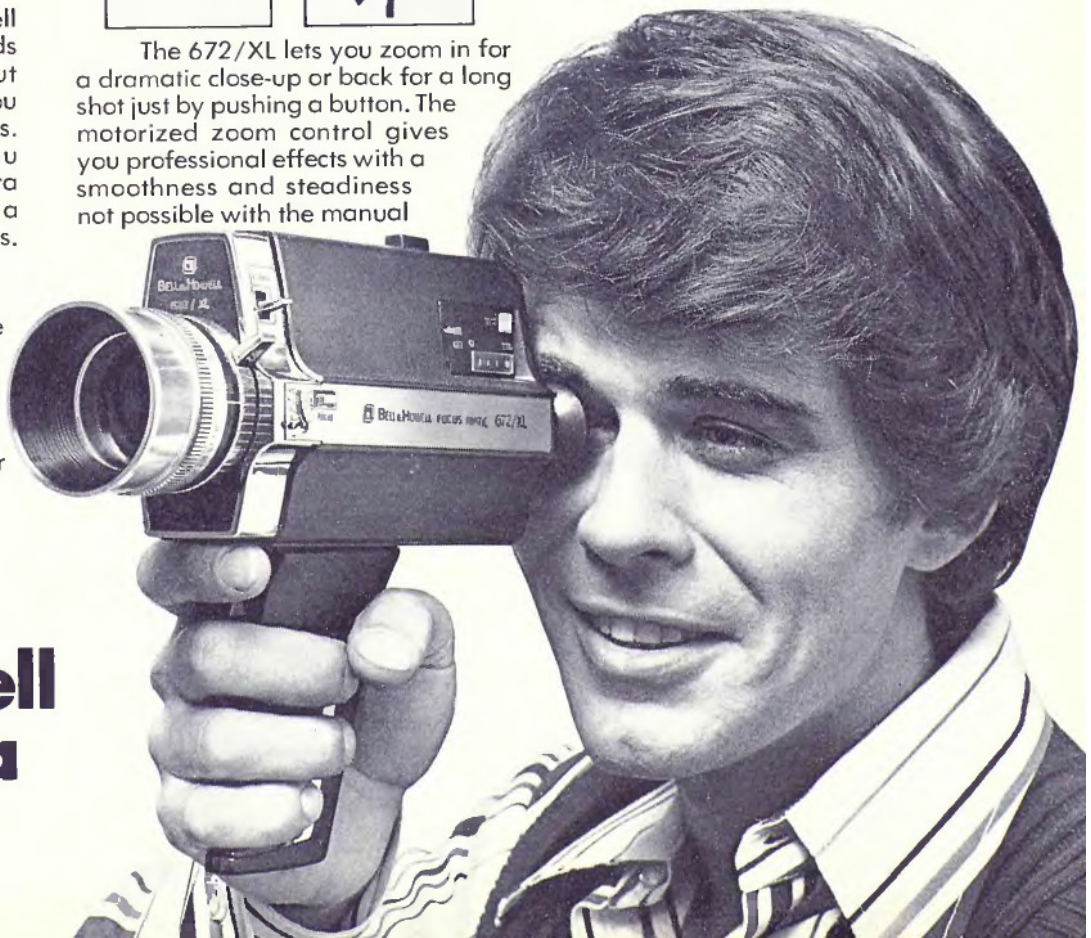

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(EXISTING LIGHT)

understand that in the Soviet Union, poets are not celebrated on talk shows or interviewed in magazines like PLAYBOY. In my country, a poet is not treated like a movie star. I'm just another person, one who happens to write verses. Let me tell you: I was born in Siberia, in the settlement of Zima. Zima describes the place well; it means winter. I have many friends and relatives there—metal craftsmen, truck drivers, railroad workers. I go back almost every year to see them. For them, my fame does not exist. They love my poetry, read it regularly and criticize works they don't like. They also defend me.

This is true not just in Zima but wherever I go. I'm a wanderer, a bit of a tramp. I travel constantly. Even after I had become known as a poet, I took a job as a common sailor on a seal-hunting schooner. And just three years ago, some friends and I built a little wooden boat powered by two motorcycle engines, and the four of us took a trip down Russia's longest river, the Lena. The trip lasted four months and covered 4500 kilometers. It was very hard work. Everywhere we stopped, I talked to people and read verses—to geologists, to collective farmers, to fishermen. One time I recited poetry while standing in hip boots on a huge pile of sturgeon. Wherever I go—to cities, to villages, to tiny settlements—I always find people who know and love my poetry. These people talk to me about everything: their successes, their failures, their joys and their sorrows. I have never felt any barrier between them and myself, and they, in turn, feel I am one of them. This is the key to my poetry. It is the sort of person that I am.

PLAYBOY: What sort of poet does this make you?

YEVTUSHENKO: To answer, I will have to tell you something about Russian poetry. After our Revolution, there were four great Russian poets: Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Yesenin and Blok. Each had his own shortcomings and his own virtues. Yesenin was intimately familiar with the countryside. He had lived the soul of rural Russia. But he dreaded the city. Mayakovsky knew nothing of country life, but he loved the city. He was an urban poet. Like Walt Whitman, Mayakovsky could find beauty in skyscrapers and bridges. But he could not perceive the beauty of the last little berry that sways on the snowy branch of a solitary tree. This gift was denied him. When Mayakovsky wrote about the countryside, the result was superficial.

Unlike Mayakovsky, Pasternak was totally an intellectual. He also perceived nature very sensitively. But curiously enough, he saw it best from the suburbs. He was a man torn between city and country. Of the four, Blok wrote the best verses about love; his supreme achievement was his appreciation of the beauty of women. For him, all of nature was summed up in womankind. It is perhaps significant that he had mixed feelings about the Revolution. One night he met Mayakovsky and the two stood out in the darkness. Around them flickered the lights from campfires of the Russian Red Guards. Blok looked at the campfires and said: "The fires of the Revolution are beautiful." He was silent for a while, and then he added: "But they're burning my library."

Which brings us back to your question: What I would like to do is combine the principles of these four poets in verses that speak the many different voices of the masses. Everybody in the Soviet Union reads my poetry. Many can find their own lives reflected in my verses. But beyond this, I think there is a common thread that binds my poetry into an integrated whole, and this is my real response to those who charge me with inconsistency. In all my poetry, and in each of my public appearances, I try to encompass sadness, joy, satire, tenderness—and cruelty toward cruelty. It pleases me to bring these strains together. Our intellectuals today, our thinking class, have the same origins I have. In a very real way, my lyrical hero represents the contemporary Soviet intellectual.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize the Russian intelligentsia today?

YEVTUSHENKO: Let me reply with an example. Last year, I was in the Far East visiting a big fishing collective. They have 16 of their own boats and each man earns between 1000 and 1500 rubles a month, a very good wage for an individual worker. What interested me most, however, was their library: a huge, fine library. I looked through the checkout records to see which people had taken out which books and came across the record for one electrician. During the past year alone, he had read the complete works of Anatole France—eight volumes, I believe—plus all 20 volumes of Theodore Dreiser, a collection of verses by Garcia Lorca, *The Forsyte Saga*, the complete works of Mark Twain and John Updike's *The Centaur*, a very complex book. Also, the man was apparently so impressed with *All the King's Men* that he failed to return it. He preferred to pay five times the actual cost of the book, just to keep it. Now, this man is an electrician at a fishing collective. But obviously, he is also an intellectual. What I see is this: Culture in Russia, which earlier was concentrated like tea in the bottom of a cup, now touches virtually everyone in the country. Of course, we have not reached the outstanding level of intellectual attainment that our elite enjoyed in the middle of the 19th Century. But I have high hopes.

PLAYBOY: How long do you think this will take?

YEVTUSHENKO: If everything goes well, I believe an extraordinary occurrence could take place in my country: I think that in a span of one or two more generations, we might become the first *nation* of intellectuals. Perhaps this is naïve, but it is my belief. The conditions for its realization already exist. Nowhere are books printed in such large editions and read so widely; nowhere is there such a demand for art; nowhere is it so difficult to get into a theater.

PLAYBOY: That might indicate a shortage of theaters rather than a cultural resurgence.

YEVTUSHENKO: You said that facetiously, but there is an element of truth there, and I frankly prefer it that way. Consider the alternative: On one of my visits to America, I stopped in at a beautiful museum in Cleveland. A marvelous Miró exhibition had just opened, but the place was almost empty. What a waste. For the first Picasso exhibition in Moscow, which I helped organize, tens of thousands of people lined up in the streets. The only time I'd seen lines like that before was during World War Two, when people were waiting for bread. I think this is one of the great achievements of our society: The demand for culture is now as broad as the demand for bread.

PLAYBOY: But when culture is as common as bread, isn't it also as bland?

YEVTUSHENKO: If you are asking me to explain why bread is so tasteless in your country, I cannot answer.

PLAYBOY: We were thinking specifically of your own poetry. Doesn't the vast size of your audience affect what you write?

YEVTUSHENKO: In a way, yes. Sometimes a touch of didacticism creeps into my verses. The tendency is often reinforced because, when I write, I visualize the huge masses before me. If you are exhibiting paintings in a small hall, you can show delicate little water colors. That's fine: The hall is small and everyone can get close to see the details. But if you are exhibiting to masses of people, in order to reach those in the very last row you've got to show murals: bold strokes in charcoal, raw and sharp.

PLAYBOY: In the West, this sort of work is often called propaganda.

YEVTUSHENKO: In a sense, you are right. One must be very careful. If you work only in charcoal, your paintings can begin to resemble posters. But don't forget that for most of our history, our people have had to endure terrible deprivation: hunger, suffering, lack of shelter, lack of clothing. War has taken an awful toll in our country. After World War Two, the amount of rebuilding to be done was staggering. The first Five-Year Plan was devoted solely to heavy industry. Light industry was completely

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ignored. The population of the big cities soared, but no new houses were built. There were no consumer goods. I remember Victory Day—May 9, 1945—in Red Square. The place was teeming. Of all the women there, I didn't see a single one in ladies' shoes; all wore combat boots. Today, in the same place, you can see high school girls doing the latest dances in their miniskirts.

So short a period of time—and such a different country. Very strange, even disturbing. People are yearning for comfort and, God knows, they deserve it; they have worked so hard and suffered so much that they've earned the right to a better life. Many new houses are being built; not quite as beautiful as they might be, unfortunately, but a welcome change from the horrible communal apartments where people were crammed into common kitchens and forced to spit into one another's borsch. People are dressing better, living better, relaxing a little, enjoying themselves. The Chinese have accused us of becoming bourgeois. Not true, of course, but there is an element of danger in excessive appetites, excessive greed.

That's why I believe one of the tasks for our writers is to help our citizens by cautioning that in the pursuit of material comforts, they don't lose sight of cultural, spiritual and moral values. This is not propaganda, nor does it necessarily have to be expressed in a loud voice. Didacticism is a legitimate part of poetry—more so in my society than in yours—but to some extent in both. But it is far from being all of poetry. Many times a thought is more powerful or more profound if it is expressed in a whisper rather than in a shout. I'm always conscious of the distinction between shouting and whispering, and I think this has helped my poetry. When I find myself shouting too much, I try consciously to whisper for a while. But poetry must reflect the whole range of the human voice: shouts, whispers, laughter, conversation, moans—even silence. Only then will it reflect the whole range of life for a vast audience.

PLAYBOY: Vast audiences are precisely the point at which you depart from your poetic counterparts in the U. S. Many American poets view their work as essentially a private communication. The idea of reading their verses to large groups—as you do—is seen as something akin to prostitution. At the very least, they say, it destroys personal communication. As a matter of fact, of the relatively few American poets who make frequent public appearances, most are regarded as performers rather than as poets. Where do you fit in?

YEVTUSHENKO: Pandering to the public by reading cheap, emotional verses—the sort of poetry that we colloquially describe in Russia as "the blue snot of sentimentalism"—this is surely prostitution. There are poets like this in both countries. We can't throw these performers off the stage—but we shouldn't allow them to monopolize it, either. In terms of real poetry, good poetry, I can't believe there's a poet on this earth who doesn't want to speak directly to people. When others hear my poetry, they hear my confession; they absorb my suffering. If I touch a common chord, then it's a liberation for them as well as for me. We are sharing our troubles; that makes both our burdens lighter.

If I may say so, I think it's a great defect of American culture that your poets are so seldom offered this opportunity; poetry evenings are rare events in your country. Your poets have little or no chance to perfect their delivery. So if they say they prefer not to read on television or in large auditoriums, this could be from fear that they won't do a good job. But I doubt it. I think their response is one of wounded pride—because no one ever *asks* them to read under such circumstances. I'd feel the same way. Yevtushenko and Voznesensky come to America and are offered podiums that are largely unavailable to your own major poets. If they were offered similar opportunities, I'm sure they would read with great pleasure. It is a matter of what people are accustomed to.

I was at a dinner party a few weeks back and a schoolteacher told me, very proudly, that she had introduced poetry recitation into her primary classes. She was surprised when I didn't react with much enthusiasm. But the truth is, I am shocked that poetry recitation isn't taught to small children everywhere in America, as a matter of course. One of my most rewarding recitals this trip was at a high school in Winston-Salem, North Carolina—1500 kids, a very successful reading. Afterward, I asked if American poets had ever recited at that school. The answer was no. James Dickey lives in the next state, but he'd never been asked; I had to come halfway around the world. This is a tragic situation, because one of the great things about public poetry readings is that they can reach people who have not previously been touched by poetry. Listeners then become readers, and the cause of poetry—and poets—is helped. It's really too bad that America doesn't give more attention to organizing such events.

PLAYBOY: One of the reasons for this neglect may be that not too many people would attend.

YEVTUSHENKO: Well, I think my own experience at Madison Square Garden denies that. At this reading, your own poets—Dickey, Stanley Kunitz and Richard Wilbur—had as enthusiastic a reception as I did.

PLAYBOY: You omitted the name of Eugene McCarthy, who also read that night.

YEVTUSHENKO: I had some trouble with McCarthy, as you probably know. I had been very sympathetic toward him, during the time when he had such great support from students and intellectuals and progressives generally—when he was making those stirring speeches about civic courage and individual responsibility. But his conduct at Madison Square Garden did not live up to my expectations.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

YEVTUSHENKO: Well, this was a very special performance before a large audience, 5000 or more. In a situation like that, you can't improvise onstage. Everything was agreed to during rehearsals. McCarthy was to read a portion of a poem of mine, dedicated to Robert Kennedy, written shortly after his assassination. The portion included these lines:

The stars in your flag, America,
Are bullet holes.

These are strong words, of course. Many people in the audience wouldn't like them. But McCarthy had agreed to read them. Then, in the middle of the performance, he thrust this portion of the poem into my hands and said: "Read it yourself." He knew perfectly well that this wouldn't work. I can't read English in public; my pronunciation isn't good enough. Fortunately, an old friend of mine was on the stage. He understood the situation and saved the day.

Then, at a reception afterward, McCarthy congratulated me on the success of the evening and made a special point of asking me to get together with him privately for a talk. It was all very perplexing. The meeting never took place, because a few days later, in *Time* magazine, McCarthy was quoted as saying that the whole performance was "crap." For a long while I couldn't understand what McCarthy was up to, but now I think I know. He was trying to please too many people. He wanted to please the leftists in the audience, so he read some of his own verses about Vietnam. He wanted to please rightist elements, so he dropped a few nasty lines to *Time*, telling them just what they needed for a report that put me down. And he wanted to please *me*, so he congratulated me at the reception. In an interview with *The New York Times*, I said I felt betrayed by Eugene McCarthy. A man I spoke to later told me that I shouldn't feel betrayed at all. I asked why. He said: "McCarthy is a politician. Their profession is to betray people." This is unfortunate, but I think it contains a large element of truth. I prefer politicians without hypocrisy.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of McCarthy as a poet?

YEVTUSHENKO: Of his verses that I've read, I've found nothing extraordinary, and nothing offensive either. However, his reading was rather peculiar. I've always felt that poetry is somehow different from ordinary speech—perhaps because of its

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music. At Madison Square Garden, McCarthy was supposed to make a short statement and then read some of his poetry. I couldn't tell when the speech ended and when the poetry began. Perhaps that's the nature of his poetry, or perhaps it reflects my lack of facility with English. But I would rather not talk about this any further. The point I was trying to make, when you asked about McCarthy, was that the American poets who read with me that night were very well received. And on the basis of this, and from my other experiences around the country, I think the American public has a deep and genuine appreciation of poetry.

PLAYBOY: How can you say that? William Cullen Bryant sold more poetry 100 years ago than any of our better poets would dream of selling today.

YEVTUSHENKO: You are talking about poetry as if it were tooth paste. The poet's role is not to *sell* poems but to write them.

PLAYBOY: We were simply taking issue with your statement that Americans have a deep appreciation of poetry.

YEVTUSHENKO: I think they do. But to say that Americans love poetry is not to say that their love is being satisfied. Look at your television. In the Soviet Union, we have what amounts to a continuing advertising campaign on behalf of poetry. One of the regular features of our television programing is a series of literary programs. Within this format, there is a special section for poetry. For all practical purposes, poetry is now aired on our television every day. These evening programs are broadcast via satellite to the remotest corners of the Soviet Union. People in the most isolated villages in Siberia can see their favorite poets. There's also a weekly program devoted to young poets. Here unknowns are welcome, sometimes even those who haven't published a single line. Of course, this is an enormous advertisement for them and their work. This sort of programing has made a tremendous contribution toward encouraging popular appreciation of poetry.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there only one channel?

YEVTUSHENKO: In a sense. The choice is to watch or not to watch, and many people don't. But once again, consider the alternative. If we wanted to, I'm sure we could create a socialist equivalent of *Let's Make a Deal*, or something equally mindless. Millions of people would probably watch it. Bad taste is universal; it has nothing to do with how we structure our societies. But the point is: Toward what end would we be progressing if we were to pander to such banality? Better to watch poets or nothing at all. I understood this contradiction very clearly when I arrived in your country this time and almost immediately was invited to read my poetry on commercial TV. How many American poets have had such an opportunity, over a lifetime? I know what's going on, though: I'm a Russian, I'm news. So I read my poetry.

I must say, however, that it's not very pleasant to have one's recital of lyrical love verses followed by an advertisement for panty hose. But our societies have comparable shortcomings: In the Soviet Union, many of our programs are too didactic, very boring; American educational programs are excellent, very exciting, yet not many people seem to watch them. And for the rest, who can say that it's better than what we have in Russia? If I were an American, I would put the improvement of commercial television very high on my list of priorities. Many Americans seem to eat food only if it's advertised. If this is so, then you should also advertise poetry the way we do.

PLAYBOY: Are there other devices to foster popular appreciation of poetry in the Soviet Union?

YEVTUSHENKO: Yes. Most important is our Writers Union. Nothing like this exists in the United States, and I think that's regrettable. For one thing, there's a department that does nothing but promote literature. Administrators organize meetings between writers and readers—recitals, readings, discussion groups, all sorts of get-togethers. I think in the past two years alone they have set up 10,000 such events. Also, we now have an annual Poetry Day, which has become a national tradition. At first it was observed only in Moscow, but now it is celebrated in all the big cities. And we're beginning to organize poetry evenings to celebrate the birthdays of our great national poets. On Blok's birthday, we set up a reading at the place where his library was burned: a charming rural spot about 60 miles from Moscow. Ten thousand people gathered in the fields there to hear poetry.

PLAYBOY: How is the Writers Union structured?

YEVTUSHENKO: The national union is comprised of the members of 15 local unions representing all the republics of the U. S. S. R. There are also separate locals in the larger cities. Total membership is about 6000.

PLAYBOY: How does one join?

YEVTUSHENKO: A membership committee decides whether an applicant is qualified. Formerly, to be accepted, you had to have published at least one book. Even then, you weren't necessarily accepted. But in the last year or so, the requirements have been relaxed.

PLAYBOY: Is membership in the Communist Party a prerequisite?

YEVTUSHENKO: Not at all. I am not a party member, nor are many others.

PLAYBOY: The Writers Union is very powerful, isn't it?

YEVTUSHENKO: Yes. The membership includes virtually all the best writers in the country, and the union itself publishes many magazines and periodicals. Some of these are quite substantial, perhaps 300 pages each, with no advertising: just prose, poetry, criticism and a scattering of political essays. Also, the union publishes a magazine that translates important foreign works, prose and poetry. Many American writers have been represented here. There's also a literary fund to which every writer must contribute a percentage of his royalties. The fund also gets a royalty percentage from the republication of our classics, and union members can draw money from the fund to underwrite projects they might want to get involved in.

PLAYBOY: How does this work?

YEVTUSHENKO: Each year, every member of the union can draw out enough to cover expenses for a one-month trip anywhere in the U. S. S. R. One month is the usual limit, but for a special assignment, the grant can run up to three months. All expenses are covered—everything. The fund also provides special grants to promising young writers who might need money. There are no strings attached; if the writer is capable and needy, he gets the money gratis; a great source of support for new writers. Also, loans are available for proven writers, repayable in two or three years. This enables a man to support himself while he writes a book. Besides this, the fund owns about 20 cottages—houses of literature, we call them—scattered around the Soviet Union, mostly in forests or at the seashore. Each writer is permitted accommodation at one of these, one month a year, for a very nominal sum—about 80 rubles for everything. These are nice places to work on a book, to think, to relax—or even to have a party. Unfortunately, some writers like the setup so much that they travel on various pretexts from one house to another, without ever doing much work. Things like that are the same the world over.

PLAYBOY: Do you owe your own success in Russia to such union benefits?

YEVTUSHENKO: Not really, because most of these things came into being after I had become recognized. I think my autobiography was partly responsible for my success. Its publication created a great stir and sparked interest in my poetry among people who had not previously read it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it explains your international acclaim as well?

YEVTUSHENKO: Only in a small way. My being known around the world is largely a matter of luck. I was fortunate enough to grow up in an era when all the nations of the world were drawing together. And I'm probably the only major poet who's intimately familiar with both the capitalist and the socialist worlds. Certainly I don't know another poet who has traveled as widely in both worlds. I've always tried to write poems

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that would appeal to the best people in both worlds.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that your fame may have, in any way, corrupted you?

YEVTUSHENKO: I've already had a run-in with fame and come through it. This happened in 1956, and nobody noticed it except me. I came to grips with stardom, a very formidable opponent, but I won. The following year, the critics began to write that I was being spoiled by my fame and—critics being what they are—they've been saying that ever since. But "the dog barks and the caravan goes on"—a bit of wisdom I picked up in Asia.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't your fame also brought you wealth?

YEVTUSHENKO: That's nonsense. Wealth—by your standards—is a misfortune that cannot occur in a socialist society. By the standards of my country, I am fairly well off. But so are many others.

PLAYBOY: How are writers paid in your country?

YEVTUSHENKO: We receive royalties, just like writers in the West. But since press runs are fixed, royalties are not based directly on sales. Payment is made on the basis of the length of the work—per printed signature, actually. A signature runs 20 or 21 typewritten pages, and the payment per signature is 300 or 400 rubles. If the size of the edition is larger, then the payment to the writer is also larger, but not in direct proportion. It's all very complex. In addition, the author can sell the same material to magazines, just as in the U. S.

PLAYBOY: You've done quite well selling your works to American publishers. What do you do with the money?

YEVTUSHENKO: I don't get that much, actually. At least, no more than I manage to spend before I leave. Traveling is expensive. Also, I have lots of friends; one of my hobbies is buying gifts for them. Of course, I could deposit this money in a bank in the Soviet Union. But there's usually none left.

PLAYBOY: Which of your works published in this country—those that Americans might know—most satisfies you?

YEVTUSHENKO: Difficult to say. I wrote a long poem called *Bratskaya Ges*—which, literally translated, means "Brotherly State Hydroelectric Station." Not a very elegant title, and it isn't a very elegant poem, either. Many passages in it are imperfect; it contains too much rhetoric. Still, I was trying to lift a huge boulder. None of my poems is perfect; I can see weak points in all of them. But I most respect those poems that involved lifting very heavy stones, even if they kept slipping from my hands.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite American writers?

YEVTUSHENKO: Your questions provoke long monologs. Let us begin with writers who are dead. My favorites are Herman Melville, Washington Irving, Henry David Thoreau, Edgar Allan Poe, Jack London, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway. I like Hemingway's personality as well as his writing. *A Farewell to Arms* is a very strong book; I think his personality shows through there, as well as his skill. I also like Walt Whitman, who had a very strong influence on Russian poetry of the post-Revolutionary era. I've mentioned that Mayakovsky was especially influenced by Whitman; but he was also influenced by Jack London, whom he often quoted. I'm also a great fan of Dreiser. I love him despite his sentimentalism and his primitiveness. He was an American Balzac: He, too, tried to lift big stones—one can't help but admire that. Similarly John Dos Passos. His early novels had a great influence on Russian prose. Also Erskine Caldwell and John Steinbeck; their early novels were very influential.

Among living writers, my favorite would probably be Robert Penn Warren. *All the King's Men* is one of the most popular American novels ever published in Russia. We even made a television movie out of it—so successful that it was broadcast four times, by popular request. *The Peter Principle* was also very popular in Russia—for obvious reasons. As I've said before, the problems that both our societies face aren't that different. I enjoyed Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, and I also like the works of Bernard Malamud, especially his short stories. As for Tennessee Williams, he has always fascinated me. He comes close to being a poet of the drama, a strange and surely controversial playwright. I also like Edward Albee, especially *The Zoo Story*. And Norman Mailer, though only a couple of his books have been translated into Russian—*The Naked and the Dead* and his book about the 1968 conventions. I think that was first-class journalism. In addition, I have great respect for such writers as John Updike, John Cheever, Arthur Miller, William Styron, Truman Capote, Lillian Hellman, Irwin Shaw, James Jones and William Saroyan.

PLAYBOY: Though he's Russian, Vladimir Nabokov is as widely read in the U. S. as some of the American authors you've named. How do you feel about his work—in either language?

YEVTUSHENKO: First, let me say this about *émigré* writers in general: Painters, musicians and dancers can endure exile—even flourish in it—because the languages of art, music and dance are international. But writing—whether it's prose or poetry—is built on language. And language is constantly changing. *Emigré* writers inevitably lose contact with the continuing development of their native tongue. This is like a pianist developing arthritis or a painter going blind. But Nabokov is a strange bird; or, to use his own metaphor, a strange butterfly. His works are not of this world, nor of the moon. They are like an artificial satellite: beautifully constructed, artfully contrived, but they have neither the smell of the earth nor the shimmer of the cosmos. His world is totally his own. Make no mistake, he is a great master; but in his mastery there is something strange. A Russian lady, in a conversation with me, brilliantly defined Nabokov's skill, which is also his weakness. She said: "Whenever I read Nabokov, I have the impression of hearing the clatter of glittering surgical instruments on a marble floor."

Nabokov is a great puzzle to me and to every other Russian who appreciates literature. He's constantly declaring that he's not at all interested in Russian life today and that he doesn't care a jot whether his works are read in Russia. But you don't have to be a Freudian to realize that this constant denial indicates a very deep interest in precisely the thing denied. Why would he spend so much time translating *Lolita* into Russian if he didn't care if anyone in Russia were to read it? Here is this man, living in Switzerland in contempt of almost everybody, but nevertheless trying to prove that he's a better master of Russian than anyone else in the world. It's as if he were constantly trying to respond to some imaginary Russian accuser telling him he's lost touch with his native language. But even in English his words, phrases and sentences show too much effort to be beautiful. His sentences are like ballet dancers: If you get too close, you smell the sweat.

Part of the problem, I think, is that Nabokov does not love people very deeply. The tragedy is that he understands this and suffers from it but can't do a thing about it. You see this suffering in all his prose. I think his best book is *The Defense*; his suffering is clear here, but the book is still defective. There's absolutely no question in my mind that Nabokov longs desperately to return to Russia. Perhaps he just wants to be 14 years old and meet that girl again. Perhaps more. It's a commentary on his greatness that we can talk this long about him without reaching any conclusion. I think he's one of the most contradictory figures in the whole history of literature. It's difficult to imagine another writer whose works are so graceful and yet so artificial, and who at the same time has been deprived of his homeland for so many years. One wonders what sort of greatness he might have attained under different circumstances.

PLAYBOY: Nabokov might reply that he would have achieved no greatness at all—that he would not have been allowed to publish in Russia.

YEVTUSHENKO: He left before I was born, and I have nothing to say about such events. His works now circulate freely among Soviet writers. May I say a

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few words about questions like this in general?

PLAYBOY: Of course.

YEVTUSHENKO: I was on a talk show a few weeks ago. Before the show was to begin, the hostess submitted her questions to my translator. They were slippery, monstrous questions that demonstrated her total ignorance of life in my country. She was under the impression, for example, that our poet Alexander Tvardovsky had died in prison, under arrest. She expressed her very deep sympathy and alarm. When I asked if she had read his verses, she became embarrassed and admitted she had not. But she professed to have been deeply moved by photographs taken at his funeral. The whole thing reminded me of something Pushkin once said about people "who can love only the dead." There seems to be a certain category of people in America whose concern for Russians is limited to those who are either dead or under arrest. To this category of people, Americans in similar plights are only secondarily important. Questions about these suffering Russians are always asked with the same sweet smile.

To get back to this talk show, we reached an understanding with this lady that she would not ask such questions on the air. I told her that I was a poet and asked that she confine her questions to literature, about which I might have something worth while to say. But when we began our televised conversation, she asked me the same questions anyway. It all turned out all right, but it started me thinking: Why are some people so concerned about freedom in Russia? I consider myself a free man, and so do my countrymen. The need for freedom is natural and human. But in my country it is not a custom to run around shouting, "I am free! I am free!"

What perplexes me is that these very people who are so concerned about freedom in the Soviet Union don't understand that they themselves aren't free. They are not free from their prejudices—and here I am not talking about racial prejudices so much as political and economic ones; they are not free from their own ignorance; and they are certainly not free from tactless behavior toward visitors from the Soviet Union. I am never one to say that my society is perfect; it is not. Nor is yours. And it is up to the good people in both countries to work toward remedying them.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of remedying social defects, what can you tell us of anti-Semitism in Russia—a subject that's been in the news so much lately?

YEVTUSHENKO: The reason the subject is in the news, presumably, is that so many Jews are now leaving Russia. Of course, Jews have been going to Israel from all over Europe, and from America, too. But never before have so many departed from the Soviet Union. Some of them are defaming my country after they leave; others are not. Some are even returning to Russia.

PLAYBOY: Is anti-Semitism officially tolerated on any level of your society?

YEVTUSHENKO: Absolutely not. Official anti-Semitism does not exist in Russia. It's utterly contrary to socialist principles. It is impossible to be a Communist and an anti-Semite; these are mutually exclusive positions. This is not to say that anti-Semitism doesn't exist on a personal level, just as there is still discrimination against blacks in parts of your society. Actually, the roots of both are similar. While anti-Semitism never existed among our intelligentsia, our czars frequently used the Jews as scapegoats for the economic plight of the Russian masses. They would say to our peasants and workers: "Look, Ivan: Though you work hard and your fingernails are dirty, you have nothing. And there is the Jew—well dressed, fat, with fine light hands. With his commerce and his cunning, he sucks your blood." This was false, of course. But it was easy for peasants to accept, and a residue of this attitude still persists among uncultured segments of our society.

One of the first steps of our Revolution was a series of official acts against anti-Semitism. Lenin spoke against it many times. Mayakovsky wrote a wonderful poem on the subject. I've written on it. Massive changes have taken place, but the mind of man remains the mind of man. No matter what beautiful sociological schemes the bureaucrats might concoct, people change slowly. But they change. Among our young people, I have never seen a single person display any sort of anti-Semitism. I'm positive the problem will disappear totally in 15 or 20 years. The situation of Jews in our country has greatly improved already. But this does not mean that the problem has been fully resolved. It's a very difficult problem—not only in the Soviet Union but everywhere.

One key to the difficulty is that the Jewish people lacked their own country for so many years. The other is that vestiges of old anti-Semitic attitudes still persist among uneducated people the world over. We mustn't forget this, but we shouldn't exaggerate it, either. And I doubt that actions such as those of Rabbi Meir Kahane and his Jewish Defense League are helpful. On the contrary, they only increase tension.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have some trouble with the J. D. L. on your recent tour?

YEVTUSHENKO: No. No one from the J. D. L. bothered me. My troubles were with Ukrainian nationalists. They pushed me off a stage; I fell six feet. They kicked me. Poets have to learn karate these days. These Ukrainian liberationists interrupted me on the *David Frost Show*, trying to embarrass me with anti-Soviet slogans. There was a bomb threat at Princeton. Their scurrilous handbills followed me around the country. One of them said I would read anti-Semitic poems; another said I'd made $50,000 from the Madison Square Garden performance. All nonsense, of course. I received nothing—not one penny. In San Francisco, I was attacked by a bunch of Maoists. One of them said that I had dirtied myself by visiting this despicable country. A placard said—in effect—that since President Nixon had granted me an interview, this was evidence of my own dishonesty. What the hell kind of logic is that? *Mao* talked with Nixon, and he's their hero. It was all very strange and not at all typical.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Nixon's overtures to China?

YEVTUSHENKO: That is a delicate question, which I can answer only in a restrained way. I think the more contacts we have between heads of state, the better off we are, especially when the exchanges involve different political systems. Their contact will be useful in the future, so long as the new relationship isn't used by either side against the interests of the Soviet Union. Another world war would be an unimaginable tragedy. The recent treaties between our two nations have greatly decreased the possibility of such a war, and for this all humanity should be grateful. But whenever two great powers align themselves against a third, the chances of war are increased. I hope this never happens.

PLAYBOY: What is your feeling about China's admission to the UN?

YEVTUSHENKO: I think it was a good thing, despite the demogogic way in which the Chinese have used that forum. The most dangerous nation is the most isolated one. I think it's a hopeful sign that Chinese isolation is diminishing.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been to China?

YEVTUSHENKO: No. I have always dreamed of going, but now that's impossible.

PLAYBOY: Why? Is there a ban on travel between the Soviet Union and China?

YEVTUSHENKO: Not officially, but in practice it is very difficult for Soviet citizens to get visas, except for government delegations. My own case is special, because the Chinese have called me an American spy. Imagine that. They published a photo of me in one of their newspapers, doctored to make it appear that I was almost groveling before Robert McNamara. This was when he was Secretary of Defense. The caption read: "American agent Yevtushenko is asking his boss McNamara for an increase in salary." Incredible. But please understand that I have no feelings of hatred toward the Chinese people. Nonetheless, as a man, I feel insulted by such things. Also, as a Russian, I am disturbed that the Chinese seem to have forgotten how

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*Regulation may be necessary to achieve this accuracy.

we helped them during their revolution. Now they are insulting us.

As a poet, I am also extremely disturbed that their younger generation is being denied access to the classics of world literature. The Chinese government has declared, for example, that Shakespeare is "an agent of international imperialism." What kind of nonsense is that? A society that doesn't know Shakespeare, or Mayakovsky, or Beethoven—such a society is being deprived of a very basic awareness of humanity. The results cannot be good. But when I was in Vietnam, I took a walk along Haiphong harbor. A Chinese ship was anchored there. One of the young sailors was hanging out his shirt to dry. I winked at him. He understood that I was Russian and he winked back. Then we both smiled, very friendly. Ordinary human relationships will never change, so long as people can smile at one another.

PLAYBOY: This is your fourth trip to the United States, and each time you've made special efforts to talk to people in all walks of life. What changes have you observed between 1960 and today?

YEVTUSHENKO: We must discount my first trip, in 1960. I was very naïve then. I was in a big tourist group, together with Voznesensky. We spent most of our time in buses, and I very much envied Voznesensky's English. He could say things like "Where is the men's room?" Also, though our rooms and meals were paid for, we had only $35 in spending money to last three weeks. That didn't go very far. I got $100 from *Harper's*, for a short story, and this seemed an enormous amount of money, but Voznesensky talked me out of it. We used the money to send roses to a girlfriend of his in Warsaw. I had heard rumors about American corruption and was very curious about this, so Voznesensky and I spent most of our $35 at strip joints. He subsequently wrote a very great poem about this, but I came away with nothing. It's a curious thing: Americans go to Europe and visit the strip joints there, and Europeans come to America and do the same thing.

In subsequent visits, in 1966 and especially in 1968, I saw much more deeply and found tremendous changes. It was as if the whole meaning of patriotism had changed, and changed for the better. I think the assassination of Martin Luther King and of the Kennedy brothers, and the war in Vietnam—all these bloody tragedies—have awakened, in the American people, the spirit of Thoreau. I see a new contempt for pragmatism, a disdain for vulgar materialism and a rejection of hypocrisy. These are very welcome developments, which seem to penetrate not only American young people but American society generally.

PLAYBOY: A concomitant development has involved the widespread use of drugs. Has your experience taken you that far?

YEVTUSHENKO: There are few things I haven't done. Simply out of curiosity, I've tried all sorts of drugs. All I experienced was an overwhelming desire for sleep. I enjoy only one narcotic, really, and that is wine. But Christ, too, liked wine, and when there wasn't any wine, he transformed water. I have profound respect for those who can be drunk without alcohol, or high without drugs.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried to write under the influence of drugs?

YEVTUSHENKO: No. I know people say that drugs can be a source of great insight or revelation, but I think these are momentary sparks for which the individual must pay dearly later on. It's as if one were artificially straining the nerves, exhausting one's resources prematurely. The result is emptiness in the future. You can inject a rose with chemicals to make it blossom faster, but it will also wither sooner. In this day and age, people have to conserve their energies, because their spiritual development—given all the haste and pressure of modern life—is slower. Many writers now produce their best work after 40, just because it takes them longer to grow up.

PLAYBOY: Is there a drug problem in the Soviet Union?

YEVTUSHENKO: Not really. There was a dope craze in the Twenties, largely involving cocaine. But no more. Of course, we still have a small number of drug addicts, but I don't know a Soviet writer who uses narcotics. There was one woman, a poet, who had been seriously ill and got addicted to painkillers. The habit lasted a few years, but she outgrew it.

PLAYBOY: Why do we hear so little about Russian women writers?

YEVTUSHENKO: Only because your hearing is poor. In my country, they are making a lot of noise—and I mean this positively. We now have an extraordinary number of talented women in all branches of literature. I could name many, but I think that Bella Akhmadulina is tops. Many people—in and out of my country—rate her as the finest poet now writing in Russian. She writes very little, but she is like a magician: Everything she touches turns to gold.

PLAYBOY: Is this appraisal colored by the fact that you two were once married?

YEVTUSHENKO: Not at all. I'm being quite objective. The divorce was friendly, and she's still a very close friend. We were just too similar to be married to each other. I would appraise her poetry the same way even if I didn't know her.

PLAYBOY: We gather that divorce is a relatively easy procedure in the Soviet Union, with few problems about alimony and property division.

YEVTUSHENKO: Quite so, and this is one of the great hidden advantages of socialism. Where there is little property, there is little to quarrel about. Divorce is very easy. The judge does no more than say a few words to try to reconcile one's differences, as is his duty. The important thing is that the man and the woman continue to need each other. When they don't, the marriage should be dissolved.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of women's lib?

YEVTUSHENKO: I can understand their grievances, but I think they are misplaced. I really believe in *people* liberation—for women and for men, too. Normal people are not *anti* anything. They are pro-people. I really believe that all normal people, deep down, are internationalists. Yet nationalism still persists. Nationalism is the gravest human sickness, and writers—like myself—have to address themselves to curing it. This has been one of the major goals toward which I've directed my poetry.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've said you want to stop writing poetry.

YEVTUSHENKO: I've written an enormous amount of poetry, perhaps too much. I find that I'm repeating myself, going over old rhymes and images. One of the problems of poetry is that while it allows you to express many things, it doesn't permit you to express everything. I'm almost 40 years old. Think of me as an old football player, a veteran with vast experience. Now it's time for me to retire, before retirement is forced on me. But I love the sport, I love literature, and I don't want to leave the arena. So I'm hoping to capitalize on my experience in a new specialty. I'm going to exchange poetry for prose. The struggle is the same: the struggle with yourself, the struggle with words, the struggle with bastards, the struggle with the future. All I'm doing is changing stadiums. I want to test my strength in another field. And maybe this sort of purge will help me return to poetry sometime in the future, to write poems in a new language or a different style.

PLAYBOY: How do you think this change will affect you personally?

YEVTUSHENKO: My whole life will be different. First, I don't really enjoy writing—I mean, the actual physical process of sitting down and making scratches on paper. The writer is locked up, separated from the rest of humanity. Often, when I'm writing, I'm very unhappy. Here I am, sitting in a room like a sorry little clerk. At the same moment, some wonderful woman might be passing on a nearby street; a big ship is probably starting a long voyage to interesting, remote countries; and the sun is rising above a lake I've never seen. It's possible to write poetry with only half your ass on the chair.

But prose requires a very different discipline. You have to write every day, in your solitary room. You have to struggle with—and master—your own curiosity about life. Curiosity enriches us, but it also destroys concentration. And the deepest thoughts are born not in noise

(concluded on page 258)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man with a very special gift—the ability to make his presents felt on every occasion. When it comes to favoring favorite people, he instinctively makes the perfect choice. Facts: Twenty million adults read PLAYBOY each month. The average annual expenditure for gifts per PLAYBOY reader—a most generous $470. Want to spark a major trend toward your gift product? Drop a hint regularly in PLAYBOY. And wrap up big sales all year. (Sources: *1972 Simmons*; *PLAYBOY and the Gift Market*.)

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THE SILVER CROWN

doubts we all got, said the rabbi—
we doubt god and god doubts us

fiction

By BERNARD MALAMUD

GANS, THE FATHER, lay dying in a hospital bed. Different doctors said different things, held different theories. There was talk of an exploratory operation, but they thought it might kill him. One doctor said cancer.

"Of the heart," the old man said bitterly.

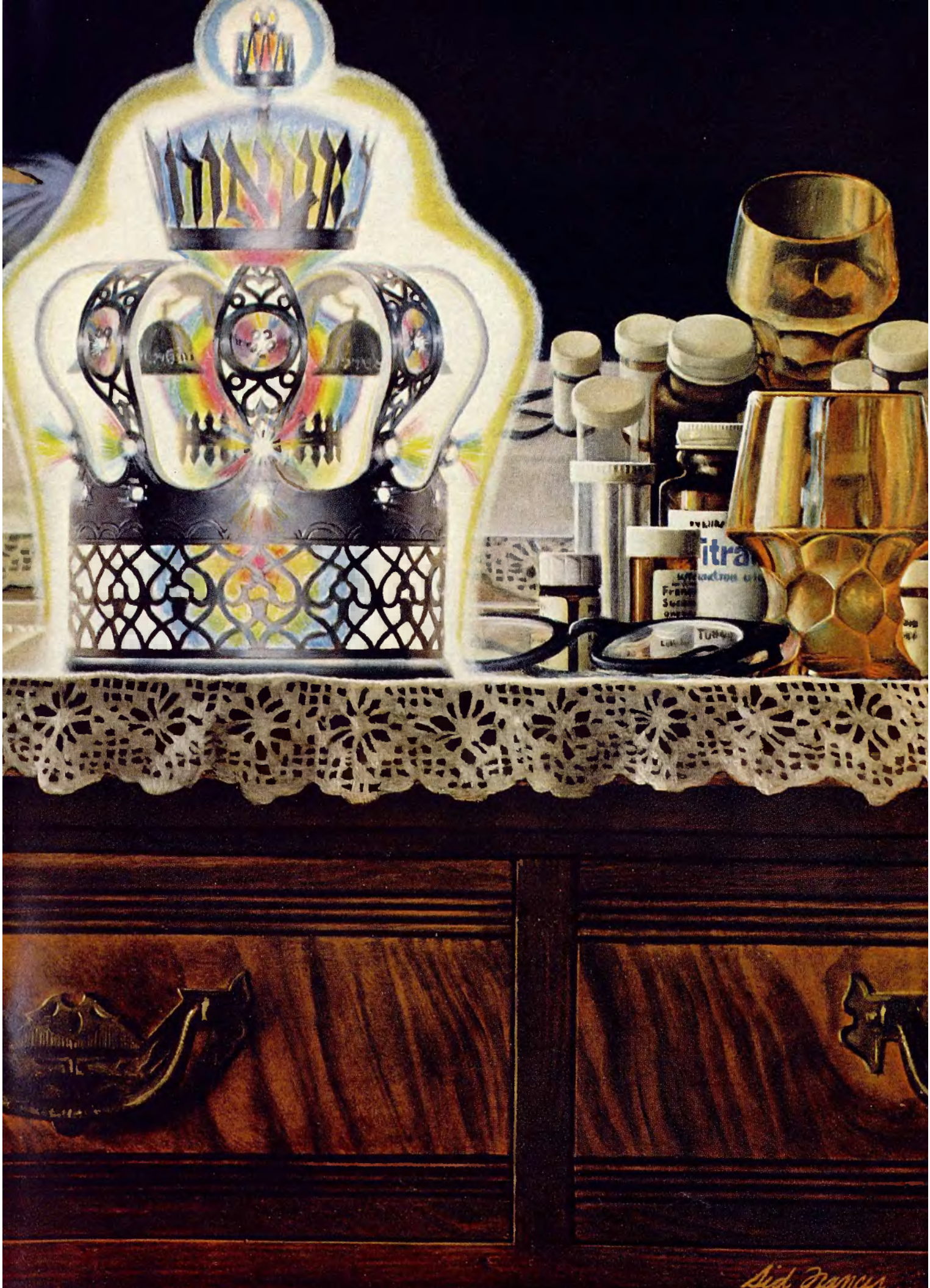
"It wouldn't be impossible."

The young Gans, Albert, a high school biology teacher, in the afternoons walked the streets in sorrow. What can anybody do about cancer? His soles wore thin with walking. He was easily irritated; angered by the war, atom bomb, pollution, sickness, death, obviously the strain of worrying about his father's illness. To be able to do nothing for him made him frantic. He had done nothing for him all his life.

A female colleague, an English teacher he had slept with once, a girl who was visibly aging, advised, "If the doctors don't know, Albert, try a faith healer. Different people know different things; nobody knows everything. You can't tell about the human body."

Albert laughed mirthlessly but listened. If specialists disagree, who do you agree with? If you've tried everything, what else can you try?

One afternoon after a long walk alone, as he was about to descend the subway stairs somewhere in the Bronx, still burdened by his worries, uneasy that nothing had changed, he was accosted by a fat girl with bare meaty arms who thrust a soiled card at him that he tried to avoid. She was a stupefying sight, retarded at the very least. Fifteen, he'd say, though she looks 30 and probably has the mentality of ten. Her skin glowed, face wet, fleshy, the small mouth



open and would be forever; eyes set wide apart on the broad unfocused face, either washed-out green or brown, or one of each—he wasn't sure. She seemed not to mind his appraisal, gurgled faintly. Her thick hair was braided in two ropelike strands; she wore bulging cloth slippers, bursting at seams and soles; a faded red skirt down to massive ankles; and a heavy brown sweater vest, buttoned over blown breasts, though the weather was still hot September.

The teacher's impulse was to pass by her outthrust plump baby hand. Instead, he took the card from her. Simple curiosity?—once you learned to read, you read anything that was handed to you. Charitable impulse?

Albert recognized Yiddish and Hebrew but read in English: "Heal the Sick. Save the Dying. Make a Silver Crown."

"What kind of silver crown would that be?"

She made impossible noises. Depressed, he looked away. When his eyes turned to hers, she ran off.

He studied the card. "Make a Silver Crown." It gave a rabbi's name and address, no less: Jonas Lifschitz, close by in the neighborhood. The silver crown mystified him. He had no idea what it had to do with saving the dying but felt he ought to know. Although at first repelled by the thought, he made up his mind to visit the rabbi and felt, in a way, relieved.

The teacher hastened along the street a few blocks until he came to the address on the card, a battered synagogue in a store. CONGREGATION THEODORE HERZL painted in large uneven white letters on the plate-glass window. The rabbi's name, in smaller, gold letters, was M. Marcus. In the doorway to the left of the store, the number of the house was repeated in tin numerals, and on a card under the vacant name plate under the mezuzah appeared in pencil, "Rabbi J. Lifschitz. Retired. Consultations. Ring the Bell." The bell, when he had decided to chance it, did not work—he heard no distant ring—so Albert, his heartbeat erratic, turned the knob. The door gave easily enough and he hesitantly walked up a dark flight of narrow wooden stairs. Ascending, assailed by doubts, peering up through the gloom, he thought of turning back but at the first-floor landing compelled himself to knock loudly on the door.

"Anybody home here?"

He rapped harder, annoyed with himself for being there, engaging in the act of entrance—who would have predicted it an hour ago? The door opened a crack and that broad, badly formed face appeared. The retarded girl, squinting one bulbous eye, made noises like two eggs frying and ducked back, slamming the door. The teacher, after momentary reflection, thrust it open in time to see her, bulky as she was, running swiftly along the long tight corridor, her body bumping the walls, before she disappeared into a room at the rear.

Albert entered cautiously, with a sense of embarrassment, if not danger, warning himself to depart at once; yet stayed to peek curiously into a front room off the hallway, darkened by lowered green shades through which threadlike rivulets of light streamed. The shades resembled maps of ancient lands that had never existed. An old gray-bearded man with thickened left eyelid, wearing a *yarmulke*, sat heavily asleep, a book on his lap, in a sagging armchair. Someone in the room gave off a stale odor, unless it was the armchair. As Albert stared, the old man awoke in a hurry. The small thick book on his lap fell with a thump to the floor, but instead of picking it up, he shoved it with a kick of his heel under the chair.

"So where were we?" he inquired pleasantly, a bit breathless.

The teacher removed his hat, remembered whose house he was in and put it back on his head.

He introduced himself. "I was looking for Rabbi J. Lifschitz. Your—ah—girl let me in."

"Rabbi Lifschitz, this was my daughter Rifkele. She's not perfect, though God who made her in His image is Himself perfection. What this means I don't have to tell you."

His heavy eyelid went down in a wink, apparently involuntarily.

"What does it mean?" Albert asked.

"In her way she is also perfect."

"Anyway, she let me in and here I am."

"So what did you decide?"

"Concerning what, if I may ask?"

"What did you decide about what we were talking about—the silver crown?"

His eyes roved as he spoke; he rubbed a nervous thumb and forefinger. Crafty type, the teacher decided. Him I have to watch myself with.

"I came here to find out about this crown you advertised," he said, "but actually we haven't talked about it or anything else. When I entered here, you were sound asleep."

"At my age . . ." the rabbi explained with a little laugh.

"I don't mean any criticism. All I'm saying is I am a stranger to you."

"How can we be strangers if we both believe in God?"

Albert made no argument of it.

The rabbi raised the two shades and the last of daylight fell into the spacious high-ceilinged room, crowded with at least a dozen stiff-backed and folding chairs, plus a broken sofa. What kind of operation is he running here? Group consultations? He dispenses rabbinic therapy? The teacher felt renewed distaste for himself for having come. On the wall hung a single oval mirror, framed in gold-plated groupings of joined metal circles, large and small; but no pictures. Despite the empty chairs, or perhaps because of them, the room seemed barren.

The teacher observed that the rabbi's trousers were a week from ragged. He was wearing an unpressed worn black suit coat and a yellowed white shirt without a tie. His wet grayish-blue eyes were restless. Rabbi Lifschitz was a dark-faced man with brown eye pouches and smelled of old age. This was the odor. It was hard to say whether he resembled his daughter; Rifkele resembled her species.

"So sit," said the old rabbi with a light sigh. "Not on the couch, sit on a chair."

"Which in particular?"

"You have a first-class sense of humor." Smiling absently, he pointed to two kitchen chairs and seated himself in one.

He offered a thin cigarette.

"I'm off them," the teacher explained.

"I also." The old man put the pack away. "So who is sick?" he inquired.

Albert tightened at the question as he recalled the card he had taken from the girl: "Heal the Sick. Save the Dying."

"To come to the point, my father's in the hospital with a serious ailment. In fact, he's dying."

The rabbi, nodding gravely, dug into his pants pocket for a pair of glasses, wiped them with a large soiled handkerchief and put them on, lifting the wire earpieces over each fleshy ear.

"So we will make then a crown for him?"

"That depends. The crown is what I came here to find out about."

"What do you wish to find out?"

"I'll be frank with you." The teacher blew his nose and slowly wiped it. "My cast of mind is naturally empiric and objective—you might say nonmystical. I'm suspicious of faith healing, but I've come here, frankly, because I want to do anything possible to help my father recover his former health. To put it otherwise, I don't want anything to go untried."

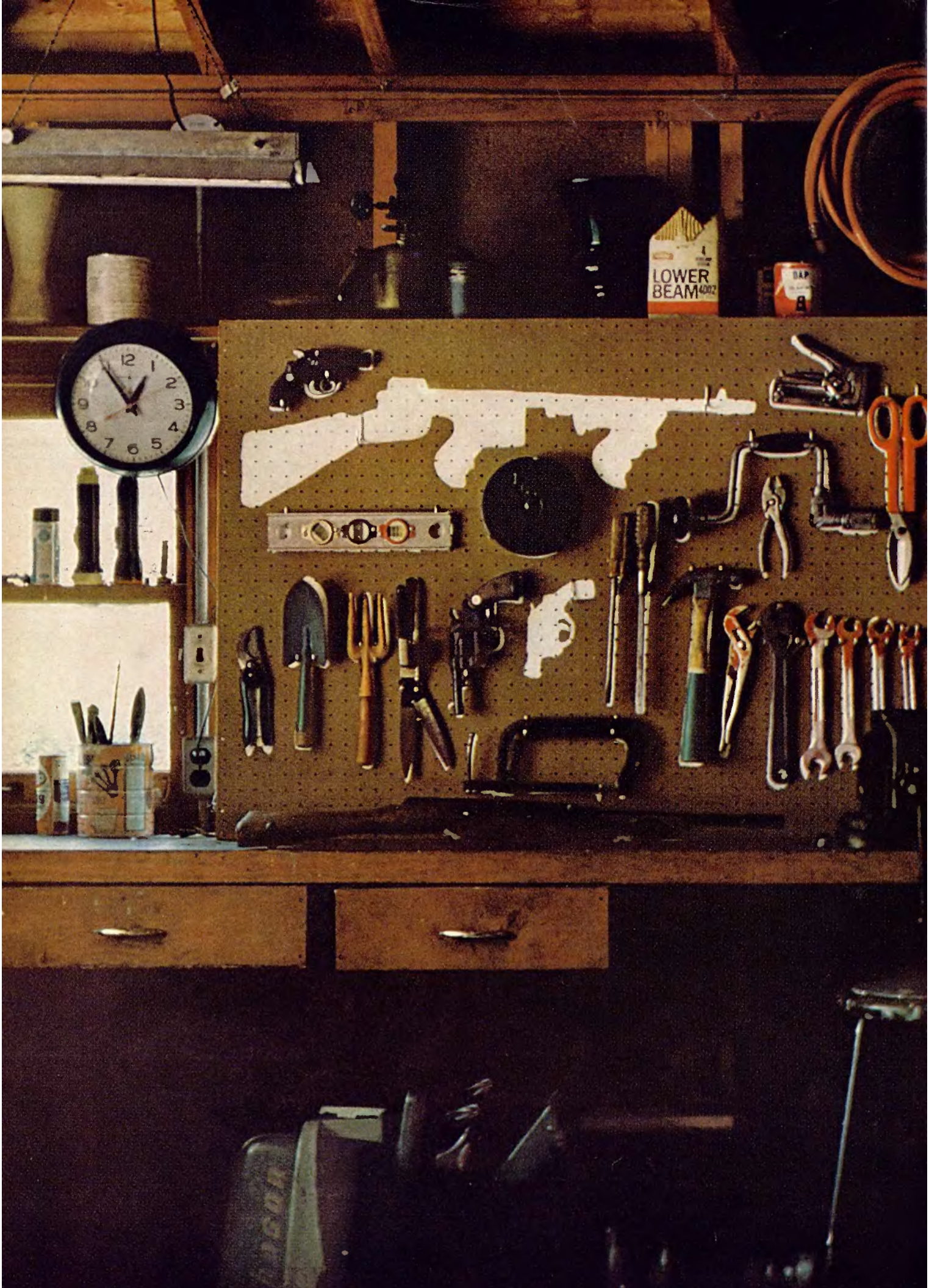
"You love your father?" the rabbi clucked, a glaze of sentiment veiling his eyes.

"What I feel is obvious. My real concern right now mainly is how does the crown work? Could you be explicit about the mechanism of it all? Who wears it, for instance? Does he? Do you? Or do I have to? In other words, how does it function? And if you wouldn't mind saying, what's the principle, or rationale, behind it? This is terra incognita for me, but I think I might be willing to take a chance if I could justify it to myself. Could I see a sample of the crown, for instance, if you have one on hand?"

The rabbi, with an absent-minded start, seemed to interrupt himself about to pick his nose.

(continued on page 272)

"Oops—wrong bag!"


LOWER
BEAM

the boys say carmine tramunti never got out of the peasant dirt, but make sure you don't serve him a sloppy drink

article by anthony scaduto

head of the family

IT'S LATE JUNE 1972 and I'm sitting in my car in a quiet, working-class neighborhood just a short distance from the Whitestone Bridge in Queens, New York, tracking down a Mafia Godfather. The Whitestone section is filled with cottages and bungalows whose uniformity give it the appearance almost of a Levittown. Trees that have grown past suburban adolescence umbrella over the roadway. A green belt of lawns runs down both sides of the street, shrubs against the houses are carefully barbered and flowers fill the borders.

So normal. And so jolting. As if a time/space warp has distorted my senses. I've come to check out the mansion of Carmine Tramunti, who is indeed one of the three remaining Mafia Godfathers in New York. (There had been five Godfathers here during the past few decades of local Mafia history, but a recent attrition by lead has buried one for all time and turned another into a mindless blob, and now there are three.) Gribbs,

DESIGNED BY GORDON MORTENSEN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD FEGLEY

they call Tramunti. Or Gribbsy, if you're part of the inner circle, or a name dropper People in the Mob who delight in talking about such things call him a Godfather, while law-enforcement officials use the phrase "one of the most important crime overlords in the country." Tramunti was groomed for his role for about 20 years by his own Godfather. He paid his dues, learned what it takes to run a specialized business corporation and how to use fear to instill in his serfs the reverence that has always been demanded by the Mussolinis of the Mafia. When Tramunti's predecessor died one of those rare natural deaths a few years ago, Tramunti inherited the crown.

So where the hell's the manor house befitting a Mafia don?

I know I have the correct address, 145-79 Sixth Avenue, Queens. No mansion, though. Not for miles around. Mansion? Most salesmen, bricklayers and sanitation workers demand more than this of the American dream. The mansion I expected turns out to be a small two-story house almost shoehorned into a 60′ x 100′ plot. Terribly modest for a Mafia Godfather.

A couple of miles away, *The Godfather*, Mario Puzo's epic romance of modern American subculture heroes, is in its ninth record-breaking week at the neighborhood moviehouse. I just came from there, going through the three-hour catharsis once again, cheering along with the matinee audience of housewives when Michael Corleone put a bullet through the face of that dirty bastard police captain, McCluskey. The compound of homes and garden walls where Don Vito Corleone and his feudal Mafia knights lived and plotted was a fortress in modern dress, precisely the style we'd expect of *our* robber barons.

Has Puzo conned us all? Has his rich imagination created palaces out of cottages? Hell, no. From personal experience I know that the Castle Corleone was an understatement that didn't even come close to the regal style of a *real* don's home.

The Italian neighborhood in Brooklyn where I grew up in the Forties was typically lower middle class, similar in its own way to Tramunti's present turf—except for two houses not far from mine. One was on a dead-end street that was always the first to be plowed of snow in the winter and scrubbed pure the rest of the year by sanitation workers with their little handcarts, brooms and shovels. The house was indeed a mansion. Three stories of solid brick, at least 25 rooms, expensive canvas awnings at every window, a tall, spiked wrought-iron fence surrounding a huge plot of ground. It was the home of Joe Profaci, the Olive Oil King, at that time the most powerful *mafioso* in the country. And on the next street, sharing common back-yard gardens—protection at their backs and all that logistical stuff of which survival is made—was the equally impressive home of Joe Magliocco, Profaci's brother-in-law and the underboss of his Mafia family. Those homes, forming their own mall that surpassed the Corleones' as a Mafia show place, towered over everything else in the neighborhood.

Tramunti? It must be some sort of joke. A man of honor, as they still call a *mafioso* in the old country, wouldn't be caught dead in——

Enough notes and memories; it's time to ring the bell and see if I can catch Tramunti or his wife at home. First, a quick look at my full-length photo of Tramunti. Not a very good one, it was snapped by a cop toiling away in the basement of police headquarters following Tramunti's most recent arrest, a year before. I've seen Gribbs a few times and know what he looks like, but I want to be certain in case I get lucky and he comes to the door. He's about 5′10″, weighs 210 pounds, looks extremely muscular and street tough. The roll of fat beginning to show around his waist and the jowls that fill his cheeks in no way diminish his sinister aura—he can probably still match strong arms with the best bone crunchers in the business, though he's 62 years old.

Out of the car, cross the street and ring Tramunti's bell. The chimes go off. *Chimes*, for Chrissakes. A dog barks, loudly. No one comes to the door except the dog. He's banging against it from the inside and barking in a staccato style that sounds like a hoarse tommy gun in a Jimmy Cagney film. Obviously, no one's home. I try to get a glimpse of the living room through a small opening in the heavy silk drapes. There's a long couch, a coffee table, brass lamps on side tables. Italian Provincial style, what else? Tacky, but clearly expensive. The most costly tackiness available. Wander around back, to the garden. Just like any other suburban back yard. Not even a tomato patch like the one Don Corleone tended in his final years, the one in which he died a most natural death, whispering, "Life is so beautiful." A line left out of the film, unfortunately.

I was sorry there was no tomato patch, because it would have fit perfectly with the remarks of an old friend from the Brooklyn growing-up days. He's now a minor-league Mob man who chose loan-sharking as a profession when he was in his mid-20s, after a couple of years in reformatories and prisons for a variety of offenses that usually involved appropriating other people's property by force. As a loan shark, he almost naturally became a part of the Mob's money-making system. Just as young law school graduates are eager to join the most prestigious legal firms, those in the less acceptable business of supplying our illegal needs covet connections with the organization. But for the life of me, I don't know why. The Mafia soldiers, the lowliest men in the pecking order, take the largest risks, give most of the profits to their superiors and practically starve. Like my friend Frankie Bath Beach—a name sufficiently different from his actual nom de gang to protect his identity—who pretends to be a big-deal loan shark but looks like a bum and lives with his wife and three kids in a four-room railroad flat above a grocery store.

"This Tramunti's a geek," Frankie complains. "A real geek. He doesn't have the respect of the other dons or even of some of his own family. You know why? Because he's got no finesse, no sophistication. He should grow tomatoes and get out of the rackets."

"Like Brando did in the movie?"

"Yeah, like in that New York spaghetti Western," Frankie says. "But *that* Godfather had respect, because he was always right. Or made you think he was always right. That's how it should be. Tramunti, though, he's another story. The guys laugh behind his back. Know why?"—Frankie's favorite phrase to alert you that an important statement is coming—"Know why? Because he's a *buffone*. A real meatball. Digging in the dirt like a peasant. What the hell kind of don is that? I've heard one of his own men laughing about him. This guy said, 'Let Gribbs dig in the fuckin' dirt. He's only a *siciliano* and he never got out of the dirt.'" (Tramunti was born in Naples, not Sicily. But to some younger Mob members, born and raised on the streets of New York, anyone showing peasant characteristics is Sicilian. The ultimate put-down. But don't say it in front of a *real* Sicilian.)

In certain quite deceptive ways, Tramunti does seem the perfect Sicilian peasant. Perhaps, like Puzo's Godfather, tending his garden brings back the joys of his childhood in the southern Italian hills more than half a century ago. Tramunti gets up around 11 every morning. After breakfast, he puts on a pair of shorts and sneakers and goes to work in his garden. Every day, weather permitting, you can see Gribbs out there watering his lawn, pulling weeds that threaten his flowers, spreading peat moss at the base of his shrubs, letting the earth blacken his hands and feeling great pleasure in the warmth of that soil.

If he knows that his Mafia associates laugh behind his back at his gardening, he doesn't let it change his habits. Each morning, and into the afternoon, he cares for his small plot of earth. I've seen films of Tramunti working in his garden. They were taken from a block away with a zoom lens by one of numerous investigators who keep tabs on him. Tramunti doesn't look so laughable. Peasant? No way. He's built like a bull, and even from a distance a hard quality

(continued on page 140)

AND A BALD EAGLE IN A PLUM TREE

in which the twelve days of christmas are buried under an avalanche of guano

Thursday, December 14

Dearest Harold:

How very thoughtful of you! The fruit tree is *marvelous*! I've put it in the bay window behind the couch, on the white shag rug. The pot goes *perfectly* with the bricks in the bookcase. As soon as you're back, we can cuddle beneath the leaves and—well, I bet you can guess!

Harold, about the bird. Is it a quail? I stuck him in the shower stall, but he keeps flapping around, and the shower curtain's been pecked to shreds. The thought was lovely, Harold.

Love you loads, miss you heaps.

Melissa

P. S.: We've been rehearsing like crazy and Solly says we should be able to open in a few days. It's just a little-theater group, but next year—Broadway!

Friday, December 15

Harold, you lovable fool:

I can't wait to find out what you're up to! Two more birds arrived today—a couple of strung-out pigeons, they look like, very fond of each other. You're sweet.

Also, by mistake, the deliveryman brought another plum tree and another quail (or is it a pheasant?). I'll call Neiman-Marcus tomorrow and straighten this out. In the meantime, I've got both trees squeezed into the bay and all four birds are squawking away in the shower. The curtain, the bath mat and that terrycloth bathrobe of mine are in tatters and the drain's clogged. You silly thing, what next?

Miss you.

Love, Melissa

(continued overleaf)

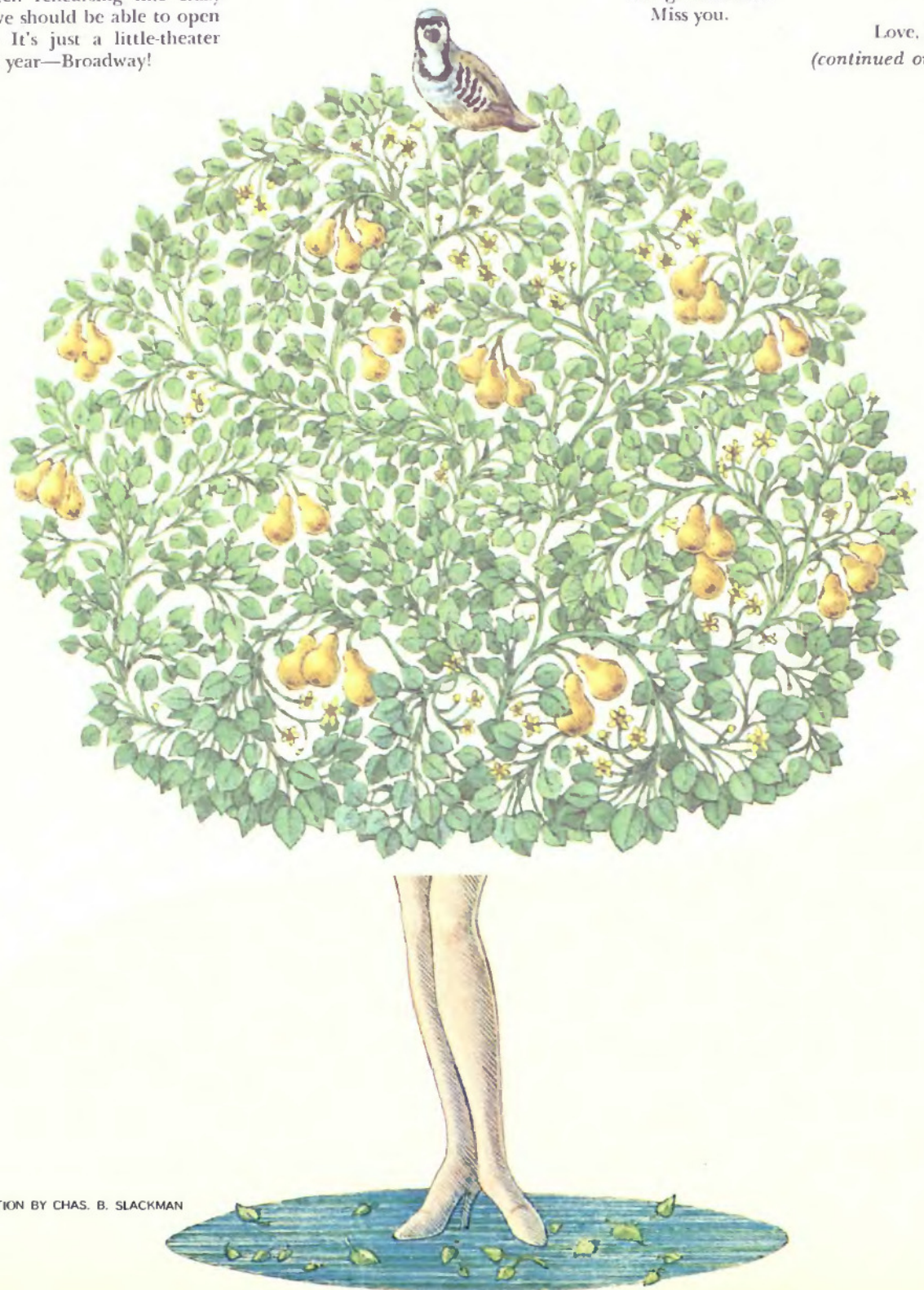


ILLUSTRATION BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

Saturday, December 16

Dear Harold:

I'm having trouble with Neiman-Marcus. A computer in their shipping department must have blown a gasket, or a transmission or something. Today they brought three scrawny chickens—*as well as another order of everything they brought yesterday and the day before!* Two more pigeons, another quail and another peach tree. The deliveryman won't take it back. He *insists* it's all paid for and that the order is correct. I tried calling Neiman-Marcus, but I got a recorded voice and hung up.

There's some mistake here and I wish you were around to help. As it is now, the trees take up half the living room and I've had to move the lamps and armchair into the hall closet. The birds —all ten of them—are cooped up in the bathroom, which I keep shut because the three quail (or are they baby turkeys?) have begun to swoop around the room, looking for a way out. Today I went in to clean up the droppings on my make-up mirror and the birds flew out into the living room and hid in the trees. The racket the birds make drives me up the *wall* when I'm reading Solly's script—it's a tender, romantic type of story and it takes all the concentration I can muster.

Affectionately,
Melissa

Sunday, December 17

Harold:

This is too much! Today they delivered four of the most foulmouthed parrots I've ever encountered (I *think* they're obscene—one bird called out something about nice jugs, and I'm pretty sure he was talking about *me*) and—can you believe it?—another load of everything else. The deliverymen wouldn't take anything back, because of a no-return policy on plants and pets.

I've been wanting to get the apartment ready for Christmas, but now that I've moved the sofa into the bedroom to make room for the fourth mango tree, I don't know what to *do*. There are so many birds in the bathroom I'm afraid to go in there—at least until I can remember how Alfred Hitchcock solved *his* problem. I've put the parrot cages in the dining room and I no longer bother turning on the sound when I watch TV. Needless to say, the neighbors are complaining about the racket.

I called Neiman-Marcus again and the voice told me to record my message when I heard a beep. Well, I was ready to leave *some message*, believe me, but then I heard the beep and—I froze! Do you believe it, Harold? Me, the second lead in *Our Town*, with *stage fright?* What's happening to me, Harold?

Yours,
Melissa

Monday, December 18

Dearest Harold:

This has been absolutely the worst day of my life. What is *wrong* with that company? Yesterday I missed the special Sunday rehearsal to stay home and telephone them. I dialed, and for the first time, I didn't get a recorded voice. I started to say that I had a problem, but the cleaning lady at the other end broke in and said if I thought *I* had a problem, what about *her*? We talked about her gallstones for a while, but then one of those garbage-beaked parrots announced what I should bite and what I should sit on, and the cleaning lady hung up on me.

Today Neiman-Marcus *struck again*! Yes, the wedding rings are lovely, and yes, I will marry you—though I must say you have a strange way of popping the question! Frankly, though, I think marriage is about the only thing that could compensate for what I've been through.

Let me start at the beginning: I hardly slept at all last night because of the parrot limericks. At about five this morning, I got out of bed to tinkle—and walked right into the papaya tree. I knocked it over, of course—four bushels of dirt on my white shag rug!

After breakfast, I went out to get some birdseed and while I was gone, the deliverymen from Neiman-Marcus came. The super must have let them in. Besides the wedding rings (and I *do* appreciate them), those bastards brought another tree and *ten more birds* (four more parrots, three chickens, a pair of pigeons and another quail—or is it a bantam rooster?).

Worse, the deliverymen must have opened the bathroom door. When I walked into the apartment, there were birds and bird muck *everywhere*. Also dirt. The birds had been scratching in the tree pots—looking for worms, I guess. All the furniture is covered with droppings. The velvet couch is ruined and the TV set looks like a wedding cake. The whole apartment smells like the back entrance of a zoo, there are feathers everywhere and the neighbors have complained to the super about a group of filthy-mouthed sailors they claim are carousing around here. I finally lured the birds back into the bathroom by filling the tub with birdseed and whistling through my front teeth. (Solly says my teeth make my smile distinctive and that I'll wow 'em on Broadway!)

Please hurry back—I really need you.

Love,
Melissa

P. S. Don't you think *five* rings are a bit much? Also, I hate to say this, but they're all too large for my fingers (and toes, for that matter) and too small for my wrist. What *do* they fit, Harold?

P. P. S. Solly's invited me to the country for a day or two to go over some weak points in the play—it's strictly kosher, Harold: His mother will be there—and I must admit I could use the rest. I've asked Susan, my girlfriend next door, not to accept *anything* from Neiman-Marcus—unless it's something small, of course.

Wednesday, December 20

Dear Harold:

I'm going to go absolutely bonkers if this doesn't stop. I mean it. I've just finished half a *(continued on page 262)*

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except for two houses not far from mine. One was on a dead-end street that was always the first to be plowed of snow in the winter and scrubbed pure the rest of the year by sanitation workers with their little handcarts, brooms and shovels. The house was indeed a mansion. Three stories of solid brick, at least 25 rooms, expensive canvas awnings at every window, a tall, spiked wrought-iron fence surrounding a huge plot of ground. It was the home of Joe Profaci, the Olive Oil King, at that time the most powerful *mafioso* in the country. And on the next street, sharing common back-yard gardens—protection at their backs and

from the Brooklyn growing-up days. He's now a minor-league Mob man who chose loan-sharking as a profession when he was in his mid-20s, after a couple of years in reformatories and prisons for a variety of offenses that usually involved appropriating other people's property by force. As a loan shark, he almost naturally became a part of the Mob's money-making system. Just as young law school graduates are eager to join the most prestigious legal firms, those in the less acceptable business of supplying our illegal needs covet connections with the organization. But for

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If he knows .
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he doesn't let it change
morning, and into the .
cares for his small plot of
seen films of Tramunti workin
garden. They were taken from .
away with a zoom lens by one of n
ous investigators who keep tabs on
Tramunti doesn't look so laugha
Peasant? No way. He's built like a b
and even from a distance a hard qua

(continued on page 1

ILLUSTRATION BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

keeping it casual

how to host a no-hassle yule buffet that gives you time to share in the feast and the festivities

food and drink **By Emanuel Greenberg** The holiday season tends to be an Endless Celebration and chances are you'll be partying all over town between now and the new year with all manner of fascinating types. But in your heart you know the best party is a get-together with those you love and like—main chicks, good buddies, old friends. And Christmas is prime time for such a frolic. With a tightly knit group, you want to keep things loose and easy. Forget about formal themes or organized activities. Those so inclined can help with the tree or swap gifts, but that's strictly for the self-starters. Leave the troops to their own social devices.

Extending the casual tone, your culinary preparations for the yule fest should appear to be effortless, though no gambit that runs smoothly ever is. So we've taken the initiative and planned a body-and-soul-buoying, easy-to-handle menu, with an unexpected twist as the featured attraction—hot and cold

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

hero sandwiches. But don't confuse these mammoths with your ordinary hero, hoagie, sub, zep, po'boy, torpedo or that genre. They're inspired superheroes, loaded with succulent victuals, generously bathed in olive oil and red-wine vinegar or sauce, pungent with aromatic spices and condiments; a challenge to the most heroic appetite.

One of our offerings, the Jimmy Junior, is a scaled-down version of the famous six-footer sold at Jimmy Dell'Orto's Hero-Boy restaurant in Manhattan—a king-sized sandwich that contains 15 pounds of prosciutto, provolone, mortadella, pimiento, salami, capocollo, etc. It's really no big deal to create one of these monsters at home, if you can cajole a local *boulanger* into baking you a six-foot loaf of bread. Otherwise, get the longest loaf of French or Italian bread available. (If you *have* to have a six-footer, Dell'Orto's will airfreight its sandwich for $39.50, plus tax and shipping charges. Telephone: 212-947-7325.)

For full visual effect, present your heroes whole. Guests can then serve themselves, taking what they want whenever the spirit moves them. (A serrated bread knife will cut the most imposing hero down to size.) Allow about a foot per guest, with a generous margin for gluttonous error.

Obviously, your guests won't be arriving at the same hour. So don't fight it. Accommodate the convivial coming and going with a smorgasbord of help-yourself hors d'oeuvres and appetizers color-keyed to the season: an avocado tree decorated with edible ornaments, such as cocktail frankfurters, red and green cherry peppers or cubes of ham impaled on colorful toothpicks; pepper cups filled with your favorite dips; button mushrooms topped with red caviar; balls of Edam cheese in their red-wax shells; ham-and-asparagus or smoked-salmon roll-ups and a heaping platter of raw vegetables—among them Pascal celery, fennel, radishes, cherry tomatoes and pimiento-stuffed olives.

You won't need any other table decorations beyond this festive array of goodies, but if you can't resist creative impulse, try your hand at a yule arrangement of scallions or a stylized green-asparagus tree with pimiento and cranberry ornaments. Otherwise, an assortment of red and green fruits and vegetables in a bowl—pomegranates, radishes, limes, cucumbers, peppers, apples, etc.—makes a colorful centerpiece.

The following buffet will take care of both early comers and stragglers quite handily, providing sufficient sustenance for the hungry until it's time to unleash your heroes. Of course, some of your guests will wish to obtain their liquid refreshment from your well-stocked bar; but for the others, we suggest you set out several carafes of California red and white wines, along with club soda for spritzers.

Later, after your entrees have received a hero's welcome and your guests are comfortably settled by the fire, unveil a trio of easy-to-prepare desserts that range from traditional to contemporary: Tipsy Parson cake, Plum Pudding *Flambé* and Strawberry Slosh.

That's the grand strategy—attractive, enticing fare simply presented in three stages. It's more an assembling than a cooking job, but no one will notice or care, for that matter. 'Tis the season to be jolly, so the fewer culinary hassles you have to contend with, the merrier your holiday will be. Here's how to get your yule fete together.

HORS D'OEUVRE AND APPETIZER BUFFET

Tree of Hors d'Oeuvres
Red and Green Pepper-Cup Dips
Red Caviar Mushrooms
Guacamole Dip and Corn Chips
Balls of Edam in Red Shell
Ham-and-Asparagus Roll-ups
Raw Vegetable Nibbles
Pepitas and Pistachios

JIMMY JUNIOR

Bread
Prosciutto
Lettuce
Tomatoes
Olive oil
Red-wine vinegar
Oregano
Cooked salami
Swiss cheese
Ham
Mortadella
Genoa salami
Provolone
Pimiento
Capocollo

Slice bread in half lengthwise. Layer bottom half with prosciutto, coarsely chopped or torn lettuce and sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle lightly with oil, vinegar and dried oregano. Continue spreading layers of cooked salami, Swiss cheese, ham, mortadella, Genoa salami, provolone and pimiento. Bathe again with oil and vinegar and a few pinches of oregano. Cap with capocollo and top half of bread. The trick is to add just enough oil and vinegar to lubricate but not drown the sandwich. Salt and pepper are not required, because the meats are well spiced. Pierce hero with skewers to keep everything neat. Alternate red and green cherry peppers on skewers for garnish.

KRIS KRINGLE

Bread
Jar marinara sauce
Garlic
Oregano
Basil
Parsley
Green peppers and onions, sliced
Sweet Italian sausages—plain, cheese or fennel

Some of the commercial spaghetti sauces have improved considerably and will do nicely if you zip them up. Warm the marinara sauce (Ronzoni or Buitoni) with pressed garlic or garlic powder, dried oregano and basil and chopped fresh parsley. Meanwhile, sauté sliced green peppers and onions in olive oil just until peppers soften. Salt lightly. Place sausages in large pan, add water to half cover sausages. Cook, covered, for 15 minutes. Remove cover and let water cook out. Drain fat. Brown sausages on all sides. Slice bread lengthwise *almost* all the way through, forming a sort of pocket. Spread both sides of bread with tomato sauce. Lay on sausages, top with sautéed peppers and onions and a little more sauce. Close bread and fix in place with skewers. Serve with a bowl of sauce, kept warm on an electric hot tray, for those who want extra.

DECK THE HALLS

Veal scallops, cut from leg
Seasoned flour
Mozzarella, sliced
Parmesan, grated
Bread
Caponata
Tomato sauce, optional

Have veal sliced thin and pounded by butcher. Dip lightly in seasoned flour and fry quickly until just golden. Be careful; overcooking toughens veal. Remove scallops and place half on a baking sheet. Cover with fairly thin slices of mozzarella and a little grated parmesan, then top with remaining half of veal. Place in preheated 400° oven for several minutes, or until cheese starts to melt. Slice hero bread lengthwise *almost* all the way through. Spread bottom layer with caponata and add veal-cheese pieces. You can sprinkle lightly with lemon juice and chopped parsley if you like, or a little of the tomato sauce. Guests can help themselves to more sauce from a bowl on the table. Secure sandwich with skewers. Top skewers with small whole cocktail beets and pimiento-stuffed queen olives, or garnish plate with parsley sprigs and cherry tomatoes.

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

Bread
Cranberry-chutney relish (recipe on page 259)
Sliced turkey breast
Sliced aged Swiss cheese
Sliced marinated mushrooms
Sweet Spanish or Bermuda onion, thinly sliced
Sliced cooked Canadian bacon
Dijon mustard–mayonnaise dressing

Slice bread in half lengthwise. Spread bottom half with cranberry-chutney relish. Layer generously with slices of turkey and cheese. Next lay on the mushroom

(concluded on page 259)

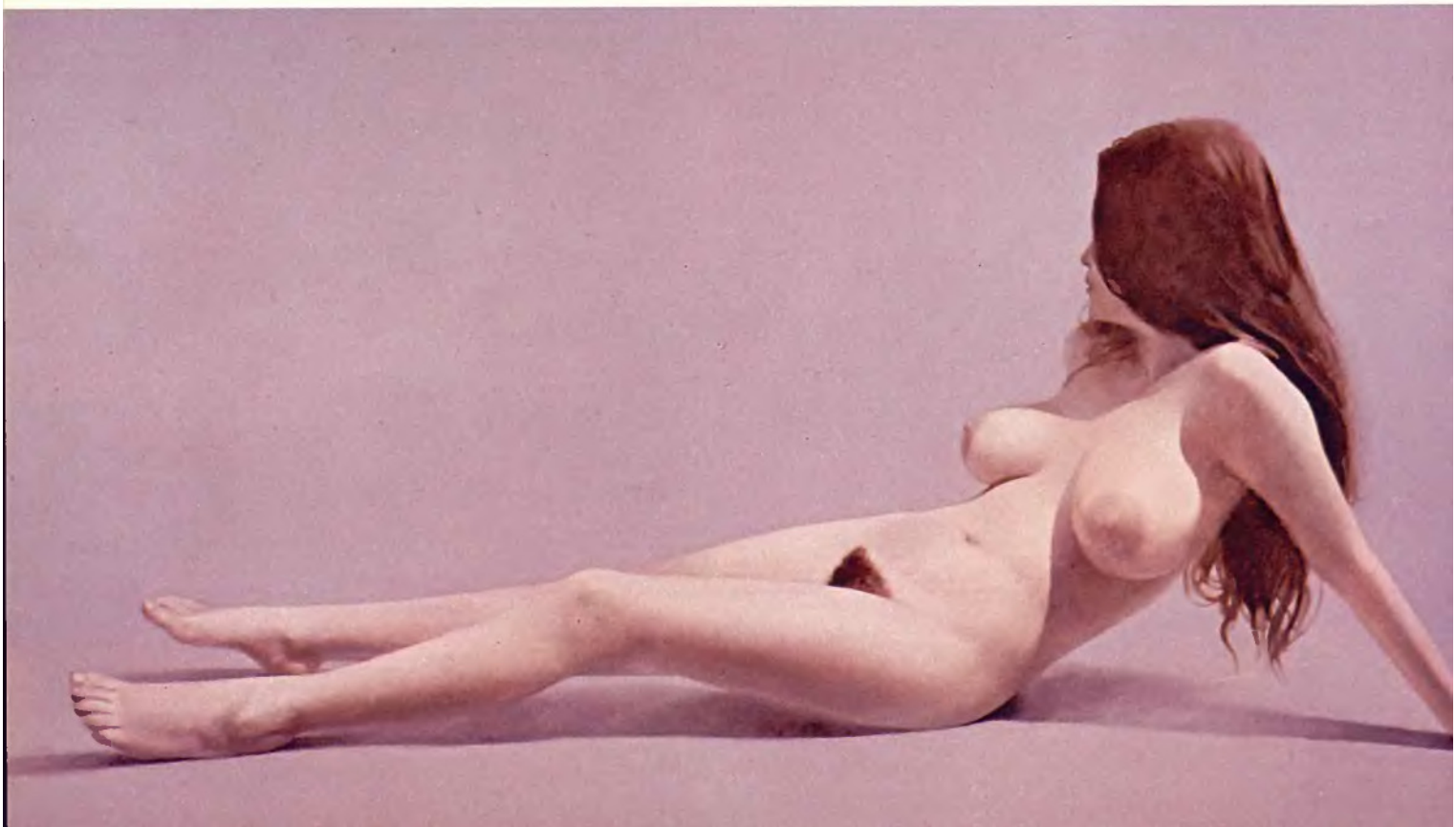
WOMAN eternal

painted especially for playboy, martin hoffman's lyrical portraits evoke the timeless beauty of the female nude

"All these girls embody classical ideals. But the porcelainlike figure above with her delicate hands and feet shows what I love mast in women—their ethereal quality."
—MARTIN HOFFMAN

"PAINTING female nudes is a very natural thing for a guy to do," says former Miamian Martin Hoffman, shown above in his new Manhattan studio with a huge *Flying Tiger* self-portrait. "I love their pure classical form, but I also try to make mine physical, to create a living presence on canvas with paint that picks up light like skin. So I use the traditional method of under- and overpainting; it's the simplest way to say the most with the least. What my portraits say, though, is hard to pin down. But to me they're like time machines, moving back and forth from antiquity to the present —and beyond. They're caught somewhere in between."

"In many of my works, I hope to convey motion, as in the portrait of the girl exercising with her legs in the air. Personally, I find that a very provocative painting."



"To me, the painting of the black girl at right is very straight on, with no coyness, no shame, no level of complex meaning. But then, I don't intend to express anything profound in my nudes; the viewer should feel that he can interpret them as he likes."

head of the family

(continued from page 126)

in his eyes and a certain bearing mark him as a man who has made it in a world where the odds are against him.

When Tramunti's had enough of gardening, when he's certain he's done all he can to protect his lawn and shrubs, he retreats inside his house. His wife, Lillian, has lunch waiting for him. It's the sort of meal most of us would associate with dinner. Pasta, a meat course —his favorite is spring lamb—and plenty of bread and wine. Topped off with espresso laced with anisette. Then a nap, resting up for the hectic business day. Late in the afternoon, when most businessmen are cleaning things up and getting ready to break for the 5:07 to the suburbs, Tramunti comes out his front door and heads for his Cadillac. The Sicilian-peasant image has vanished. He's wearing a relatively conservative $300 suit, so perfectly tailored that it slims down his beefiness. He looks like a garment-center executive who refuses to go Mod. But on each hand is a diamond pinkie ring, symbols of his role in life. His hands are manicured, his dark wavy hair grows only slightly long in the back and has a hint of a Forties pompadour. "Subject," says an investigator's report, "is a steady client at Dawn Patrol barbershop, spending $25 to $35 a night for manicure, shave, hair trim."

Tramunti pulls away from the curb, driving his Cadillac himself, with no sign of a bodyguard. At least one car usually follows him, sometimes several cars, each filled with youngish clean-cut men in dark suits. They are employees of whatever Federal or local law-enforcement agency happens to be watching him; the perils of becoming a Mafia aristocrat include a complete loss of privacy.

He seems almost to enjoy the attention. It shows he has arrived. "Besides," says one sleuth who has spent much time stalking this Godfather, "nobody's gonna shoot at him with Federal agents or D. A.'s men 50 feet away." Behind Tramunti's gruff and hoody exterior and his frequent public displays of viciousness, there is a sense of humor. One afternoon he came out his front door as usual, but instead of getting into his car, he walked down the street to a car with two Government men who'd been assigned to him. Tramunti leaned over to the driver and said, "Listen, I'm tired of using the Triborough Bridge. Gonna go over the Whitestone and through the Bronx for a change. You don't mind, do you?" The startled agent assured Tramunti he didn't mind the change of route at all and the procession began on schedule. Another rare flash of humor, somewhat blacker: Tramunti was convicted in September 1969 of contempt of court for refusing to answer a grand jury's questions and was sentenced to a year in the pen that November. Bronx district attorney Burton Roberts ordered Tramunti to surrender for imprisonment a week or so before Christmas, and Tramunti showed up in the D. A.'s office with his attorney to plead for more time. His mouthpiece began to complain: "It's a rotten thing, putting him away just before Christmas. His family is crying about it."

The D. A. asked Tramunti, "Isn't it true your family would cry even if you surrendered after Christmas?"

In his sandpaper voice, Tramunti replied, "They *always* cry."

Tramunti's first stop is the East Harlem area where he grew up. An uptown Little Italy, it is still his family stronghold, although the Italian community has shrunk to a few dozen blocks as Spanish-speaking immigrants press in all around. Until fairly recently, his East Harlem business was usually conducted in the back of a pet shop at Second Avenue and 112th Street. The shop is owned by Big Sam Cavalieri, a childhood friend of Tramunti's, now the family underboss, second in command. Unfortunately, someone tossed a bomb into the shop in the middle of the night some time back and Sam is now in the process of rebuilding it. In the interim, Tramunti conducts his uptown business a few blocks from Sam's place in a florist shop he once owned. ("I just sold flowers, and there was a designer there," Tramunti said of his florist business at a December 1971 trial in which he was accused of a massive stock-fraud conspiracy. "I put sticks on roses and rolled them and everything like that to make flowers look good." No one asked him if he'd ever heard of Dion O'Banion, who was gunned down in *his* flower shop in Chicago by some of Capone's boys.)

Big Sam goes through a lot of strange little gyrations to impress Tramunti—he is the Godfather, after all—bowing and scraping and practically kissing his feet. The little monkey show is repeated by Vinny Rao, the family *consigliere*, or counselor, and by the bodyguards hanging around. And then down to business: consulting with Sam and Vinny on the day's events and picking up some of the loot that flows in—just $1000 or $2000 spending money—from the family's gambling ventures. Tramunti's income is said to be enormous, a word often used to describe the wealth of any Godfather. Through his *caporegime* and his *soldati*, Tramunti controls a good slice of all the gambling from Central Park North to the upper reaches of suburban Westchester—his family's allotted territory. That includes all the bookmaking and most of the numbers action: Italian action (which means white), Harlem action (which means black) and Latin action (which is Puerto Rican and Cuban). The Tramunti family runs the Italian action, and bank-rolls the two others for a large share of the take. By all accounts, from both inside and outside the Mob, the dividends from such investments come to a substantial fortune.

Mrs. Vito Genovese once testified to that. Back in 1953, the Lady Genovese decided that life with her husband, Don Vitone, the Mafia *capo di tutti i capi*, boss of all bosses, was a little too hectic. She complained to anyone who'd listen that Don Vitone carried his Godfather nonsense home, treating her like one of his serfs. "He beats me if I don't cook his dinner right," she told one friend in a phone conversation that was tapped. She asked for a separation and $350 a week support. Don Vitone wouldn't go along. The domestic battle ended up in court, where the Lady Genovese talked about her husband's interests in narcotics, liquor, extortion, night clubs and race tracks. And, she added, "I personally handled $20,000 or $30,000 a week from the Italian lottery he owns in New York. I know how much he made from it because I ran it myself." The Italian lottery, now said to be owned by Tramunti, is only one form of policy in the city. And it is far from being the biggest money-maker. Yet, according to his wife's testimony, Don Vitone got well over $1,000,000 a year out of it.

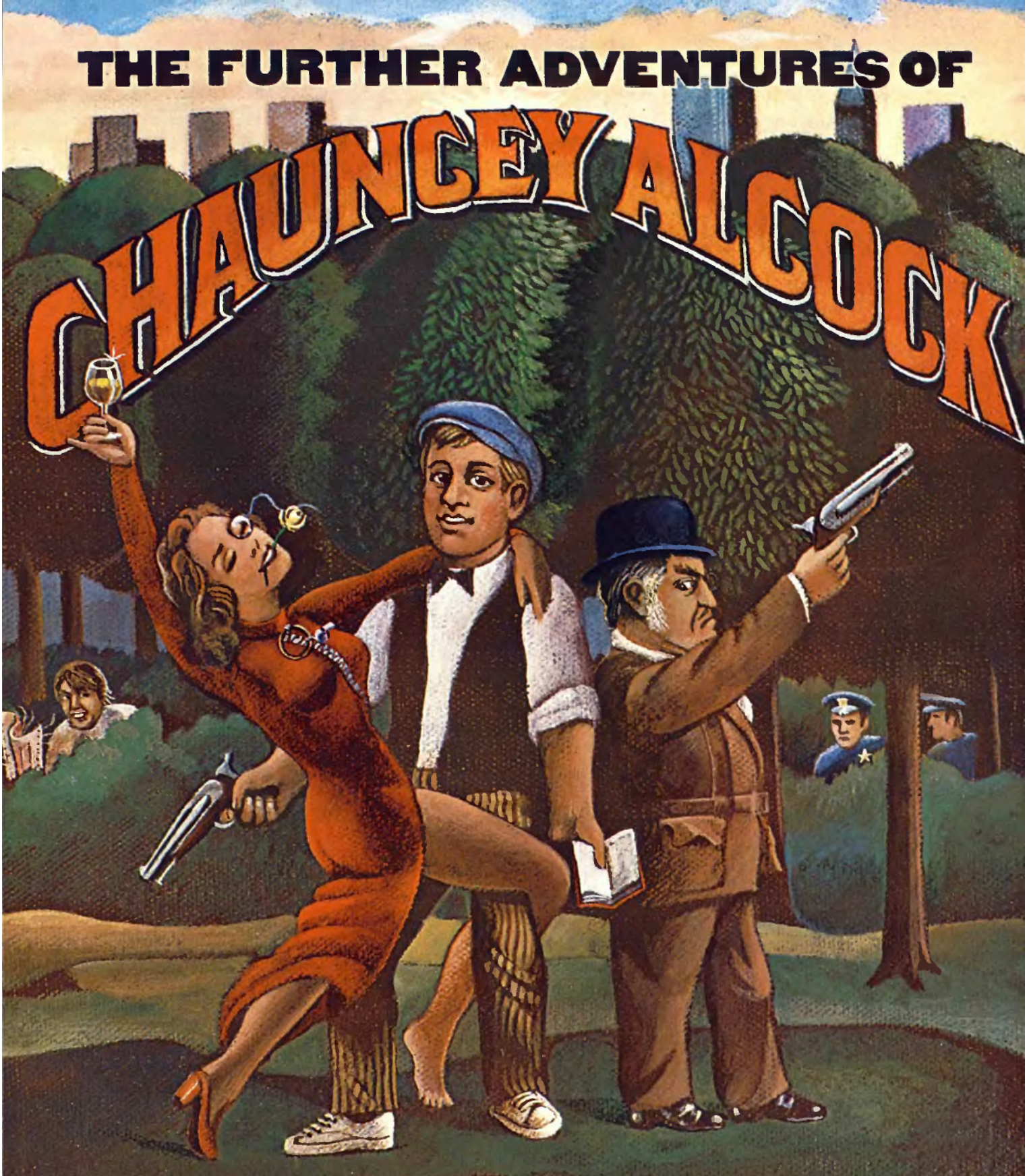
If Tramunti is knocking down that kind of income, as most law-enforcement people believe and their informers verify, nobody knows what's happening to it. Perhaps it's being funneled into secret bank accounts. But what good is all that bread hidden away? Tramunti lives like any $20,000-a-year garment-center executive, which is what he claims he's become since leaving the florist business. If he's stashing it away in Swiss numbered accounts, or giving it to cops and politicians for immunity, what's the percentage? Twenty grand a year against the constant possibility of a bullet in the skull? J. Paul Getty lives in a castle. Howard Hughes owns half of Nevada and a quarter of the Caribbean. Tramunti? A cottage in Queens, a month in Miami every winter, a Cadillac.

But at least there are some trappings of royalty, even if his realm is rather small and his life style restricted by tax agents who would pounce on him if he tried to live too lavishly. The don is treated with more reverence than her subjects give to Queen Elizabeth. I witnessed that reverential treatment once, during an earlier Mafia-hunting assignment. Tramunti had just been officially designated boss of his family by the other dons in the nation who make up a sort of Supreme Court that meets to

(continued on page 302)

"I went to the most darling gift counselor—she suggested husband swapping!"

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CHAUNCEY ALCOCK



A NOTE TO ANXIOUS PARENTS

This is a moral tale and may be read with enjoyment and profit by boys of all ages.

Dick Hess

ADVENTURE II

An Affair of Honor

In which Our Hero is called upon to exhibit his manhood and does so courageously, to the gratification of new friends and the heartfelt approbation of fellow citizens.

"Good morning, Mr. Feldhausen, sir!" sang out Chauncey Alcock, for it was indeed he. "The high cirro-cumular clouds and a strong breeze, northeast by east, augur well for a pleasant, albeit somewhat brisk day."

"*Ach* [Oh], Chaunce," rejoined the dour (but goodhearted) Dutchman, proprietor of Feldhausen's Drugstore on the corner of Columbus Avenue and 74th Street in the city of New York. "I had forgodden it iz Zaturday already."

"It is, indeed," the handsome lad beamed. "There is no school today; hence, I will be able to work a full fourteen hours—with the customary fifteen minutes off for lunch. Ergo, I shall be enabled to contribute more to the well-being and creature comforts of my dear mother, who, as you are undoubtedly aware, suffers from a dropsical condition of her left foot, causing her untold pain and discomfort."

"You are a goot boy, Chaunce," the merchant nodded.

"I merely do my duty," the stalwart youth murmured, casting his eyes modestly downward.

And with that, Our Hero set to his labors with a right good will, first sweeping the floor of the emporium and then hosing refuse from the sidewalk in front. He whistled as he worked, in high good spirits, for that very morning he had received a missive that brought a smile of pride to his regular features.

The Sanitation Department of New York City had sponsored a contest, asking for a new title for the position of garbage collector. The first prize was an all-expenses-paid tour of the garbage dumps in the Greater New York Area, and there were several subsidiary prizes. Young Master Alcock did not win first prize, which went to the title "environmental engineer." Chauncey's suggestion was "litterary agent," for which he was awarded honorable mention. In addition, he and his dear mother would receive one additional garbage pickup during the coming year, so the lad had a right to feel proud.

Mr. Feldhausen, watching the youth as he worked busily dusting a display of bedpans, took note of the lad's cheerful demeanor and inquired as to its cause. Chauncey thereupon related the details of his honorable-mention award, as stated above, and was congratulated by both his employer and Miss Beebee Undershot, a sigmoidal young lady who clerked in the cosmetics department. The third employee of the store, the pharmacist, Mr. Irving Benoit-Dreissen, turned away with a spiteful look on his sharp features, for he was envious of Chauncey's comely appearance and sunny good nature.

"Goot for you, Chaunce," Mr. Feldhausen chuckled. "A head on your zhoulders you got. And that ain't all you got!"

Mr. Feldhausen's veiled reference—and another cause for the pharmacist's resentment—is already known to readers familiar with Chauncey Alcock's past activities, but it is detailed here for the benefit of readers who may be encountering the adventures of Our Hero for the first time.

During a completely accidental encounter in *(continued on page 152)*

Fiction By LAWRENCE SANDERS

article

MY FIRST ORGY

BY

DAN GREENBURG

the craven coward in me said no, but the journalist in me said yes, yes, yes!

DESIGNED BY GORDON MORTENSEN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD FEGLEY

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I was having dinner with my PLAYBOY editor in a Chinese restaurant in Chicago, and midway between my Beef and Snow Peas Thousand Fragrance and my Hot and Sour Sherbet, he matter-of-factly slipped me the information that the guys at the mag had come up with what they thought was a rather amusing assignment for me: Basically, how would I feel about going to a sex orgy and writing what it felt like?

"What do you mean," I said, "just go and observe and sort of take notes, or what?"

"Well, we were thinking really more along the lines of your actually taking *part* in one," he said.

My chopsticks suddenly became too heavy to hold and I lowered them carefully to the table. I should tell you at this point that I am so shy with women that it took me till the age of 23 to lose my virginity, till 30 to get married, and today, at 36, I am still unable to go to an ordinary cocktail party and chitchat with folks like any regular grown-up person. The idea of sending old Greenburg to take part in an orgy was, frankly, tantamount to sending someone with advanced vertigo to do a tap dance on the wing of an airborne 747.

True, I had recently done an article on New York fire fighters and in my research had managed to overcome a deep phobia of fire by spending five months riding on fire trucks and racing into burning buildings with firemen—yet somehow that seemed tame by comparison with what I was now being asked to do. After all, the worst that could have happened to me in a burning building was that a flaming ceiling might have collapsed on me and crushed me to death. At an orgy, there was the distinct possibility that I might be seriously laughed at.

"How about if I just go to an orgy and take notes?" I said.

My editor shrugged. "Don't you think that'd be sort of a cop-out, journalistically?" he said.

"I suppose you're right," I said. "Look, give me a few days to think it over."

• • •

"They want you to do *what*?" said my wife.

"Go to an orgy and kind of take part," I said.

"How about if you just go and take notes?" she said.

"Don't you think that'd be sort of a cop-out, journalistically?" I said.

"No," she said, "I don't."

"Oh," I said.

• • •

Several days later, having mulled over all facets of the situation, having pondered the feats of Sir Edmund Hillary, Sir Francis Chichester, Ernie Pyle, Robert Capa, Thor Heyerdahl and others, having decided that, my experiences with fire fighters notwithstanding, I had led a comparatively bland life and that only through the continual meeting of challenges and overcoming of fears was I going to attain any growth as a writer and, mainly, having learned from my agent the exact sum I was being offered for this

particular adventure, I was at length able to dispel most of my own doubts and a few of my wife's and I called my editor and accepted the assignment.

• • •

The first person I contacted was an unattractive middle-aged lady in New York who is legendary for throwing the biggest orgies in town. I introduced myself to her on the phone, gave the name of a good mutual friend as a reference and asked if I might see her to discuss in a sort of general way the broad spectrum of the group-sex experience.

"I don't know why so many people call me and ask me about this subject," she said. "Just because I once gave an interview to some magazine in which I expressed a few opinions on group sex, suddenly I'm supposed to be some kind of expert on orgies. I really don't understand it. You probably thought I could get you invited to an orgy, didn't you?"

"Well. . . ."

"Well, I can't. I don't have any contacts in that area at all and I never did. Besides, I don't know a thing about you."

I offered to send her a copy of my recent book, *Scoring: A Sexual Memoir*. I said that reading it would tell her more about me than she might even wish to know. She said I was certainly welcome to send her the book, but she still didn't have any contacts in the group-sex circuit and didn't see how she could possibly be of any help to me. Then, just as she'd almost persuaded me that the several hundred stories I'd heard about her were complete fabrication, she asked rather offhandedly: "Tell me, is there a photo of you on the dust jacket, dear?"

• • •

The lady never did grant me an interview, but I was just about to leave for Los Angeles, where, I was assured, the orgy scene was definitely more in the open. A writer on the Coast, who had himself done a piece about swingers, promised to provide me with not only several bona fide orgy contacts but also a young lady who would willingly accompany me to whatever far-out type of get-together I could get invited to.

"A thing you might start off with when you get here is one of the group-grope places, which they have a lot of in L.A. They're supposed to raise your consciousness, heighten your sensitivity toward your fellow human being, put you in touch with your feelings and stuff, but they're really mostly an excuse for a lot of people to get together and take off their clothes and screw."

I said that sort of deviousness had a certain comforting appeal. I flew to L.A.

• • •

It is three minutes after I have checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel. I have given the bellhop what I consider to be a fairly generous tip. He stares at it as though I have just deposited several rabbit turds in his palm and stalks out of the room. I am now on the phone with the writer, thirsting for names of group-grope places, bona fide orgy contacts and the identity of the wanton woman who has offered to be my consort.

He gives me the name of the wanton woman and I burst out laughing, because it is a dear Platonic friend of mine from years back whom I'll call Linda Leeman, who is also a writer and who is about as wanton a woman as, say, Princess Margaret.

I ask for the names of the group-grope places. Actually, says my writer friend, now that he thinks about it, the group-grope places are not such a good idea for me after all. Another writer he knows is doing a major piece about changing life styles, and group-grope places figure prominently in it. I am better off simply going to a normal no-nonsense orgy, he says.

I try to hide my disappointment at missing out on the less-threatening group-grope places and ask him for my normal no-nonsense orgy contacts. This, too, proves to be something of a disappointment.

"The main guy I wanted to put you in touch with is a guy named Mandell, who is, in fact, writing a book about orgies. But it turns out that Mandell is somewhat miffed that they've asked you and not him to do this article. He sort of considers L.A. orgies his turf. The other thing is, he claims his contacts aren't that fresh anymore. He used to be very into the orgy thing, but no longer. He says he's settled down to a fairly meaningful relationship with two chicks he really digs. I do have one other contact for you, though. A guy named Artie throws orgies at his place every Saturday night. Call him up and tell him you're a close friend of Mandell's."

• • •

I call Artie and tell him what a great friend I am of Mandell's and ask him whether it's OK to attend his orgy this Saturday. Artie is polite but evasive. He says he may be having an orgy this Saturday, and then again he may not. "It all depends on where my head is at," he says.

"Where do you *think* your head may be at?" I ask. "I mean, the thing is, I hate to be crass about it, but I do want to get to an orgy on Saturday, and if *you're* not having one, I'd like to find someone who is."

Artie says to call him about five o'clock on Saturday, by which time he will definitely know where his head is at.

• • •

It is Saturday about five o'clock. It doesn't matter where Artie's head is at, because my friend Linda has done some checking around and heard that Artie's parties are fairly well known among media people and, although she is willing neither to partake of the sexual activities nor even to take off her clothes, she fears meeting somebody she knows there. Instead, she has come up with what she considers a much better orgy. This one is deep in the San Fernando Valley and is not apt to contain any people she knows. She already has the driving directions and the password and the information that the address we seek is a private home with Christmas-tree lights strung outside. Since it is the beginning of July, I figure the house should be fairly easy to spot. I tell Linda I will pick her up in about two hours. She seems very nervous. Her nervousness somewhat allays my own. Then I learn that her nervousness stems mainly from such decisions as what to wear, and I realize that our respective nervousnesses are not even in the same ball park.

• • •

I take a leisurely shower, then spend time applying after-shave lotion to places it has never before occurred to me to apply it. I grow perceptibly more nervous. I grow so nervous that I begin to have contempt for *Linda's* nervousness. After all, what does *she* have to be nervous about? She's already decided she will neither have sex nor take off her clothes. I, on the other hand, am more or less philosophically committed to both.

What if my body, slim and trendy by New York standards, is thought to be skinny and slug-white by well-muscled, sun-bronzed Angelenos? What if my dork, regulation-size by New York locker-room standards, is dwarfed by acrobatic hyperactive Valley orgiasts? What if I'm unable to keep it up or even *get* it up into a polite state of erection? What if—the thought now strikes me as my nervousness creeps over the line into panic and nausea—what if I get really sick and puke my guts out all over everybody at the orgy? What if, God forbid, I contract a venereal disease—not the syph or the clap but the new kind we've learned about from terrific Dr. David Reuben that you don't even know you *have* until about 12 years later, when suddenly your brain turns to zabaglione and your dork into an ocarina and the virus that causes it not only doesn't respond to antibiotics but *thrives* on them?

I take a flask of vodka out of my suitcase and gulp down half of it. It has no apparent effect. I go into the bathroom and take another shower. Why am I taking a second shower? To wash off future dirt?

I must snap out of this. I must pull myself together. I must do this for the sake of my editor—my sadistic, seriously deranged editor—who is counting on me and my professionalism to complete this assignment.

I polish off the rest of the vodka in the

(continued on page 250)

FROM STONEHENGE TO TRANQUILLITY BASE

man has a choice—he can probe ever deeper into space or sink back into the primordial ooze

essay
By RAY BRADBURY

SOMETIMES MANKIND reminds me of a creature that has taken a billion years to climb a million-mile-high cliff. And here he is, putting his arm up over the edge and almost making it. Then, at the last moment, he leaps up, tromps upon his own fingers—and plunges screaming back into the abyss.

If you think I'm speechifying about ecology, you're wrong. Nor am I talking about cities, civil rights or any of the other cliché causes of our time. I'm talking about space travel. I speak of rocket *(continued on page 322)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

verse by

JUDITH WAX

TO A POLITICAL CANDIDATE

You noisily covered the North
and the South
While cynically working both
sides of your mouth.
Whatever the issue, you
claimed expertise
(Your deepest convictions you
changed with the breeze).
Want something from Santa?
Please take our advice—
A swell case of lockjaw
would really be nice.

TO AN EX-SINGLES BAR AFICIONADO

You swung with multitudes of chicks,
From one bar to another,
Till, dreadful night, in dark saloon,
You tried to date your mother.

TO OUR STOCKBROKER

With bearish fears our dreams were full
And yet you lured us on with bull.
You spoke with great lucidity
Of corporate liquidity.
While friends were buying cabin cruisers,
You went on deftly picking losers.
So now our bells of Xmas chime
To "Brother, can you spare a dime?"!

TO A "MASSEUSE"

Season's greetings, dearest heart,
They've been slandering your art.
You who soothes our nerve and muscle—
Who dares say you stoop to hustle?
What an outrage...what a snub.
You're just too handy—there's the rub!

TO ARCHIE BUNKER

Here's your gift list, Arch, old boy,
We really hope you dig it.
We've done some careful shopping for
The country's fav'rite bigot:
A tree in Haifa in your name,
A membership in CORE,
A dozen Puerto Ricans
Who'll move right in next door.
A pound of Acapulco gold—
Your most beloved smoke,
A weekend with a radical,
An obscene Nixon joke.
Now, please don't thank us, Archie, chum,
For all the nifty stuff—
We know we'll never really get
Your Christmas white enough.

CHAUNCEY ALCOCK

(continued from page 143)

the store's lavatory, Mr. Feldhausen had become aware that his delivery boy was blessed with a Staff of Life of such noble dimensions as scarcely to be believed. This magnificent cudgel, of almost equine proportions, had elicited expressions of incredulity and wonderment from the good Dutchman, and he had been unable to keep to himself his knowledge of Master Alcock's unique gift.

In an engrossing conversation with Benoit-Dreissen on the mating habits of pterodactyls, the worthy merchant had inadvertently let slip the delivery boy's secret. Now, the pharmacist was a man of depraved habits, for not only did he bite his fingernails but he parted his hair in the middle. Thinking to make Chauncey a figure of scorn in the eyes of Miss Beebee Undershot, whose sympathetic interest in Chauncey he had frequently observed and whose person he himself coveted for vulgar reasons that have no place in this narrative, the apothecary related to her the facts he had been told of the outstanding feature of Chauncey's manly physique.

But little did the villain ken the nature of the flexuous young woman to whom he relayed this indiscreet gossip, for Miss Undershot was possessed of an active intellectual curiosity and frequently read the obituary page of *The New York Times* in its entirety, greatly profiting thereby. Rather than being amused or offended by the pharmacist's sneering report, as he had hoped, the brave girl felt a need to investigate this scientific phenomenon personally, seeking to add to her knowledge of the world about her. Her opportunity arrived sooner than expected—the very day of which we speak.

That afternoon, when the absence of customers warranted it, Mr. Feldhausen sent Miss Undershot and Chauncey into the back storeroom to begin an inventory of the cosmetic stock. In this confined space, closed off from the selling area by a curtain of burlap, the young lady and the delivery boy were, perforce, in close physical juxtaposition, and the nubile cosmetician deemed the time auspicious to determine the veracity of Benoit-Dreissen's report.

Chauncey Alcock was counting the number of cans of Peel, a feminine-hygiene deodorant spray, banana flavored, frequently advertised on network TV with the catchy slogan "Come on down!" Miss Beebee Undershot brushed against him, as if by accident, and her brown eyes widened in astonishment. Facing Chauncey directly, she took the startled delivery boy by the arms and pressed closer, her body trembling.

"Miss Beebee," the youth inquired anxiously, "are you ill? Made faint, perhaps, by the close confines of this cul-de-sac?"

"Oh, Chauncey," she moaned, pressing even closer against his loins, "I could teach you so much."

"Splendid!" the eager lad cried. "For I have long believed that education is the cornerstone of character, and learning the road to a happier, more fruitful life."

But Miss Undershot's investigation was fated to come to nought, for suddenly the curtain was thrust roughly aside and the dark, twisted features of the evil pharmacist glowered at the embracing couple.

"Alcock," Benoit-Dreissen spoke sharply, "there is a delivery that must be made at once."

"Aye-aye, sir," the youth laughed merrily, adopting nautical argot for the nonce, as "Aye-aye, sir" is the reply by which sailors acknowledge the order of a superior officer—a titbit of information that may, in future, serve the reader well.

Thinking no more of the incident, and hardly hearing the rising sound of rancorous debate in the storeroom he had just vacated, Chauncey Alcock took the package from the prescription counter, went outside, vaulted onto his trusty velocipede and went pedaling off to West 70th Street, his golden curls tossing in the breeze.

The name on the package was Lady Angela Cockburn, and the address proved to be a gray-stone town house of imposing dimensions. Wheeling his "bike" into the service entrance, and forbearing to chain it to the iron railing, lest such an act be construed as mistrust of the honesty of his fellow citizens, Chauncey Alcock mounted the back stairs to the third-floor apartment that bore, neatly framed on the oaken door, an engraved visiting card that stated with elegant simplicity: LORD AND LADY COCKBURN.

From within this imposing portal came the sounds of loud music in a tempo Chauncey could not identify. He pressed the brass bell several times, to no avail. Finally, he rapped on the wood with his sturdy knuckles and soon was rewarded by a diminution in the volume of sound. There was a click of approaching heels, and then the door was flung wide.

The woman standing there was as tall as the Alcock boy himself but of a somewhat different shape. She was clad in a bright-red, form-fitting housecoat with long sleeves and a high, mandarin neck. The skirt was slit in front, up to a point just within the limit approved by judicial edict. From there to the neck, the gown was closed by a wide zipper, operated by a large brass ring from which a police whistle hung suspended.

The lady's burnished, copper-colored hair clustered about her shoulders in ringlets and her features were noble and precise, the softness of lips belying the severity of chin and brow. She exuded a scent of Bel le Locks, a perfume Chauncey was able to identify instantly by virtue of his occasional labors as clerk at the cosmetic counter of Feldhausen's.

"Lady Angela Cockburn?" he inquired politely.

"That's pronounced Cbrn," she said sharply. "And who might you be, boy?"

"I am Chauncey Alcock, delivery boy for Feldhausen's Drugstore, located on the corner of Columbus Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street. 'Your Health Is Our Concern,' " he replied cheerfully.

And then, for the first time, he noted an unusual fact: Lady Angela was wearing a monocle in her left eye, secured about her neck with a thin black ribbon. Now she observed him closely through her single glass, sweeping his resolute physique with an approving glance.

"Well, come in, come in, boy," she said. "Don't stand out there in the hall."

Chauncey obediently entered and the door was immediately slammed and locked behind him.

"I have brought your medication, ma'am," Chauncey said, proffering the package and realizing that milady was a woman of advanced age, perhaps as much as 35. "Since you maintain a monthly charge account with Feldhausen's, there is no need to recompense me for this purchase at the present time. We appreciate your patronage and will be happy to be of service in the future. I thank you."

"Well, you are a nice, polite boy," Lady Cockburn nodded appreciatively. "I like nice, polite boys. Come in here and sit down for a minute. Would you like a drink?"

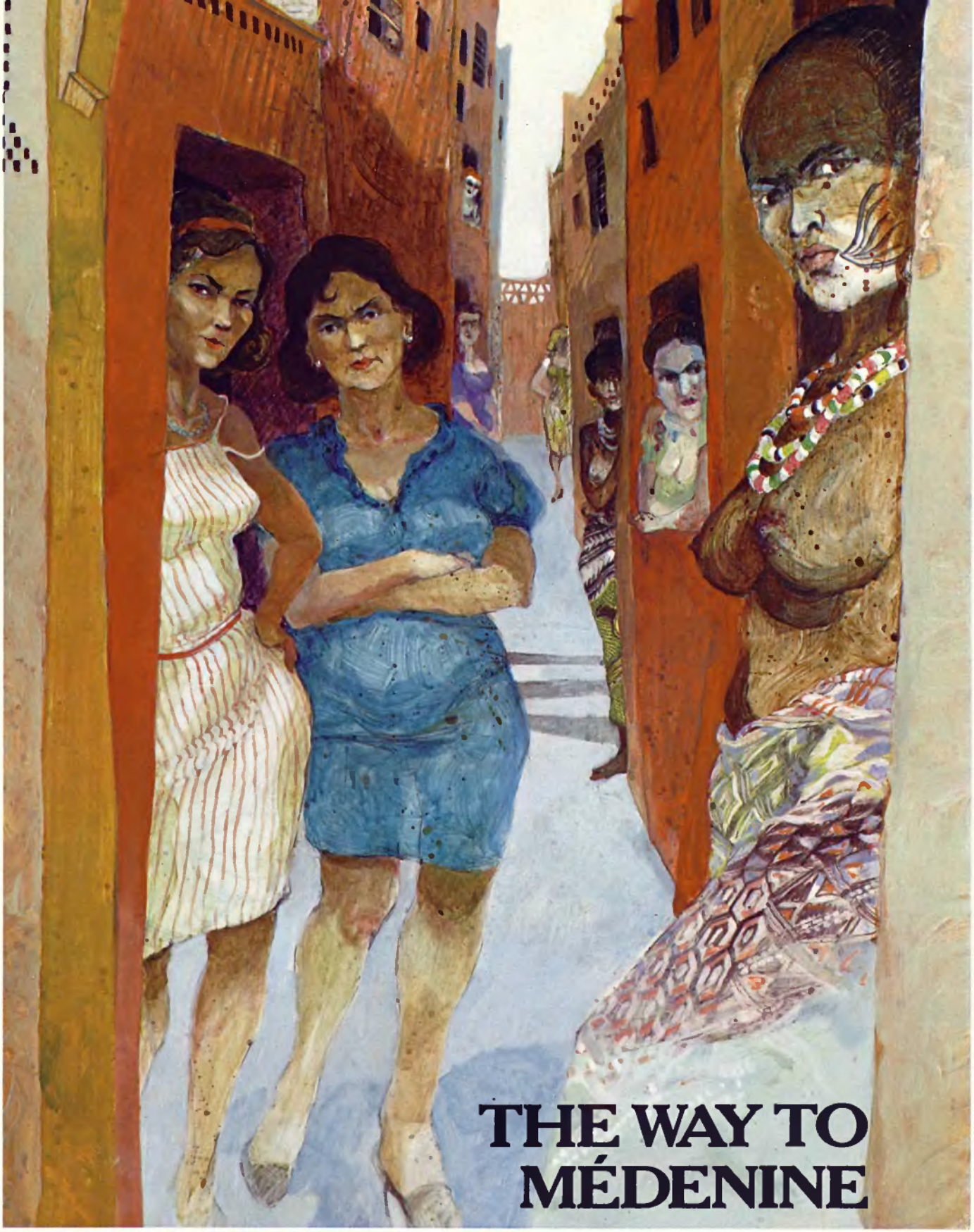
"A clean glass of cold water would not be amiss, Lady Cbrn," the Alcock lad replied, making certain to pronounce her name in the manner she requested. "But I don't wish to trouble you. . . ."

"No trouble, boy," the mature woman said. "Just relax and make yourself at home."

She went into the kitchen and Chauncey busied himself by surveying the rich appointments of this handsomely decorated apartment. He realized at once he was in the presence of vast wealth, for the dining table was surrounded by matching chairs and the table itself was laid with the best-quality paper tablecloth and paper napkins rolled in rings of real plastic. On a small end table, a chromium sailboat floated on a blue mirror, and on the mantel was a small reproduction of the *Venus de Milo* with an eight-day clock embedded in its abdomen. The delivery boy acknowledged he was in an apartment of people possessed of the highest taste and refinement.

Lady Cockburn returned, carrying a glass of water for Chauncey and a glass of amber-colored liquid for herself.

(continued on page 341)



THE WAY TO MÉDENINE

article **By NELSON ALGREN** *in that place between the white sky and the black hovels, it turned out to be a lot easier to mount a camel than to photograph a whore*

WHENEVER BREAD came within Simone de Beauvoir's reach, she crushed it to death between her palms. She'd crushed a hundred loaves between Marrakech and Tunis, talking the whole while. She hadn't shut up since Casablanca and I hadn't had an unmangled slice since Fès. Why she had to turn fresh loaves into crumbs simply to turn Marx, Hegel and Freud into dry crusts, I understand no more today than I did in June of 1949. A Bedouin toiling between the shafts of a donkey cart, she assured me, was doing so because he could not afford to feed *(continued on page 222)*

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER

HANGING OUT IN THE OUT ISLANDS

the secluded beaches and emerald waters of these bahamian isles are a world—and a commuter's hop—apart from the teeming tourist traps of nassau and freeport

 PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

travel By DAVID STANDISH THEY ARE THE FINAL sigh: sunny green islands, 700 of them, scattered over 100,000 square miles of gleaming warm ocean, death shiver of a mountain range going down for the last time, drowning old peaks crusted with coral and sawed off by the sea. They are fragile; most are merely cays, islets, barely rising into the air, usually snarled with the low mangrove scrub that the thin topsoil grows when left to its own devices; and others are pocked by huge brackish salt marshes, lunar and desolate, where the ocean is closer to claiming them than not. They are delicate and difficult scraps of land, practically useless, beautiful only where they touch the sea; but that is almost everywhere, in mile after mile of graceful curving beaches, white and empty and sloping slowly down to water clear beyond belief, transparent at the edge, then shading in long pure swirls down through bright changing levels of green and blue, markers of banks and channels and sudden mile-deep plunges.

And if the profoundest vision of the big-league speculators and developers who are looking so fondly at them is realized, they will in ten years be tastefully chopped up into tropical suburbs, complete with shopping centers and

Desolate but dramatic, virtually untrodden strands and secluded coves etch the 127-mile shore of the Bahamas' Great and Little Abaco, above.

bowling alleys, ready and waiting when Florida finally fills up and begins choking in earnest. Most of the islands are still the way the last glacier and 10,000 years of sunshine have left them; but some, unfortunately, are not.

Nassau, on New Providence, has always been the center of the Bahamas. Until Freeport recently elbowed its way onto the marquee, it was such a star that all the other islands took their status from the fact that they were *not* New Providence, and so they were Out. Nassau has paid for the attention. Back in the Thirties, it was an elegant little British colonial town frequented chiefly by American millionaires gaily celebrating their escape from the Depression. The inevitable followed: Next came socialites bubbling under the Top Four Hundred, then *nouveau chic* college students who didn't need Connie Francis to tell them Lauderdale was low rent, finally the sad-eyed ladies of the cruise ships—and Nassau was very much Discovered. Today along Bay Street, an old waterfront road once staggered over by blasted pirates on R & R, it is impossible not to notice the presence among the shops of a candy-striped Colonel Sanders' chicken shack, a Georgian brick Lum's and a Burger King—home, as we know, of The Whopper. Nassau in January

One of many islets off Great Harbour Cay in the Berry Islands, above, offers total privacy to beachcombers and sun bathers; Harbour Island picnickers, below left, leave the tourist trail and find themselves in a peaceful palm grove. After the salt water has taken its toll, scuba and skin-divers at Andros Island's Small Hope Bay Lodge, below right, wallow happily in a soothing mud bath of a unique limestone-and-algae mixture.

is still a better place to be than, say, Newark, but it's not precisely Getting Away From It All.

Nor is the little island across the bay, for which Huntington Hartford paid $10,000,000 in 1959. For 300 years it had been known accurately as Hog Island, but he renamed it Paradise and began building on it—presumably as an emblem of his metaphysics—a high-rise resort. There are now six hotels, a golf course and a casino on the island, and you can if you like sit on combed sand sipping rum punches all day, shower and slip into your evening clothes,

Guests at Abaco's posh Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas gather for a hearty buffet, below. Not far from the Stella Maris Inn on remote Long Island, right, swimmers wade in the warm shallows.

and then gamble your brains out all night—which, if you can afford it, isn't a bad way to spend a vacation. A crap table can tell you a lot about the state of your karma; and even if you learn the worst, the Paradise Island Yoga Retreat is nearby, waiting to restore your inner tranquillity.

But Freeport, on Grand Bahama, is the true mating of Las Vegas and Palm Beach. Rumors persist in the islands that it's a creation of the Syndicate; and if that is not the case, it should be, because the style is *mafioso moderne*. One of the two casinos masquerades as a white Moorish mosque, topped by a snowball dome filigreed with huge gold squiggles; and the International Bazaar, after greeting you with a 30-foot ceremonial torii gate (Japan's rather imposing version of the welcome mat), leads you through 18 acres of traditional Old World neighborhoods —Oriental, Spanish, Scandinavian and Middle Eastern—that abut in ways as incongruous as you might imagine and offer for sale an alarming variety of imported objects. In Freeport, it is very easy to forget that the ocean exists.

Many people believe—or fear—that Paradise Island and Freeport are, for the Bahamas, the future revealed. It's become a serious political issue. In a vote last September, the government of Lynden O. Pindling, the islands' first black prime minister, won a strong vote of confidence by promising independence from Britain by July 1973; and everyone is wondering very hard how independence will affect the tourist trade and land development—which count as the Bahamas' two main industries. Pindling says he wants to expand tourism slowly and carefully, in ways that let more natives taste the profits—and without turning the islands into a vast balmy amusement park. He has said he'd rather see the Bahamas revert to a fishing economy than become a tourist trap controlled by absentee owners. It's a fine plan—if you're not a foreign investor waiting to pounce—but it's also true that the Bahamas' only real chance to prosper in the immediate future is to keep going on down the tourist road. So it's finally only a question of who owns the bulldozers and how tastefully they are driven.

In the meantime, there are still the Out Islands, touched lightly or not yet at all by the clouds of apocalyptic free enterprise in the air. Their time will come, but right now only 15 are even barely ready to take on the tourist trade. Several of them—Bimini, Andros, Abaco, Eleuthera, Exuma, the Berrys, Long Island and Cat Cay—are serviced by daily flights from Nassau and Miami. But the airstrips are sometimes gravel and cut *just* long enough, and the terminals are usually tiny brick depots that look like dusty drive-in banks stuck in the wrong incarnation. From them, wonderful wrecks posing as taxicabs—pained old Impalas and strung-out '63 Pontiacs and an occasional senile Cadillac limo paying for sins unknown—take you rattling through the wilds down the wrong side of the road to your resort, or to a water taxi that will get you there.

The island you choose depends on what you're into. The differences are sometimes subtle, but they're real. A sample of what's available on the Out Islands follows; for information about accommodations and other islands, see our chart on page 318.

• • •

Bimini is more like a border town than an Out Island. There are actually three islands in the small group, but two don't count. East Bimini is completely empty and South Bimini, gradually losing the decadent glow it had while Adam Clayton Powell held Congress there, is practically that way. North Bimini, a thin 15-mile bacon strip of land, is Bimini.

Cold sober and in broad daylight, it looks a little seedy, and for good reason. It's used hard and well. Only 50 miles to the west is Miami, which sits there just over the horizon like a gigantic steam calliope going full tilt, blasting out rock 'n' roll and vaginal-spray commercials and Johnny Carson—and yachts. Bimini is too close not to tempt every weekend Ahab in Boca Raton, and then there is this: It marks a special spot in the ocean, where the shallows of the Great Bahama Bank meet the deep river of the Gulf Stream. To most people this is not overwhelming news, but it is to fishermen, because the meeting makes it one of the best salt-water fishing spots in the world. Record blue marlin, dolphin, tuna and shark have been dragged frantic and thrashing out of the Gulf Stream here, and, in the flats to the east, fly-fishermen in flat-bottomed skiffs cast like jewelers at spooky gray shadows called bonefish, skittish inedible ghosts that fight like Saturday night at the roadhouse when they realize their error.

If there's no yacht in your life, you can get there, as I did, on Chalk's International Airlines, which flies full-bellied amphibious Grummans out of Miami, an enjoyable silly experience in itself: You climb into this little sheet-metal plane with two facing Naugahyde benches instead of seats. It then waddles down into the channel of the causeway —you quickly realize you're riding inside a duck that has swallowed a portion of subway car—the pilot flips on the windshield wipers (yes), the engines rev, spray flies and the plane strains reluctantly upward, webbed feet kicking like mad. Half an hour later, it plops down into the bay formed by North and South Bimini, struggles up onto a landing strip no bigger than a basketball court, shakes its ass and lets you out.

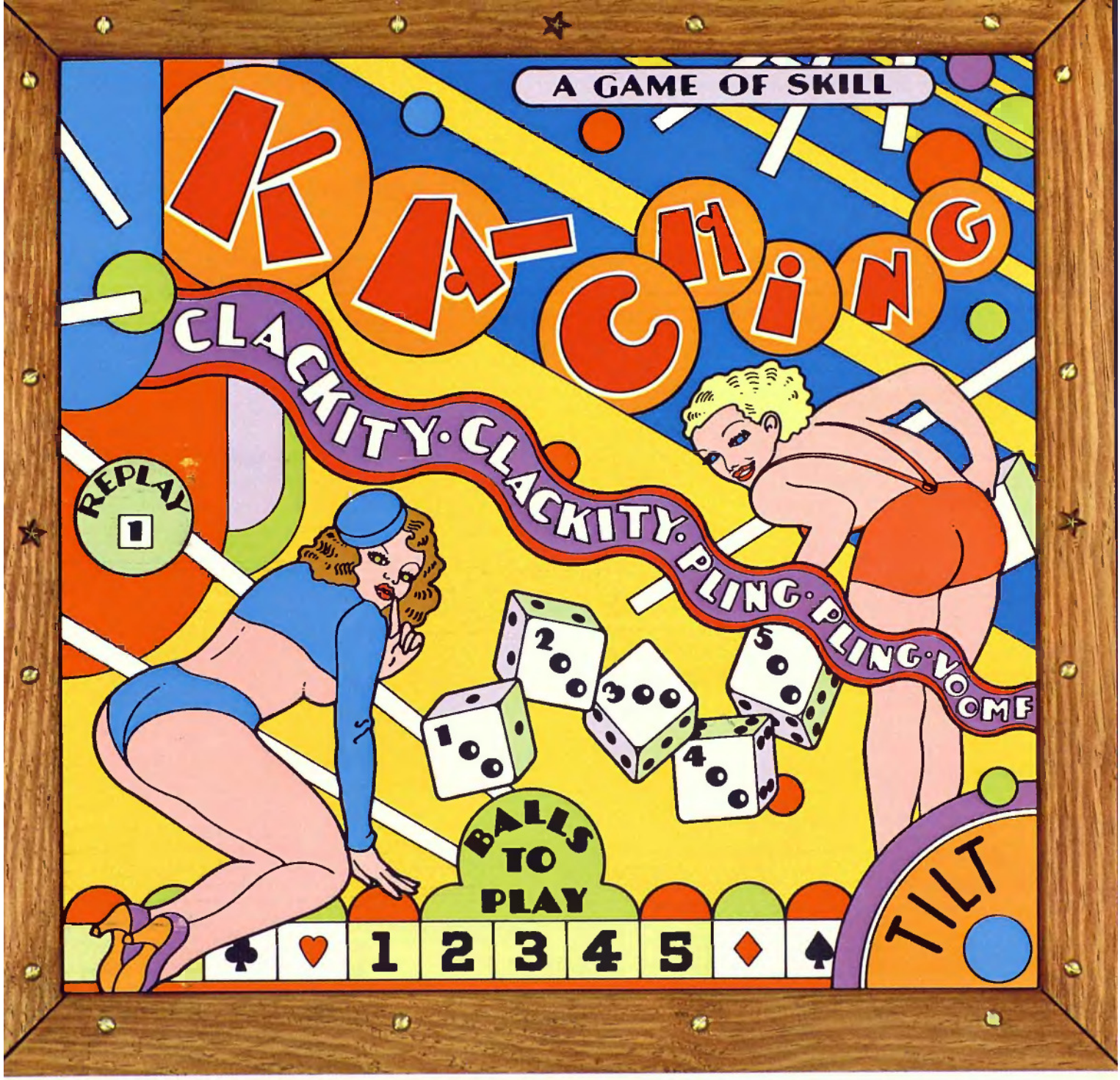
The landing lot marks the south edge of Alice Town, which is strung for two miles like cubist beads along both sides of a narrow two-lane blacktop called, naturally, King's Highway. Heading north, you pass the End of the World Bar, a concrete-block bomb shelter that dispenses whiskey 24 hours a day and looks even at noon like an invitation to a knife fight. But every border town has a few of those, and not far beyond is Brown's, the collegiate hangout on the island, a plain smudged-looking hotel and bar where nothing more dangerous goes down than some exuberant carnal knowledge primed with beer.

On the afternoon I got there, I finally spotted Margaret, my wise and enduring wife, coming toward me in front of Brown's. She'd beaten me to Bimini by two days and was just recovering from a week of raving Democrats and brilliant drunken journalists in Miami. As we walked, she pointed left up the road to our hotel, a clean jumble of white frame and gables, a New England seacoast mansion built with no winters in mind. The Compleat Angler has been housing serious fishermen for 30 years, with proud yellowing pictures of remarkable catches framed on the walls to prove it —if the sailfish also hanging there, angry and fine even in stuffed death, fail to make the point. You can practically hear the solemn old lies that hover around the small bar, and it makes you think more highly of Hemingway when you learn that he lived here while writing part of *To Have and Have Not*.

Bimini is loaded with Hemingway lore, and a chief source of it, we found later that evening, is Neville Stuart. He is now in happy semiretirement as the owner of the Anchors Aweigh Club. Years ago, he opened The Bimini Big Game Fishing Club—a hotel and marina for *really* serious fishermen, now expanded and owned by Bacardi—and organized the first sizable fishing tournaments on Bimini. He can't fish anymore, because he has only one kidney, but after a couple of whiskey sours, he isn't beyond telling stories of the days when he could. To my tin Ohio ear, his accent sounded like a warp of British English in losing battle with strange tropical forces, but the stories we could understand were good. And the wine was cold. Nicest was the story about Hemingway the rumrunner, in Bimini loading up croaker sacks with bottles of liquor and rigging them to float in one spot, then running at night in the Pilar close to the Florida coast, where he'd dump them overboard and go check in clean and smiling at Customs. Next morning early he'd collect the croaker sacks and then head conspicuously for Key West: another thing done because it was There.

After dinner with Stuart, who couldn't be bothered to eat—there was too much to tell—we excused ourselves to go wander

(continued on page 314)



PIN-BALL

of honky-tonks, whores and gaudy machines that taught about life at a nickel a pop

memoir **By MARSHALL FRADY**

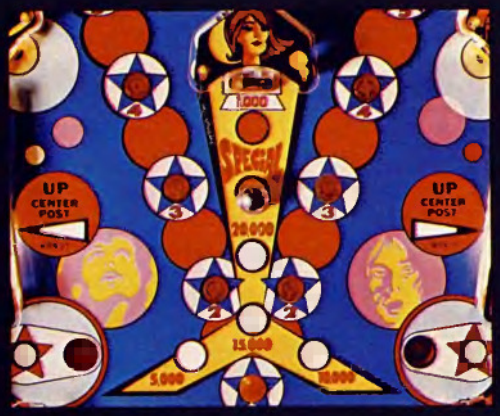
NO DOUBT FOR ALL MEN since Cain, the first true tastings of life have blurted to the palate of innocence coarsely, rank and violent as new garlic. I suspect that one of the common events in the private unarticulated history of my own generation, growing up during the Fifties in the fluorescent beginnings of the shopping-center civilization, was that we tended to come by those rude musks of experience by way of playing pinball machines—much as poolrooms once served the boyhood seasoning of our fathers. In America's lost age of villages, even in the most meager and grimly prim township could be found at least one pool hall, unobtrusive on a dirt side street, with a kind of sleazy indestructibility, a solitary quality of being one great gong of time older than all the trim white churches, the banks, the schools, the flags. It shared this peculiar primeval authenticity with only one other place in town, the jail. In fact—aside from such trivial tokens of freedom in the poolroom as half pints sagging lumpily in hip pockets, a petty interchanging of linty wadded dollar bills and the idle clack and murmur of cue balls—the interiors of the two places were virtually indistinguishable. There was the same mute stalking and pacing of derelict figures under wanly glaring light bulbs, in a muggy lassitude of tedium faintly sour with the brutal swelter of *(text continued on page 164)*

Three basic flipper machines in current or recent production: All are available from local distributors, as explained in the text beginning overleaf.

Bally's consummately subtle Fireball is possibly the finest flipper machine ever produced. Alas, it's out of production now, but used models are available for around $800.

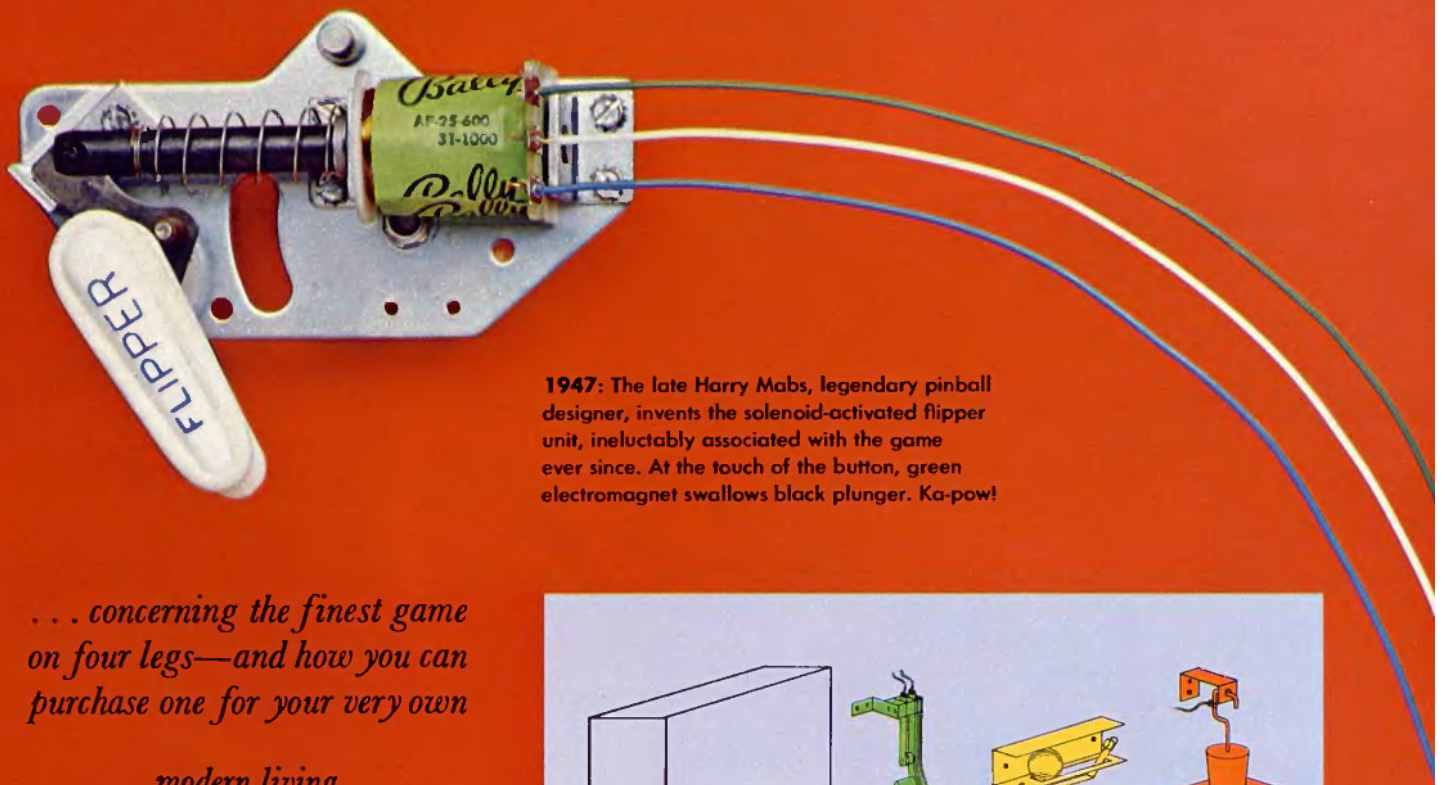
Super Star, a one-player machine from Williams, features knockdown target hiding hole that offers up to 20,000 points, plus possible free games. New one-player machines sell for around $695, used models for less, depending on condition.

Gottlieb's two-player King Kool, an all-time arcade money-maker, boasts four oversized flippers, plus advancing bonus recorded after ball leaves playfield. A new two-player machine costs around $795.



Above the machines: Details from their playfields. Spinning disk at the vital center af Fireball adds chance to what otherwise wauld be entirely a game of skill. Putting ball in either hole (top left or right in Fireball inset) produces an extra boll; hitting white knobs at lower right and left releases captive bolls for points and action. Messenger ball at upper left also releases captives, returning one for reshooting. Blue knob closes flippers, white knobs open them. A machine you've got to play to get into. In the drop-target area of Super Star, rolling aver numbered buttons in order lights concealed hole for free games. King Kool's advancing bonus array is o clever means of mollifying failure. Bonus award increases during play and scores after ball disappears.

Great Moments in Pinball History



1947: The late Harry Mabs, legendary pinball designer, invents the solenoid-activated flipper unit, ineluctably associated with the game ever since. At the touch of the button, green electromagnet swallows black plunger. Ka-pow!

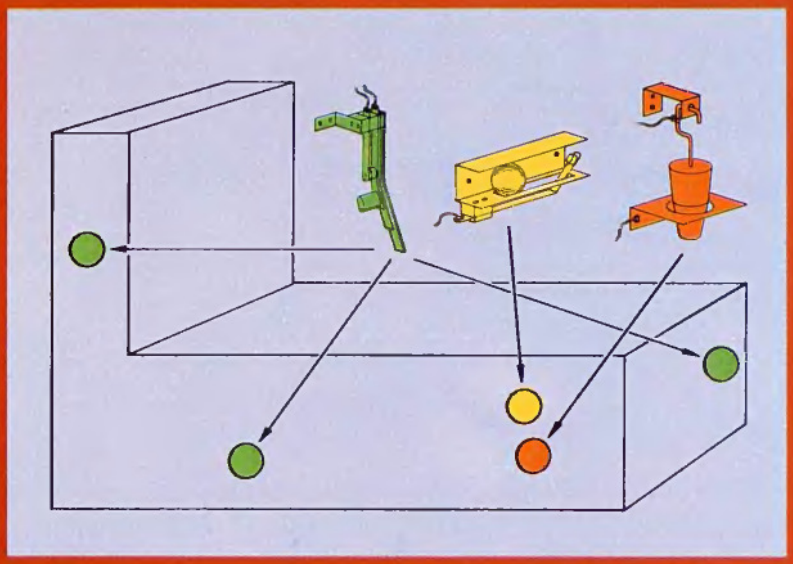
. . . concerning the finest game on four legs—and how you can purchase one for your very own

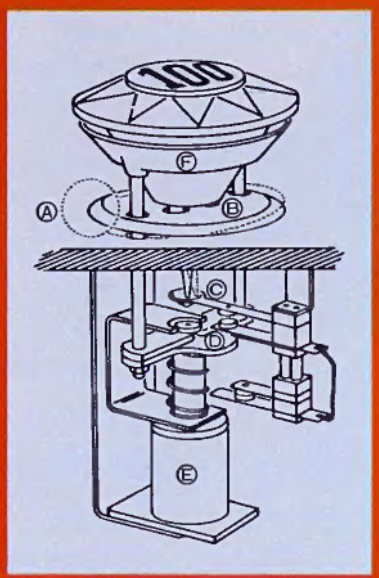
modern living

By MICHAEL LAURENCE

DESPITE ALL THE BLATHER about airplanes and racing cars, the ultimate commingling of man and machine still takes place at the silk-smooth flipper buttons of a well-tuned pinball machine. No other human endeavor so involves skills of mind and body with the challenging intricacies of a mechanical toy. Nowhere else are the rewards as rich, the sorrows as devastating. Except for its ability to preoccupy for hours or even days at a time, pinball playing could be compared to making love. Both acts are sources of a pleasure better experienced than described. Both improve with practice and respond to innovation. And both can prove satisfying day after day for an entire lifetime, as refinements in technique supplant flagging desire and increasing familiarity.

Not surprising, when you think about it. While not as old as lovemaking itself, pinball far preceded airplanes, automobiles or other mechanical gadgets through which men express themselves. The contemporary pinball machine had its ancestor in the bagatelle board, a billiardlike gaming device whose origins are lost in antiquity. The first literary reference to pinball—in chapter 14 of *Pickwick Papers*—mentions one of these: Members of the Pickwick Club visited the *(continued on page 260)*





1935: A banner year for pinball innovation. Electronic anti-tilt devices eliminate brawn as a play factor; solenoid-powered kicker units add action. Sketch of contemporary machine (above) shows design and placement of anti-tilt devices. Plumb bob (in red) is positioned near left flipper button; machine tilts when plumb hits metal ring. Moral: Nudge the machine with your right hand. Ball-in-channel device (yellow), also located at left, tilts if machine is raised. No putting bricks under the front legs. Anti-slam devices (green) protect against hard knocks. Left: The modern thumper-bumper unit is a model of electronic simplicity. Ball Ⓐ hits ring Ⓑ connected to pylan Ⓒ closing contacts Ⓓ activating solenoid Ⓔ, which pulls down ring Ⓕ. Ka-chunk!

1862: Union Army suffers staggering defeat at Bull Run, while President Lincoln plays pinball. Rodents at lower left—and players' scruffy beards—typify the sleaziness with which pinballing was once assaciated. But no mare. Faatball is now the sport of Presidents, but Beautiful People still prefer pinball. Ka-ching!

1930: D. Gottlieb's Baffle Ball, the first mass-marketed pinball machine, paid the rent for a generation of Depressian-era barkeeps. Plink, plink.

1933: The intraduction of electricity opens limitless pinball horizons. Electranic technology developed rapidly and extensively during the late Thirties but has still nat been fully explaited. Zap!

1973: Tomarrow's pinball? Sea Hunt, by Allied Leisure Industries, gives illusian of underwater play. Matar-cycle grips activate flippers and shake mirrored playfield. Glug, glug.

1937: A year writ larger than life an the mnemonic backboard of a generation of pinballers. On December fourth, Western Equipment and Supply Company, naw defunct, introduces Aksarben (that's Nebraska spelled backward)—featuring the addictive allure of free games. To the subjective rewards of five well-played balls, add positive reinforcement and delayed gratification. Thwack, thwack!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CRAIG
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

PINBALL

(continued from page 159)

weary but unflagging human quick, enclosed in bare glum walls scribbled over with an infinity of graffiti. For a youth from the genteel and circumspect neighborhoods in town, where on sunny Saturday mornings the careful measured cadences of piano lessons gusted lightly from front-parlor windows, the pool hall was a clandestine entry into the darker, measureless labyrinth of his more ancient and elemental legacy as a man, the local depot beyond which lay those unknown primordial regions of mortality.

In my own case, as a Baptist minister's son in a small Georgia city, I grew up in a world I now remember as an endless recurrence of luminous chaste Sunday mornings, ethereal hymns and an abiding chill mustiness, like old roses in stale water, of implacable rectitudes and decorums abstracted beyond the senses, away from the earth. And it was not pool tables but pinball machines that acted, obliquely, as the medium of translation out of that nebulous, cauled boyhood. Augusta was not only aboriginally and incorrigibly a river city, enduring rowdiness lurking below municipal sedateness, but it had also acquired an Army base on its outskirts, a conjunction of circumstances that made it prime turf in pinball geography, multiplying one more time what had already been a clamorous extravagance of honky-tonks and other covert retreats—rather barbarous territory altogether, suggesting some remote metropolitan reservation for sullen half-tamed Anglo-Saxons from the surrounding piny gnat-shimmering flatlands. So the frontier edge of that larger ultimate continent of experience turned out to be a dingy nether region of old gas stations and cinder-block roadhouses—dumpy back rooms bare as a penitent's cell, where one found the serious machines, with that plain cigarette-scorched, slightly dilapidated look of authenticity, on which free games meant money, not just replays. There, sometime around 12 or 13, it was as if I were hung for a year in a single changeless pose, arms spread to grip the edges of the machine like a pulpit, in an urgent lean of supplication before an illuminated board furiously and unintelligibly pinging and chattering. And illustrated—like a primitive talisman of the essential sensuality of all gambling—with exuberantly livid comic-book visions of a race of identically glad and opulent females in bathing suits, arrayed over an anonymous palmed beach under a tropical moon, all of them strenuously frolicking around windows of numbers, the crosshatched cryptograms of whimsical and inscrutable chance.

Entreating those static, blankly festive nymphs of luck, it's also possible that the body—engaged, with urgent tugs and hip nudgings, in a tensed and delicate interplay with the elusive drift and swoop of the ball—began to pick up, like dim signals of another intelligence, the first smoldering premonitions of the heft and play of pleasuring a woman. It was, along with everything else, most assuredly a gently dynamic intercourse of kinetics, involving a fine elegance of watchwork movements, thoughtless subtle reactions, a body wit of discreet and infinitely varied syncopations. Some veterans of the machines allege that no one who has arrived at a deft rapport with pinball has ever wound up dull in the leg clasp of woman. But that poses the prospect that a number of artisans might pass the rest of their lives trying to discover some palpable materialization of those vivid beach sirens imprinted on glass, always with an obscure anticipation that, through the same heatless fierce exercise of precision in bed, some ultimate mystic board of their own lives will suddenly erupt in lights and bells and free games.

In any event, in those dank cement back rooms, blearily lit by the flickering glare of icy neon tubes, one had a rudimentary apprenticeship in the immemorial mysteries of the race: lust, lonesomeness, obsession, risk, defeat; but also indefatigable hope and belief. What lent this apprenticeship its particular dark and tawdry glamor of the illicit was, more than anything else, the places where one ventured to play the machines. Across the river in South Carolina, there was a certain roadhouse tucked away in pines, reached by a long and viciously gullied dirt road that plunged, unmarked, off the highway, trailing weedily through a cow pasture, through nighttime whiffs of sweet dew and manure, distant disembodied lowings and moans. It was a plain harsh cracker-box building, adorned by a single neon Pabst sign, constructed seemingly in one swift ragged fit of carpentry out of raw yellow-pine planks. Inside, there still lingered a wild tang of pine resin, along with a savage mildew tinge of whiskey and vagrant nuances of vehemently sweet female perfumes—making up a kind of musk that will forever remain, for me, the incense of prodigality. On weekends here occurred all manner of mayhem, this site having somehow become appointed by the countryside as the ritual ground for the resolution of elemental scores: a muttered insupportable affront in a café two weeks earlier or a yellow-haired wife who had honky-tonked one time too many. Such matters were taken care of here in a kind of common sacrament of retribution, which usually began inside with a sudden clatter of chairs and a climactic exultant howl and bellow of voices, continuing outside in the deep summer night with a fitful, wordless scuffling in the gravel parking lot, bodies clumping against pickup-truck fenders, maybe a quick glint of knife blades, sometimes a few blue gunshots.

Playing the machines that stood off in a corner of that low catacomb-dark room, I had seen several times a closed door at the rear, edged with a thin stenciling of light like a tin slide slipped over a lantern pane, behind which intermittently heaved a vague muffled uproar like the sound of surf on a distant shore. Then one Saturday night, the door briefly opened. There was a momentary glimpse, no longer than the dazzling flash of a few frames of film, of smoke gauzing sluggishly under hooded lights, a soft glittering of amber drinks, a single flicker of white dice across a brilliant green-felt tabletop around which moved a slow luxurious eddy of expensively preened people, among them a tall, gaunt woman in an iridescent emerald gown, poised slightly off-tilt with her mouth open in hectic oblivious laughter. I recognized her, after the door had shut again, as my second-grade music teacher—known to me, up to this instant, only as a tenuous presence in drizzling February afternoons past, a lank and gawky figure in drab sagging woolens, usually smudged in eraser dust, who lived, unmated, in a shuttered antebellum hulk with several sour female collies and an unmowed yard. Now, in one quick glimpse, she had startlingly and surrealistically metamorphosed. Attached to her was an anonymous plumpish man with thinning sandy hair and whiskey-scorched cheeks who was wearing a glazed grin, one small dainty hand spread against her flank. But in that second the door had been open, it seemed she had glanced at me—had seen me, out in the dark blind deeps of that other room, standing solitary in the lurid nickelodeon glow of the pinball machine—but without recognition, or rather, with an idle and totally different kind of recognition, her eyes bright and avid and ecstatic, a rapid and incidental glance that nevertheless communicated some stunning rumor of other unsuspected galaxies. (Only a few months later, after the roadhouse owner got a call one Saturday sundown apprising him that four carloads of state lawmen were headed his way from Columbia, the place vanished, in about 15 minutes, in a sudden roar and glare of flames.)

By accident—or perhaps not so much by accident—one tended to come by such peripheral epiphanies wherever one went to shoot the machines. One summer evening, at the back of a drive-in

(continued on page 241)

IN FRONT OF GOD AND EVERYBODY

wearing a ratty bathrobe, singing a joyful song and bearing gifts from afar, you slouch into bethlehem trying to con the parole board—to make them believe that you've got religion till you just can't stand it

article BY DONN PEARCE

CHRISTMAS WAS COMING. And so was the pageant. And so was my solo bass-baritone role as Melchior. For I was about to become an Oriental king.

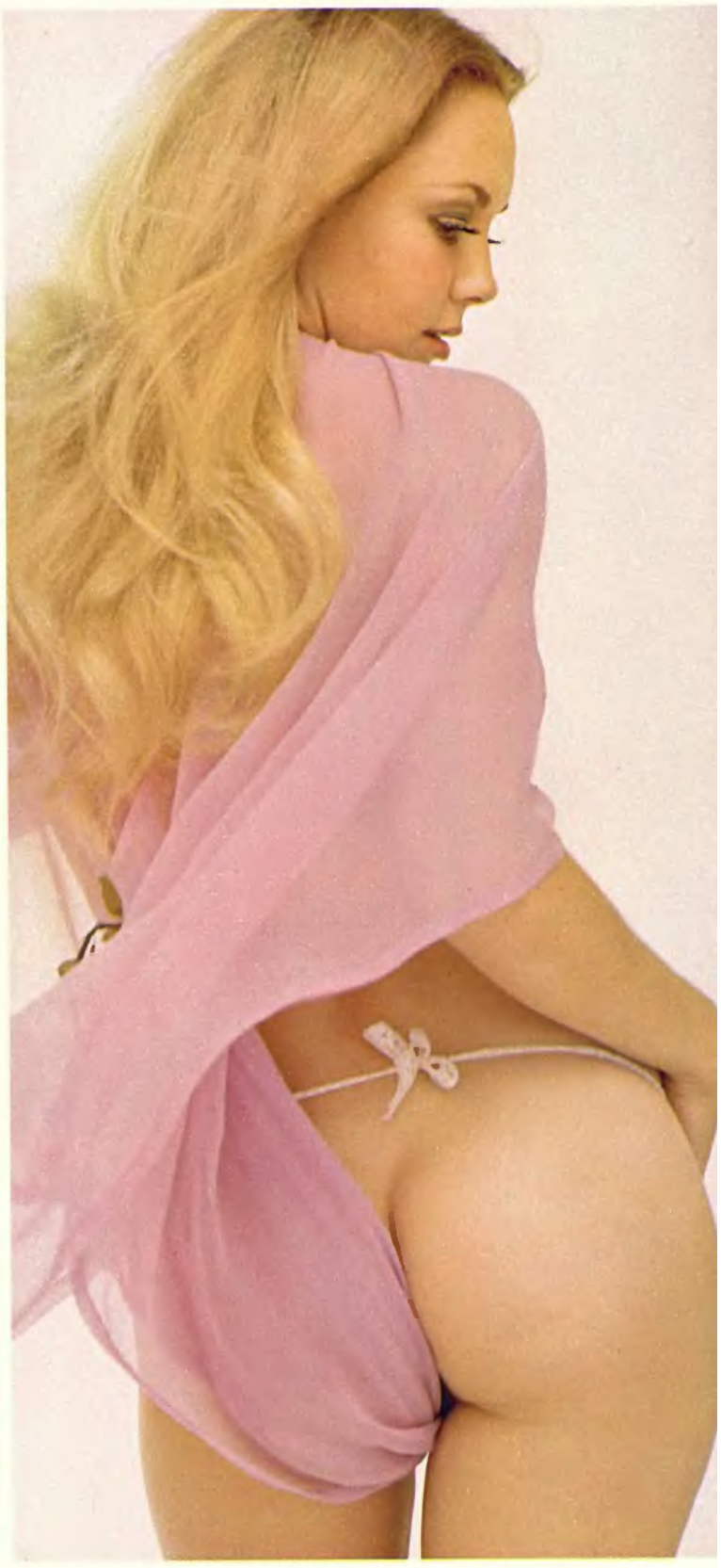
Every evening for two weeks, we were turned out of our cells and taken up to the auditorium. It was all showbiz. Set designers hammered, singers practiced, the narrator tested the mike and rehearsed his lines. The guys in the band tootled a little and banged around, down from their bennies and very low, sheepish, a little embarrassed. There were lumber, sheet music, a hot plate brewing coffee in a tin can. There was also an enlarged choir, new members recruited to expand the ranks. But one of the new ones was Svengali, the creep with the long black hair slicked down flat and greasy and with extremely bulged eyes, which indicated brain tumors or severe schizophrenia or some primordial evil no one could name. His head hung forward as though his neck were broken and those *(continued on page 200)*

December Playmate Mercy Rooney and fellow Bunny Niki Chin decorate the Los Angeles Playboy Club for Christmas. Mercy became a full-time Bunny in March but has recently started working just a few nights a week so she'll have time for her new acting career. "The Club is great about letting you work when it's convenient."

MERCY, MERCY!

bunny-playmate mercy rooney—a neophyte rodeo fan—has her hopes for the future riding on an acting career

SHE LIVED on a New Jersey farm until she was six years old, and her fondness for the country life and animals lingered long after her family's move from the East to Los Angeles; so it was logical, when Mercy Rooney saw a rodeo last summer, that she'd fall in love with it. Here's how it happened: "I was deeply involved in clothes designing for a couple of years, and eventually I began to specialize in leather. Through a series of contacts, I agreed to



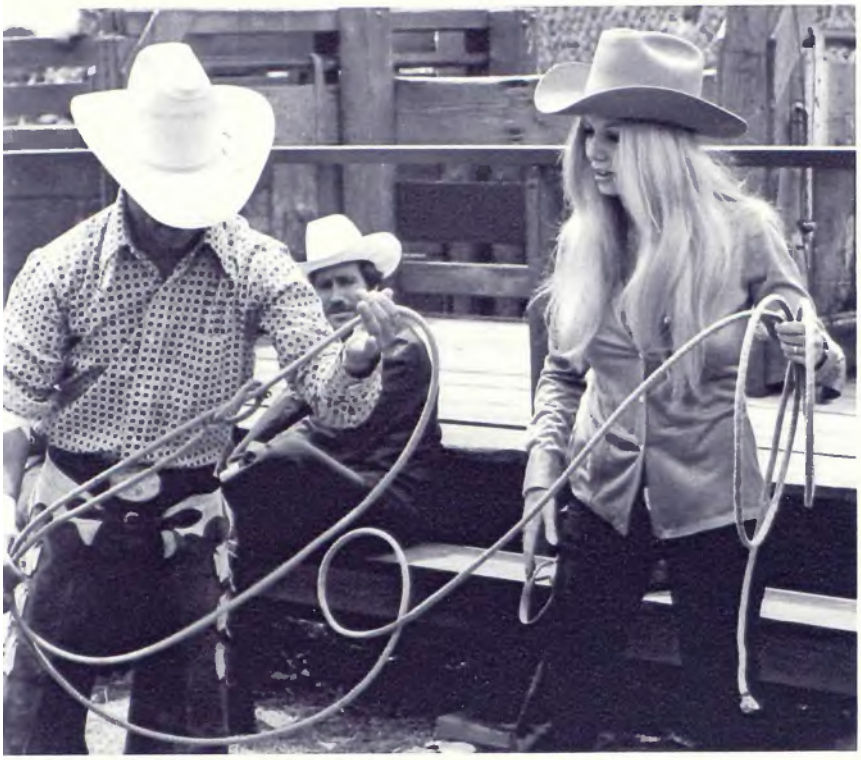
do some leatherwork for rodeo contestants and decided I should go see a rodeo myself in order to get an idea of how the clothes should function." She got the chance a short time later, driving north along the California coast to the vegetable valleys around Salinas, where a major rodeo was being held. Everything about it impressed her: the spectacle, the crowds, the athletes and their ladies, and she formed some interesting perceptions about the sport. "Most people think of rodeo as man conquering beast—men riding bulls, roping calves, that kind of thing. That's not it at all. Rodeo is actually man conquering his *own* body, being able to control it and make it work the way he wants it to. The real pros are very disciplined people; with discipline comes skill, and that's what makes the whole thing a treat for fans. Riding rodeo is a beautiful, graceful art when a person's really good at it." During the Salinas event, Mercy met somebody who's probably as good at it as anyone ever gets: five-time all-round champion

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

Bottom: An accomplished clothes designer, Mercy especially enjoys working with leather. "At one point in my life, I designed leather wardrobes. I don't do it as much now. There's just not enough time."

Larry Mahan. "Larry and I became great friends. He's simply tremendous to watch and he let me see the whole thing from the chutes area. I liked being right down there with the dirt kicked in the air, flying in your face, and the animals lunging so close that you have to jump for a fence to get out of their way." Mahan and his colleagues enjoyed Mercy's visit at least as much as she enjoyed being there. Asked about the reaction when she appeared on the scene, Mahan says, "I recollect hearing quite a few 'Good God A'mightys!' And one of my friends

said to me, 'We gotta get her out of here. I can't concentrate on my horse.'" When she isn't distracting rodeo performers, Mercy lives a busy life in Los Angeles, following a schedule that divides time between Bunnying at the L.A. Club and returning to an acting career that she had pursued after high school, then capriciously dropped for a couple of years. "I'm back in acting school and working hard at it. I guess I quit before because I just had too many things going. I was designing full time, I managed a chain of design shops for a while, then became a Bunny, too. Now I'm working at the Club only three nights a week so I'll have time to take some classes and audition for parts. I've done some TV already—*The Tonight Show*, *Laugh-In* and several commercials. This time, I plan to keep acting until I meet *the* man, retire to a ranch and raise animals. But that figures to be in the very distant future." Her rodeo friends are certain that Mercy will find what she wants. Says Larry Mahan, "Mercy's gonna be a very successful young lady in this little ol' thing we call life."



Mercy's leather-clothing clients have included some top rodeo performers, and when she heard that a rodeo was coming to Salinas, she drove up to see them at work. She gets a rope-twirling lesson from Alvin Deal (above) and talks with close friend Larry Mahan (below left), a five-time rodeo champion. Later (below right), she watches Mahan take a ride for some prize money.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Following the rodeo, Mercy finds a secluded place and (above) shows her own riding form. Later, she drives back to Los Angeles, where she's scheduled for work that night at the Club (below). A member of the Bunnyettes, who sing, dance and introduce the Playroom entertainment, Mercy gives one of the group's routines a ten-gallon twist.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Honey," said the bride to the groom on their wedding night, "I have something to confess. I was once a topless dancer."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the husband. "Not that! I honestly think I'd rather have married a girl who'd been a prostitute."

"You do? Well, there's another thing. . . ."

Our West Coast scout has reported that an updated version of *Cinderella* is under consideration in Hollywood: Her coach turns into a pumpkin and the next day two people are looking for her—the prince and Ralph Nader.

Following a record number of deaths in a brief period, a huge nervous crowd had formed in front of the pearly gates for examination as to acceptance or rejection. Suddenly, an angel at the gates said something into a gold megaphone and a roar of approval and a burst of cheering swept through the people. "What did he say?" asked a fellow at the rear of the crowd.

"I'm not positive," whispered his neighbor, "but I think screwing out of wedlock no longer counts."

And then there was the plaster-casting groupie who spent the night with Mick Jagger, and so had the opportunity to cast the first Stone.

Perhaps you've heard about the genetics genius who crossed an elephant with a floozy and produced a two-ton pickup.

A teenaged mock-government week in the state capital had featured more sex than seriousness. When one of the male participants returned home, his mother asked him what his particular project had been. "It was a battle for legislative committee posts, Mom," he replied. "There was a nice little split in the opposition—and, well, I managed to get my member in."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Copenhagen skin-flick actor* as a prone Danish.

Take your glasses off, Armand," the girl demanded. "They're tearing my stockings!"

"Better put them back on," she giggled a few seconds later. "You're kissing the shag rug!"

And just what was the extent of the defendant's amorous involvement?" asked the attorney during a paternity trial.

"Well, from what I could see," replied the shapely plaintiff, "I'd say seven inches, tops."

A man went into a bar and ordered a beer. After he'd been served, he reached into his breast pocket and lifted out a perfectly formed little figure four inches tall. Then he produced a thimble. "A beer for my friend here, too," he requested, "and go easy on the head."

"Is he for real?" asked the bartender.

"He is," said the man.

"Can he talk?" persisted the bartender.

"He can," replied the man. "George," he went on, "tell this chap about the time we were on that expedition and you called the witch doctor a black son of a bitch."

His kookie French mistress, George Sand,
Kept "Fingers" Chopin well in hand
By suggesting to Fred:
"If you knock off for bed,
You can bang me instead of your grand!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *self-control* as being able to recall the plot of a drive-in movie.

Hello, darling," breathed the obscene phone caller. "If you can guess what's in my hand, I'll give you a piece of the action!"

"Listen, schmuck," replied his target, "if you can hold it in one hand, I'm not interested."

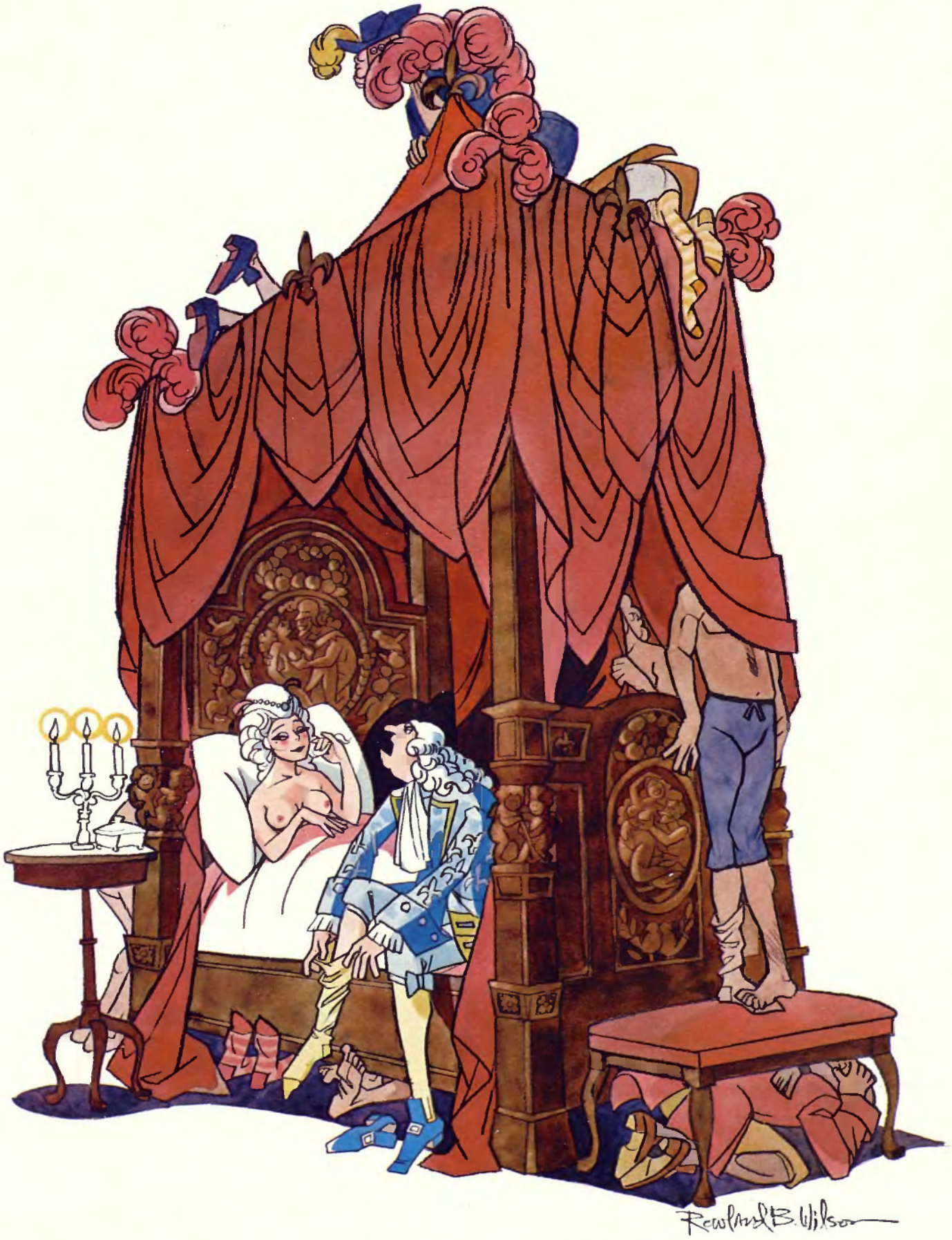
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay trumpet player* as a tutti-frutti.

A young American businessman visiting Tokyo knew no Japanese, but he nevertheless managed to persuade an attractive girl who spoke no English to accompany him to his hotel room. He felt proud of his prowess as the girl kept exclaiming, "*Nachigai ana!*" with considerable feeling during the sex act.

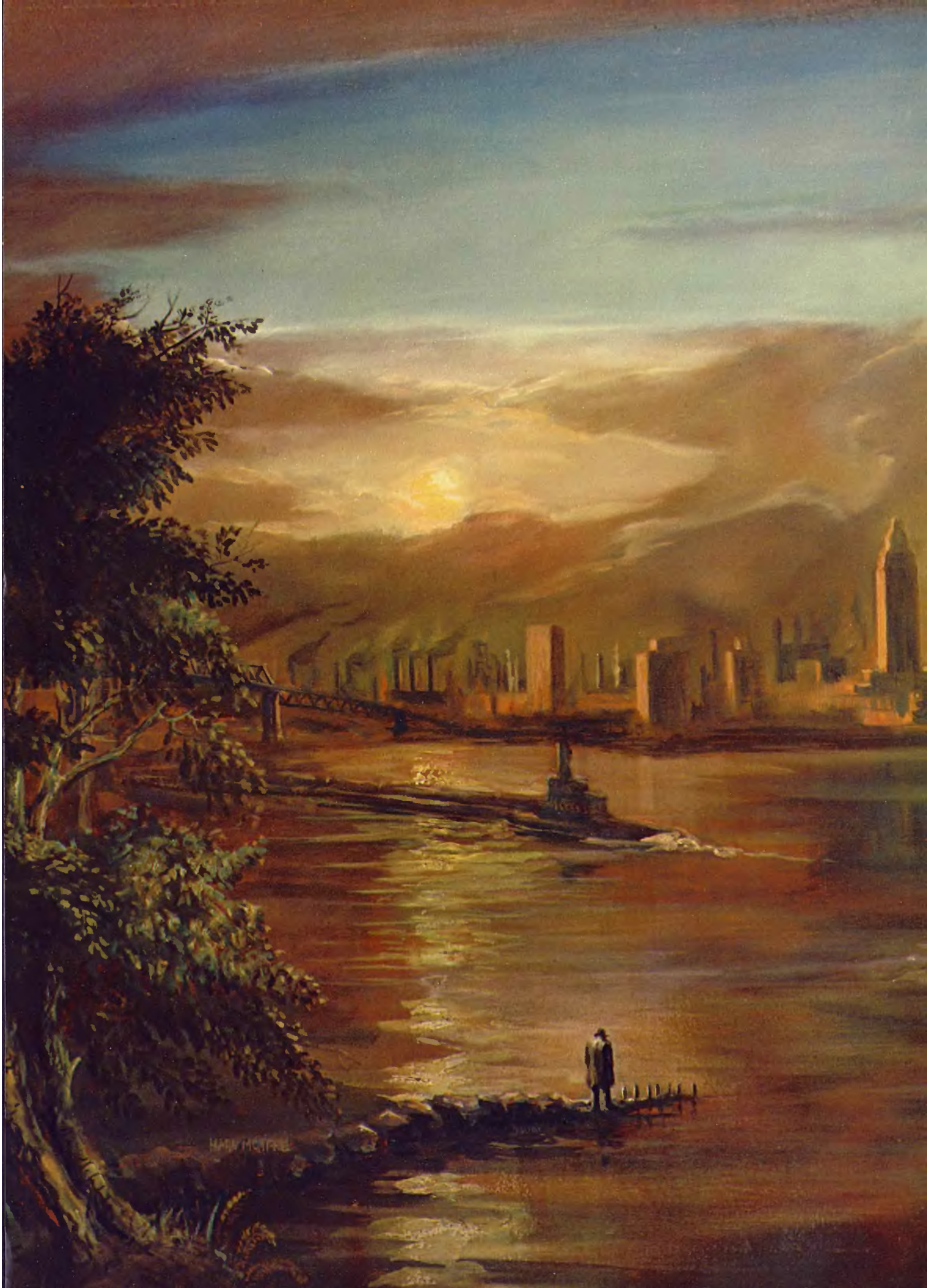
The following afternoon, he played golf with a prominent Japanese industrialist. When the latter happened to score a hole in one, the American decided to make some intercultural brownie points by shouting, "*Nachigai ana! Nachigai ana!*" at the top of his voice.

The industrialist turned slowly and fixed him with a penetrating stare. "What you mean—the wrong hole?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Sometimes, Marie, I think you take the title Louis the Sixteenth too literally."



OF TIME AND THE RIVER: All who have sought the Mississippi have found something more, have found their own sources and outlets, as if the river were a god or the oracle of a god. Mark Twain as Huck Finn, on the church of his raft: "It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking aloud, and it warn't often that we laughed—only a little kind of a low chuckle." T. S. Eliot, St. Louis boy Englishing his childhood awe: "I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river / Is a strong brown god. . . ." William Carlos Williams, tough baby doctor sprawling loose before the New World, the New World for him a goddess in wondrous bloody lust baiting priapic De Soto: "And in the end you shall receive of me, nothing—save one long caress as of a great river passing forever upon your sweet corse." De Soto's men, fearful that the Indians would discover by their leader's death that he was not the god they thought him to be, cased him like a nut in a hollowed cottonwood log and dumped him into the river, where he perhaps became a snag, became a towhead, became an island midstream and then was duly washed away to the Gulf, detritus of conquest, discoverer dissolved by the flood he discovered, as are we all. No man steps twice into the same river. Not even his own.

I'm wukin' my way back home,
I'm wukin' my way back home,
I'm wukin' my way back home, Baby,
I'm wukin' my way back home.
Timber don't git too heavy fo' me,
An' sacks too heavy to stack,
All that I crave fo' many a long day,
Is yo' lovin' when I git back.

• • •

The Mississippi River drains nearly half the continental United States. Its tributaries head as far east as Pennsylvania and New York, as far north as Minnesota, as far west as the continental divide in Wyoming and Montana. It carries the runoff of 1,245,000 square miles of land into the Gulf of Mexico. If you count the Missouri as its main branch, it is the third longest river in the world; in places, a mile wide and as

THE MISSISSIPPI

article **By RICHARD RHODES**

dammed, leveed, jettied and polluted till huck finn himself wouldn't recognize it, it is still the father of waters

ILLUSTRATION BY MARA MC AFEE

much as 200 feet deep. Muddy, but not so muddy as most of us imagine: Though it annually transports some 400,000,000 tons of silt and gravel downstream, slowly working to level the continent, its volume of water is so tremendous that all those tons of earth represent an average of only 600 parts per million of its total load. That is a tenth of the Missouri River's average. China's Yellow River, by contrast, often carries a weight of earth greater than the weight of its water. In low water, above the mouth of the Missouri at St. Louis, the Mississippi is sometimes as blue as the Danube once was. It is turbid not because of mud but because it carries suspended within it tiny grains of sand that efficiently reflect sunlight on the wave lengths of the human eye.

Nor is the Mississippi busy at delta building, as the Nile was before the High Aswan Dam choked it, as the Tigris and Euphrates are today at the rate of 160 feet a year. The Mississippi's delta forms not outward but downward: Such is the weight of the alluvium it has deposited into the Gulf below New Orleans that it has depressed the earth's crust there, tilting the block of crust downward and uplifting the coastal lands in the state of Mississippi. Numbers can hardly compass the volume of water the Mississippi carries. Banks full, the lower river can handle 1,000,000 cubic feet of water *per second*. By comparison, New York City uses 175,000,000 cubic feet of water *per day*.

It heads in Lake Itasca in northern Minnesota (though some have argued, successfully, I think, that if early explorers had entered the North American continent from the West, they would have counted the headwaters of the Missouri River in Montana as its source—until St. Louis, the Missouri is the longer and more powerful stream). Unlike most rivers, within a few miles of its source the Mississippi begins meandering, wandering back and forth in a pattern dictated by the slope of the land and its composition, a pattern shaped by complicated pressures of water and earth into one of the simplest of all mathematical forms, the sine wave, or connected S curve. It picks up the Wisconsin River —French explorers used the Wisconsin as a short cut to the Mississippi from the Great Lakes—then the Missouri, then the Ohio, the St. Francis, the Arkansas, running full and powerful now, then the Yazoo, then down into the bayou South and past New Orleans and another 100 miles out its three delta passes to the sea. A pantheon of smaller rivers enters it all along its way. It is not the father of waters but the gatherer of waters. From the Appalachians to the Rockies and over into Texas, from the Canadian border to the Gulf Coast, everything that rains from the sky, everything we pour and flush and drain, eventually runs into the Mississippi. The Great Sewer, one early observer named it who saw the dead trees and the black, bloated bodies of drowned buffalo it freighted by. It is the Great Sewer in spades today.

Once it emptied into an ancient river called the Teays. Ice-age glaciers pushed it south, connected it with the Ohio, and it found outlet into a belly of flatland that reaches up almost to St. Louis, the Mississippi embayment, in ages past the farthest inland extension of the Gulf of Mexico. Down the middle of the embayment, down a depressed line of bedrock called the Mississippi Structural Trough that is covered today with an average of 150 feet of alluvial soil, the Mississippi River ran in full course to the sea.

If huge natural forces are gods, the Mississippi is one of our greatest gods, and its mark is on our past. Relic species of fish and wildflowers that are found in the Missouri Ozarks do not occur again until the Appalachians. They are divided from themselves by the river, which also divided the dense forest that once covered Eastern America, the pelt of God, from the prairies and plains of the West. Anonymous Mongolians who crossed the Bering Strait 20,000 years ago and discovered North America first looked at the river through human eyes, stalking mastodon into the embayment out of Ozark hills. It drowned De Soto's corpse and thwarted La Salle's visionary dreams. It defined the Louisiana Purchase for Thomas Jefferson. Lewis and Clark poled it; Zebulon Pike explored its western reaches; it was turnpike and waterway to 19th Century America. Vicksburg's blood ran into it and the blood of Union men.

It nurtured the genius of Samuel Clemens. He returned to it joyfully, as a man returns to an oasis in an ill-favored land. "The Mississippi is well worth reading about," he began *Life on the Mississippi*, in words so understated they hardly make a sound. "It is not a commonplace river, but on the contrary is in all ways remarkable." He was not a man to gush. He saved his emotion for a later moment, when he might explain indirectly what he felt for the river, he who had been a river pilot until the Civil War with its attendant dangers cut short his career: "Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings." Like Huck, he lit out for the Territory, leaving the river behind. For the rest of his life, he struggled with that decision, and more than once its consequences brought him low.

The Mississippi has claimed men's lives, tens of thousands of them: De Soto's was only a marker, after all. Count drowned *voyageurs*, their canoes overloaded with beaver pelts; count keelboat men coursing down drunk from Ohio; count escaping slaves and exploding steamboats and sailors cannoned out of gunboats in the Civil War. Count the victims of the river's huge floods: 330,000 people were rescued from roofs and treetops during the flood of 1927, the flood Herbert Hoover called "the greatest disaster of peacetimes in our history." Count all the dead and you still have not begun to measure the river, but at least you may begin to know it as more than the steadfast Ol' Man of *Showboat* fame.

And know this also about the river: that unlike every other alluvial river in the world, it does not build up the land. The Yellow, the Po, the Nile build valleys to ever-higher elevations by washing the hills where they head into the valleys downstream. The Mississippi does not, because it is so large, because it is so deep. Even its continually changing meanders, once the river has cut through their necks and run on by, fill back in. You can see them from the air all along the embayment, the snaking vines of the past river, memories of past courses solidified into soil as if they never were. The Mississippi is not an American citizen, has not settled here; like an oracle in this also, it is a traveler, it is only passing through.

• • •

Pollution threatens the lower river, pollution from the farms and towns and cities and industrial parks upstream, pollution from 60 refineries and steel mills and chemical plants at Baton Rouge—threatens, potentially, the Gulf of Mexico itself, which may die someday as Lake Erie died—but pollution is not the primary paradox of man's work on the Mississippi. That paradox is subtler, one of first choices and last things. The river must be controlled if people are to live on its vast flood plain. But the river cannot be controlled. Not entirely. The price would be too high and the effects unknown. The river is big as nature itself. That is the paradox, that nature is larger than any man-made controls and includes them.

In Vicksburg, Mississippi, years ago, in grudging response to the flood of 1927, which upset all its calculations, the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers built its Waterways Experiment Station. Civilian engineers had argued successfully that gauging the river, as the Corps had done in the past, wasn't enough to understand it, nor leveeing the river enough to control it: They must model it and try out their works on the models before they

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ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BIDERBOST

the gourmet hunt

if one wished to add the ultimate irony, one might observe that the duke had bitten off more than he could chew

fiction by david ely The disappearance of the Duke of Montguise in Italy caused little concern at first, for it was his custom to travel alone and he rarely bothered to inform anyone of his whereabouts.

As weeks went by, however, troubled looks began to appear on the faces around the tables of the two or three restaurants in Paris where it was still possible for a civilized man to eat a decent meal. Montguise had been absent for longer periods in the past, it was true, and yet his friends were becoming increasingly anxious. To them, Italy was a barbaric land, full of perils. The duke himself was far beyond the age when new adventures could be lightly undertaken. Suppose something happened to him? Not only would that be a personal tragedy, it would be a calamity, for Montguise was in his own person virtually a national monument. He possessed the greatest stomach in France.

He was, that is, the finest of gourmets. Centuries of breeding had been required to produce the fastidiousness of his taste. So keen was his olfactory sense that he could identify any dish merely by its aroma, and from just one mouthful, he could tick off its ingredients not merely in their precise proportion but in their order of admixture as well.

Although he modestly avoided any display of his virtuosity, Montguise had on one famous occasion met the challenge of the Marquis of Degne, who had rashly wagered 50,000 francs that the duke would be unable to determine, from Degne's breath, the courses that Degne had just eaten for dinner that night at Maxim's. Montguise had coolly accepted this dare, and so the two noblemen had squared off as in a duel before a rapt audience in that splendid restaurant, the marquis arrogantly exhaling into the duke's face, while the maître de stood by as judge, a marked menu in his hand. Great was the awe of the onlookers when Montguise not only correctly named all eight courses (in reverse, as he sniffed his way through the various layers of the marquis' glottal emanations) but also criticized the *cervelle de veau en matelote* as being slightly underdone . . . and then calmly proceeded to announce what Degne had eaten for lunch that day.

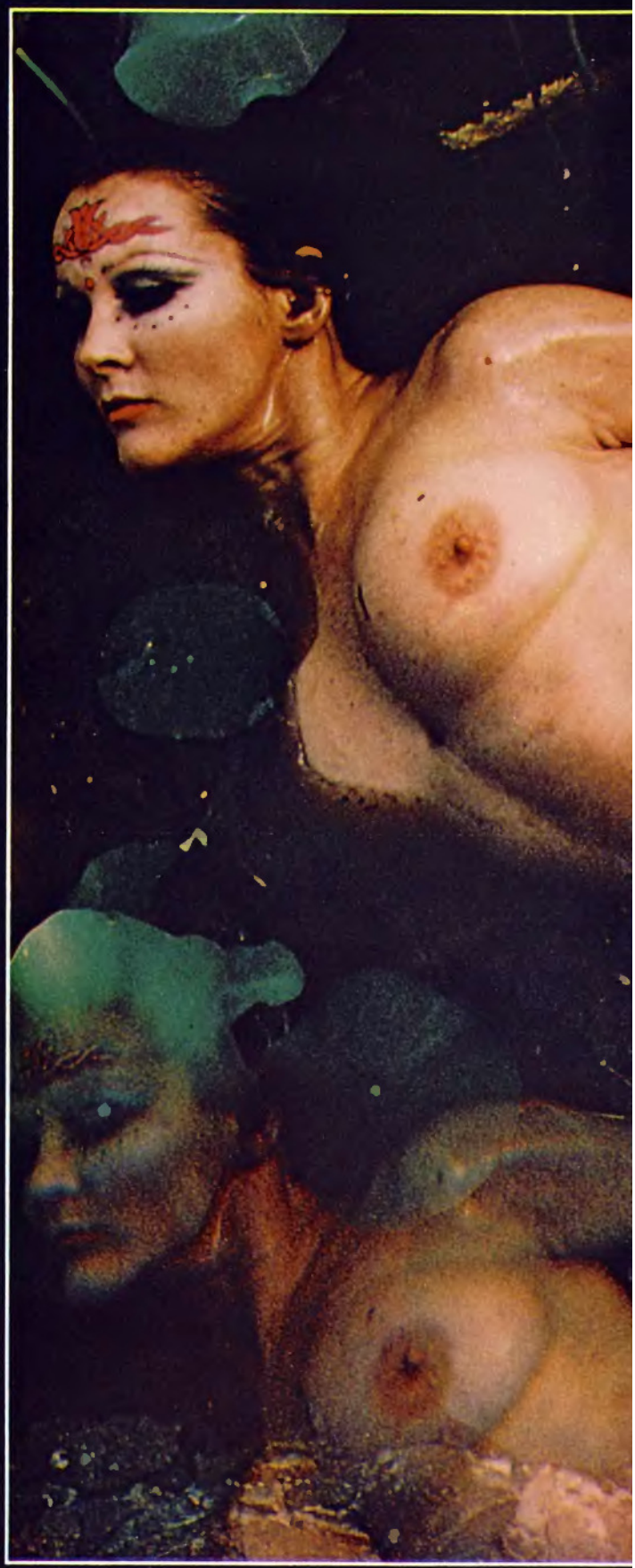
In recent months, the duke had betrayed great uneasiness and gloom. He kept complaining *(continued on page 190)*

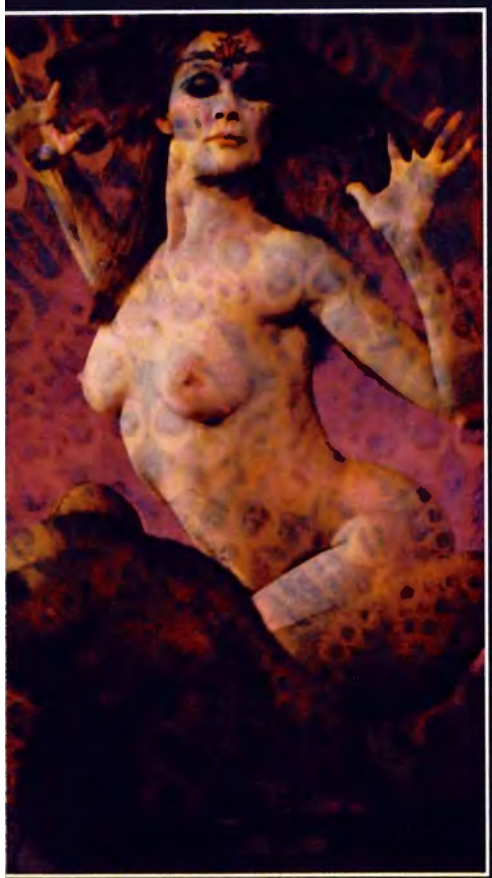
A STARTLING ASTARTE

exclusively for playboy, photographer herbert migdoll captures the joffrey ballet's stunning nancy robinson transformed into her sensuous title role

Aphrodite . . . Venus . . . Ishtar . . . to the ancient Phoenicians, she wos Astarte. Symbol of sex and fertility, lover and destroyer of men, taken by all, owned by none . . . and recently hailed as the potron goddess of women's liberation. But to balletomanes at home and abroad, *Astarte* is the perennial showstopper of New York's hip and venturesome City Center Joffrey Ballet. One London critic called the work "so for out it will meet other ballets coming back," while *New York Times* critic Clive Barnes declared *Astarte* "not only better but far, far sexier" than *Oh! Calcutta!* Company director-choreographer Robert Joffrey says, "Had I done the ballet in 1970, I would have done it nude, but the time was not yet right." Here, with impeccable timing, prima ballerina Nancy Robinson and Herbert Migdoll, Joffrey staff photographer and art director of *Dance* magozine, uncover for PLAYBOY a new, never-before-seen *Astarte*.

First of the multimedio hard-rock ballets—utilizing film and an award-winning score by Crome Syrcus—the Astarte myth became Migdall's mission as he sought to capture "that cool, marble quality" of the goddess depicted in classic Assyrian and Greek sculpture. The lotus emblem on Astarte's brow is an eternal symbol of life seed nourished by water, and Migdall waited months for the rare flora to bloom at Bluebeard's Castle in the Virgin Islands, a somewhat paradoxical site for his photographic essay on a tantalizing Astarte "who springs from the lotus like Botticelli's Venus on the half shell. Nancy was turned on by the setting; she thought the vines were sexy." California beautiful, with a "now" look and outlook that deepen her affinity for contemporary ballet, Nancy felt this new, wild, watery world might provide a wellspring of inspiration for *Astarte*.





A man rises from the audience, moves toward the goddess as if in a trance, strips down to his briefs and takes her. She in turn uses her liberated sexual powers to emasculate him. So goes the onstage version of *Astarte*, a psychedelic sex dream re-created here by Migdall, with Nancy and her partner, Christian Holder, sans costumes. "In performance, I have often wished we were nude," says Nancy, who once thought herself too human and earthly to dance Astarte. "I always begin feeling very celibate. Later, I get quite turned on . . . I feel five or six different ways . . . soft and alluring . . . lustful . . . the crazy kind of feeling, like an orgasm. At the end, I can't talk, or relate to peaple, sometimes far hours." Added to photographer Migdoll's light-show legerdemain inspired by the triumph of *Astarte*, thase wards yield more than a clue to Nancy Robinsan's reputatian as today's most erotic ballerina.

POWER!

answering the questions: who has it? what's it like to have some? what can be done to spread it around? machiavelli was unavailable, so we asked four other guys

ROBERT EVANS

Bob Evans was asked into movies twice, the second time by Darryl Zanuck. He didn't make it as an actor but liked the industry enough to sell his interest in a fashion business for a few million and take an office at 20th Century-Fox. A few years later, he was named head of Paramount. He made more enemies than pictures in Hollywood at first, but then he had a good run of movies. He also has a big house and drives nice cars. His most recent picture is "The Godfather."

WHEN I got this job six years ago, there was a lot of talk about my being "power hungry"—that my motivation was power. You want to know the truth? My motivation was survival in a town that can be the most vicious in the world. The rumors gave me six months before I'd be fired. That didn't bother me much; I don't lack confidence. But my immediate goal was to survive in a business where many people expected me to fall.

By nature, I'm not a corporate animal driven to build an empire. But I am terribly competitive, so I went all out. I was striving for success. I hadn't achieved it. I had achieved a successful position, but I hadn't proved myself in it. Now I have—at least to my own satisfaction. Starting with *Rosemary's Baby, The Odd*

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RALPH NADER

After his wars with G. M. et al., Ralph Nader has decided to take on their strongest and most inviolable ally: Congress. All these crusades have made him one of the most respected figures in the country—especially among the young—but success hasn't spoiled Nader, who is nobody's good-time Charley. He still lives in a rented room, takes the bus and has nothing but contempt for frivolous things like novels and movies. When you're saving the world, there's not a whole lot of time.

OBVIOUSLY, there are many kinds of power—the power of parents over children and clerics over parishioners, for instance. What I'd like to describe is the enormous power this country's largest political and economic institutions hold over all of us. By that I mean primarily the power of corporations, unions and the Federal Government to limit people's options and opportunities, and even their expectations; to change their behavior; to impose penalties on them; and to withhold benefits and rights that should be theirs.

In a complex society, most people fail even to grasp how power is being used against them, much less to do anything about it. How many consumers are aware that every time they pull into a service station they pay an

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ROBERT TOWNSEND

In the world of big business, Robert Townsend is two things: a success and a wise ass. He used his own panache and one of Madison Avenue's memorable slogans ("When You're Only Number Two, You Try Harder") to turn dismally slumping Avis into a profit maker. Then he quit and wrote a book, "Up the Organization," that instructs others in unorthodox management. The book was a huge success—well, a huge seller; most executives still have a secretary answer the phone.

THE TROUBLE with power is that so few people really want it. Ninety-nine employees out of 100 in large organizations are actually after, or will happily settle for, merely the trappings of power—the big office, lots of secretarial help to add to their problems, the limousine, the private parking place, the country-club membership. If you've ever had these trappings, you know they don't provide much real satisfaction. A little, perhaps, but it's pretty shallow, and what it does is interfere with the effective exercise of real power. *Real* power you get by becoming a servant of the people in your organization—not their master, insulated from them by as many hierarchical layers as possible. Real power you get by walking among

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MURRAY KEMPTON

"As a columnist the noblest of us all," William F. Buckley, Jr., once wrote of Murray Kempton, a man with whom he shares few political theories but a long record of iconoclasm. When Kempton appeared regularly in the New York Post, *it was typical of him to defend Carmine De Sapio against the raging reformers—also typical for him to lose the battle. Kempton liked Mayor Wagner's style, of all things, and defends the Mafia as "a league of small enterprisers in a declining industry."*

If power tends to corrupt, the absence of power corrupts absolutely.

—L.B.J. advisor John P. Roche, on Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

MY OWN VIEW, feeble like everything else about me, is that theories of power are more useful to the salesman than to the customer, being generally contrived as hustles by the powerless. Machiavelli's *The Prince* remains the most admired treatise on power; and, naturally, it was the composition of an odd-jobman looking for a grant from the Medicis. The Medicis were not impressed enough to hire Machiavelli, being so much too shrewd to need assistance from the lower classes that, as time went on and they were pretty much down to no power of

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ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

gourmet hunt

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that no true chefs existed any longer and that even at the finest restaurants, the food was just so much swill. "We'll end by starving," he morosely predicted and, in fact, he himself had shed some of his corpulence, although he was still the size of two ordinary men. He announced his trip to Italy as a farewell tour—a farewell not because he was aging but because he was convinced that Italian cooking was about to enter the regions of eternal darkness, under the pressure of commercialization and general ignorance, and he wanted to have one final taste of it. His friends had urged him not to go. If he wanted to enjoy his *melanzane al funghetto* and his *zampone*, why not go to an Italian restaurant in Paris? Montguise had been inflexible. It was one of his dicta that good food did not travel. In order to obtain the full values of his *melanzane*, he would need to hunt it down in its native surroundings (preferably, Calabria), while the *zampone* could be truly savored only in Modena. Eat Italian food in Paris? What nonsense! So, true to his principles, the duke had departed Paris on March third.

"Someone should have gone with him," said the Chevalier Dessoix uneasily, when the month of April had come and gone with no word from the duke. "We should never have allowed him to go off alone." But everyone knew that this would have been impossible. Montguise would not have permitted it. Good manners would have forced him to invite a traveling companion to his table, and this he could not abide. The presence of others at his meals he found noxious, for the aroma of the food they ordered interfered with his appreciation of his own. The exquisiteness of his gustatory apparatus had for some years required him to dine alone and in private rooms, and in these only after they had been thoroughly aired. Even then, the belch of a passer-by in the corridor might be enough to ruin everything.

"At the very least we should have followed him," said Lord Harmsby (who had not permitted a morsel of his native British cooking to pass his lips for 60 years but was still occasionally disturbed by childhood recollections of boiled cabbage). "We should have sent someone on his trail. Just think. What if——" He broke off, distraught, paling above his vichyssoise. His fellow diners manifested similar signs of concern. They all knew the risks Montguise was running. Suppose he had been struck down by a treacherous *cacciucco* or laid low by an insidious *fonduta napoletana*? Worse, suppose he had then fallen into the hands of Italian doctors and—horrible to contemplate—had been confined to a bed in an Italian hospital, too enfeebled to resist the administration of greasy *brodo* and gluey *risotto*?

"It isn't too late," declared Comte DeSalles, pushing aside his *moules au beurre d'escargot* untasted. "I'll go after him myself!" He rose to his feet, his wineglass held high, and the others rose with him, joining him in his pledge. They vowed to go, too—a round dozen of the greatest palates in Europe, all the way from the aged General Saint-Just-Robespierre, who needed two valets to lace him into his corsets each morning, to the young Earl O'Hara of Cork. Graf von Goethe-Weimar was among them, as was the Baron of Battipaglia, and also the ex-heir to a Scandinavian throne who had fled to Paris, a culinary exile, rather than reign and eat fish. There was a moment of solemn dedication. Then glasses were drained and smashed, hands were clasped, plans were made.

The idea of requesting police assistance was rejected immediately. The police were, first of all, incompetent. And then, suppose they found Montguise while he was at the table (a not unlikely possibility, as the duke spent the greater part of his waking hours in the exercise of his special genius)? The thought of that sublime digestive process' being interrupted by a pair of rude *carabinièri*, reeking of onions and garlic, was too unsettling to be entertained. No, the search for the missing duke had to be undertaken solely by his fellow gourmets, as a matter not only of discretion but of tactics, too. What other body of men was so well fitted to detect his gastronomic trail through the hundreds upon hundreds of cities, towns and villages of the Italian peninsula?

They set out at once by various means and conveyances. General Saint-Just-Robespierre thundered off in his staff car, taking both valets, plus ample hampers of roast goose, chicken, *pâtés*, duck, wines, etc., prepared for the possibility of a lengthy campaign. Comte DeSalles flew down in his two-seater plane, the Scandinavian prince tore away on his motorcycle and the Chevalier Dessoix and Colonel Mendoza de Cordoba journeyed together by train. Others went by car: Graf von Goethe-Weimar drove his Duesenberg, Lord Harmsby his Rolls, the Baron of Battipaglia his Ferrari and Prince Hapsburg-Hohenzollern his Mercedes, while the Laird of Forth and the Grand Duke of Smolensk chose a commercial airline. Earl O'Hara of Cork, temporarily short of funds, hitchhiked.

It was at Bologna that they all reassembled—or, rather, 11 of them did, for the Scandinavian prince was *hors de combat*, having misjudged a curve south of Lyons. Bologna had been chosen on the assumption that Montguise, a methodical man, would have begun his tour in the north, dining in a southerly direction, so by this time he undoubtedly would have eaten his way through Piemonte, Lombardy and the Veneto.

After a stupendous feast at a great Bolognese restaurant, the 11 gastronomes spread maps and guides on the table and plotted their next moves. The problems they faced were complex, for the territory to be covered was vast. It was, for instance, highly unlikely that the duke was simply proceeding from one provincial capital to the next. More probably, he was shunning them, on the assumption that the famous restaurants there had been blighted by tourism. He might well be nosing his way along the secondary roads, stopping at humble *trattorias* in unspoiled villages. But, of course, there were dozens of such roads and scores of rustic eating places in Emilia-Romagna alone, and farther south lay many hundreds more. It was clear that the duke's friends would have to separate, each to follow a different route. Thus, maps were marked and distributed, schedules were agreed on and communications arrangements were made—all rather hazily, it must be admitted, for the diners had washed down their *pasticci di tortellini in pasta sfogliata* and *filetti di tacchino* with wines somewhat more potent than those they were accustomed to (and, in fact, Graf von Goethe-Weimar was forced to withdraw altogether as a consequence of this meeting and was shipped by rail to Baden-Baden that night to begin a cure).

The ten remaining epicures set off early the next morning on their various assigned lines of travel. Their method of inquiry was relatively simple. At each likely looking *osteria* they came across, they asked the proprietor if he had, in recent weeks, been host to a rather well-upholstered and elderly French gentleman with particular, not to say finicky, dining requirements. There were many false leads, for the Italians considered most Frenchmen to be in this category; but on May 11, in the Tuscan town of Arezzo, Earl O'Hara of Cork (who had taken over the fallen Graf's Duesenberg) learned that none other than Montguise himself had dined at a little hotel there a month before—or that he had sought to dine, for (as the story was recounted by the family that ran the place) the duke had no sooner addressed himself to his *capretto arrosto* than his phenomenal nasopharyngeal equipment informed him that it had been cooked on charcoal produced from olive wood and not laurel, and he had leaped up in a fury and stormed out.

O'Hara of Cork communicated this news by telephone to General Saint-Just-Robespierre at Ancona, so that it could be recorded on the general's master map. In return, Saint-Just-Robespierre

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TRUCKIN' WITH GRETCHEN

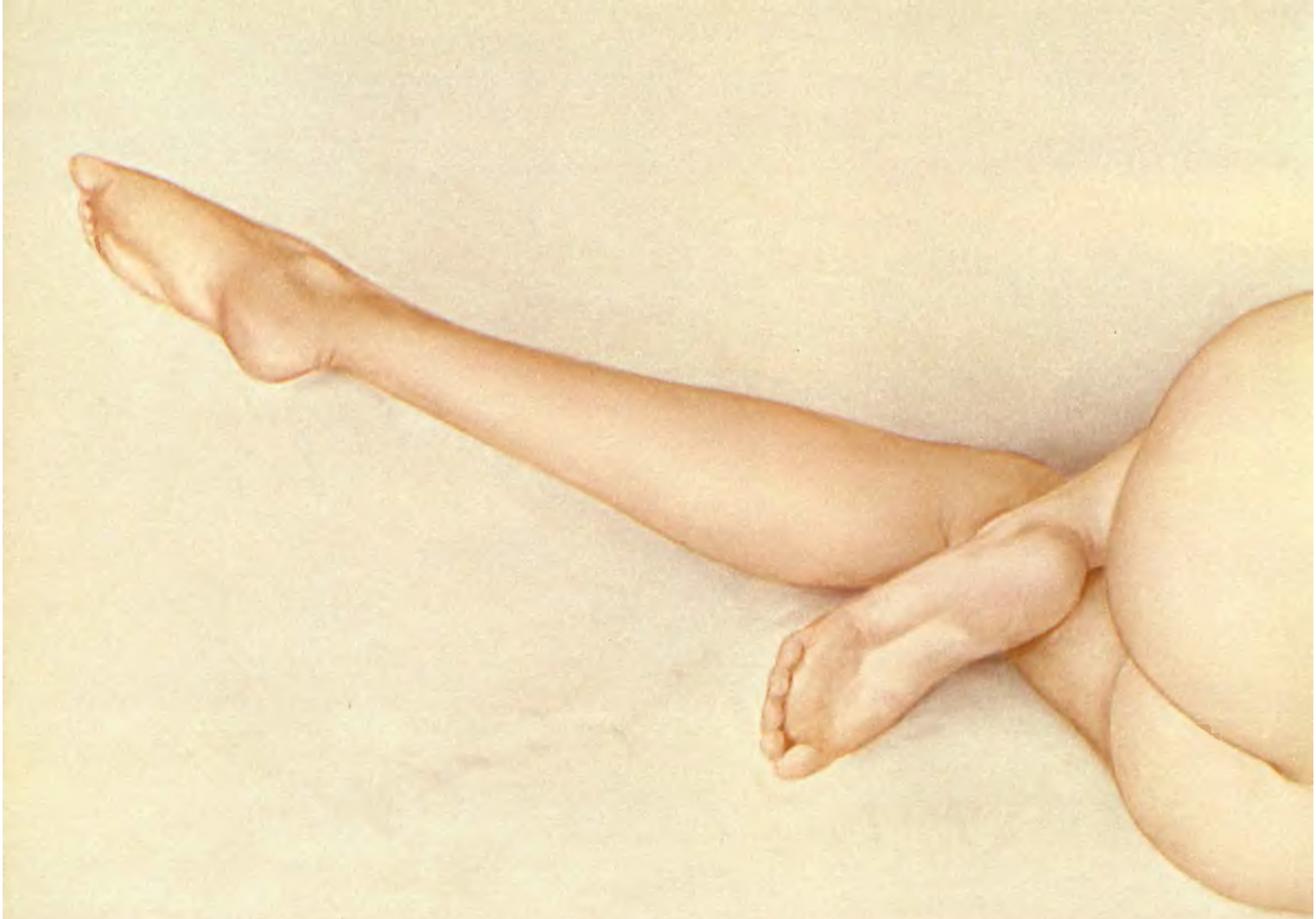
article By CRAIG VETTER

"of course you're paranoid," said the blue-eyed chicago lady who'd been busted, beat up and strung out on a variety of illegal chemicals. "it's all that california sunshine"

WHEN I FIRST MET GRETCHEN, in the winter of 1970, she was living in a Roscoe Street apartment on Chicago's North Side, just a few blocks from where Bugs Moran had lived many years before. She was in her salad days then: a tough and pretty street pharmacist who knew all of Chicago's joints and alleys and all the ways to spot cops. She was living with a guy she called the Chemist.

Gretchen gave nicknames to everyone and the Chemist got his because, although the two of them dealt every kind of street drug, the house specialty—"Mother's own," she called it—was a pure-white Methedrine crystal that he manufactured in a jerry-built laboratory just off their bathroom. When business was good there was a lot of money, which the Chemist would carry in a bunchy roll in his pocket. But it never lasted long. *(continued on page 194)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK WOOD



"You can think of me
as the spirit of
Christmas yet to come."

Vargas

TRUCKIN' WITH GRETCHEN

(continued from page 191)

because he was his own best consumer of the speed and Gretchen pilfered everything else out of their considerable stash, especially the downers. So every few months the Chemist would beat her and send her to work dancing topless or waiting tables to make the money they needed to live on and to buy chemicals with. She had just the last, faded part of a black eye and had been on the job—serving drinks at Melvin's—only two days when I met her.

My own winter situation was not great, because Sharon had left me, and because I had spent only one other winter in Chicago and didn't understand yet how to dress for the cold or where to find friendly public places to get warm. Chicago is not a city that is proud of itself or sick of itself—like San Francisco, where I am from, or New York, where I have been—and especially in the winter, the city hides itself. People on the streets hurry along under gray skies through the bitter wind to do the necessary only. People on buses are silent and seem to pass only colds and flu to each other, and when they do talk, it is always about the weather, which in winter in Chicago is more important than religion or politics, or love even.

I was living with a friend, Wayne, sleeping on his sofa bed, but he had his hours and I had mine and we were together for drinks and long talks only now and then. So I had taken to walking at night, trying out bars, and trying out different combinations of shirts and sweaters and jackets to keep warm. What I would find out this winter was that you cannot dress against Chicago's cold when it gets bad, any more than you can put on a turtleneck to keep out loneliness, which is something of what I was trying to do that night in Melvin's.

Gretchen was 26—the right age for Melvin's hip-singles crowd—and pretty, but she was a bad fit among the other waitresses. They are mostly moonlighting stewardesses, which the North Side is full of, and there is a shyness, an awkwardness about them as they move from table to table, in Mod pants and sweaters, without flight pins or bras. They worry and jabber among themselves about men—that Xerox salesman with the muttonchop sideburns and the 450 Honda who promised when he left that morning that he would phone, but he hasn't somehow.

Gretchen came through the crowd in red-cord pants that were a little too baggy (she said later she had shoplifted them) and a white sweater that wasn't quite clean, looking as if the last promise she had believed was something about seeing God on acid, somewhere back in the Sixties. And if there is a Midwestern face, it was hers: a light delicate complexion that saw the sun mostly through clouds; broad cheekbones, not high but strong; thin, straight Scandinavian blonde hair; and big eyes, blue. A prairie face just saved from looking innocent by red coke-burned nostrils and the shadow of blue under the right eye.

I ordered Scotch, and by the time she had delivered three, we had smiled at each other enough that she said, "How come you drink this stuff, anyway? It's bad for you." I told her it was a second choice and that I drank it because I didn't know anybody in this town who could sell me marijuana in any greater quantity than a dime bag at a time, and that dime bags in the Midwest seemed to cost $20. "Twenty dollars?" she said. "You gotta be shopping at Marshall Field's." A few minutes later she was back to give me a check, and she sat down in the chair across from me to add the figures. I asked her when she got off work and when she said four A.M., I asked if she wanted to go for coffee. She looked up at me as if I were something out of the Fifties (which I am, partly, and especially behind that much Scotch), but then she said, "Sure, why not?"

When I picked her up, she gave me an umbrella that someone had left at a table, and as we went out onto State Street to look for a cab, she said, "You don't really drink coffee, do you? Let's go get high." And then, before the cab could turn north on Lake Shore Drive toward Wayne's, she leaned through the partition and asked the driver if he minded us doing our heads as we rolled along. He was black, and said no, so Gretchen took a rumpled joint out of her purse and lit it.

"Dynamite," she said. "Jamaican gauge," and she wasn't lying. About halfway through the joint, my mind went onto something like daylight-saving time. I asked her if she could get me some.

"For you, anything," she said. "Smack, if you dig it, coke, Demerol, Seconal, acid, mesc, THC, DMT, hash, Benzedrine, pure Meth crystal, lots and lots of that and . . . what else is there . . . ?"

"Grass," I said.

"Ah, yes, I can get you this Jamaican stuff, or Panama red, or Acapulco gold, or Kansas green, or whatever you want, and I can get you enough to send you up for thirty days or thirty years, if you like." Then she said that about the only things she couldn't get for me in quantity, and at a good price, were booze and coffee. The cabdriver laughed and looked in his mirror at us.

"I mostly want the grass," I said. "Maybe some hash and some mescaline, that's all."

When I asked her what she was into, she told me, "Anything that gets man or animal high," and when I asked her if she was strung out, she laughed. "Look," she said, holding her arms the way doctors do after they've scrubbed, "no cavities. I been using smack for three years, off and on, and I've never been hooked. It's no problem if you're careful. I just don't use it often and I don't use much and I vary it with a lot of other stuff. I was into downers heavy for a while, but now I'm just into everything. Moderation is the key. Besides, the junk we get in Chicago is only about twenty or thirty percent pure, which means you really have to work at it to get strung. You ever try smack?"

"No," I told her, trying hard to make it sound more like a decision than fear of the dark.

"Do you want to?"

"No . . . not right now, anyway."

"Ever have your toes sucked?"

"No," I told her again, and whatever little-kid look had crept onto my face made her laugh.

"You remind me of the priest my mother goes with."

"Does your mother really go with a priest?" I asked.

"Yes, she really does, and you really remind me of him, except that your hair is longer than his and he's a speed freak. Are you Catholic?" I told her that I had been for a long time.

"I thought so," she said, "which reminds me, I have to be home by eight this morning, because my old man doesn't like me out with Catholics . . . or Protestants or Jews or Hindus or atheists . . . but especially not Catholics, because I used to be one, too. OK?"

Over the rest of that early morning and through a gray sunrise, she told me she'd been busted three times, acquitted twice and was going to court on the third charge in about a month. All of the arrests were for simple possession. "Dumb," she said and recited the law that made each invalid. And this last, she thought, was dumbest of all. She had been living in a hotel on Lincoln Avenue, and when the manager offered her a break on the rent if she would ball him, she told him to fuck off. When he told her he would call the police and tip them to her dealing, she told him the same thing, threw him out and cleaned her room of all dope. Two narcs arrived that afternoon and made her sit for four hours while they searched. They wouldn't let her smoke or talk, she said, and when she asked if she could piss, they made her do it in the bathtub while one of them watched. "He said it was so I wouldn't flush evidence down the toilet, which was bullshit, because both of them had already felt me up and they knew I didn't have anything on me except my own nice tits. Fucking perverts." They found one joint and one Seconal in her purse and busted her, and she spent a night and a day in Cook County Jail before she made bond. She said jail wasn't too bad, except that they

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PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

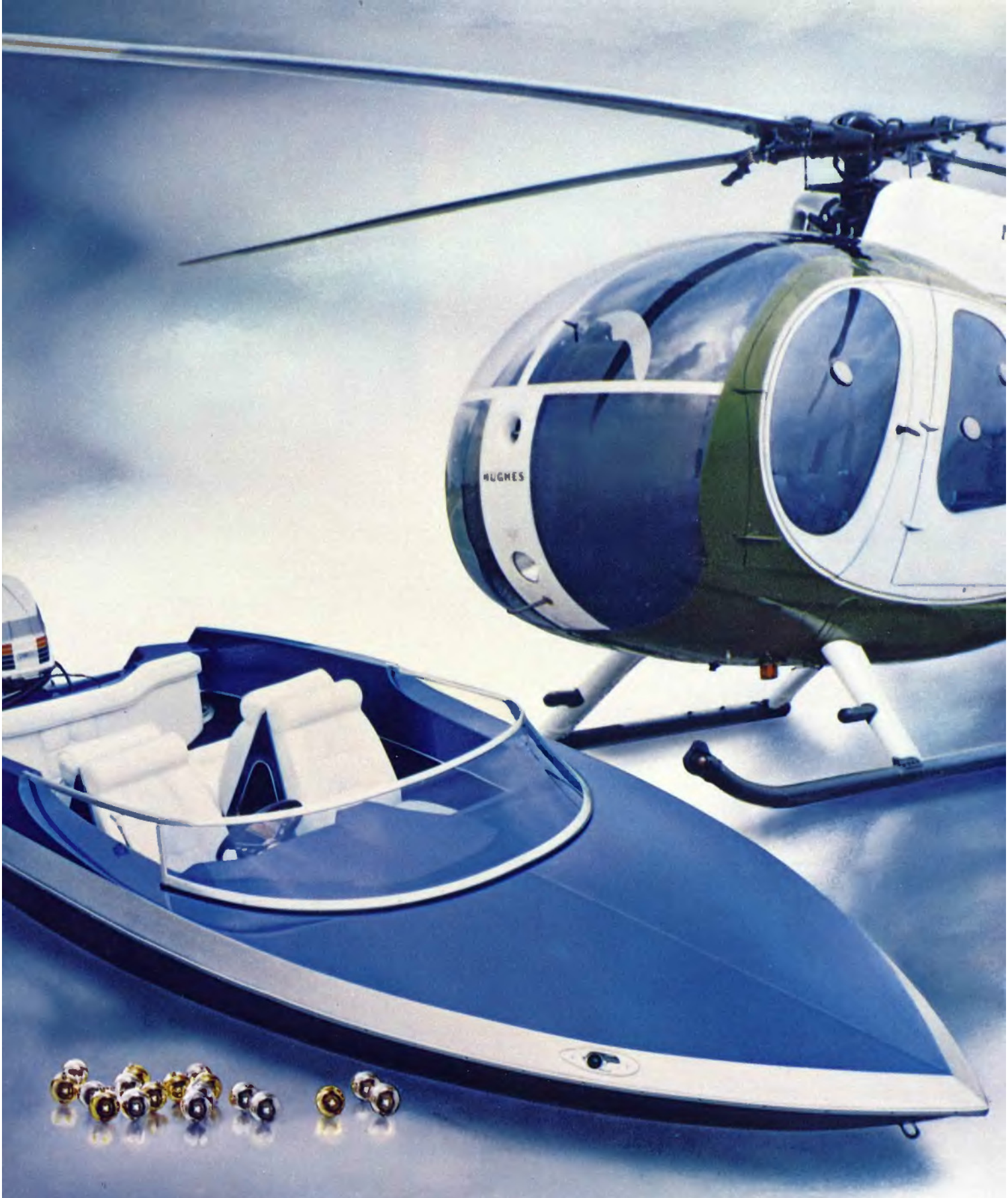
good things, in small packages and large, to make giving and getting a yule treat

Maxibounty that comes in miniboxes: Clockwise from 12: Battery-powered orbital AM radio, by G. E., $21.95. Model BL camera with f/3.5 lens, built-in exposure meter, by Minox, $200, including carrying case. Six ozs. Royal Pub cologne, by Revlon, $8. Anodized-metal chess set, by Hermes for Bonwit Teller, $325. Hand-cut crystal paperweight, from Playboy Products, $15. Chrome-plated paperweight, by Gucci, $19. Pendant in 18-kt. gold, by Aldo Cipullo, $650, on an 18-kt.-gold neck ring, $125, both from Cartier. I. D. bracelet in 18-kt. gold, from Cartier, $400, encircling enamel and gold-plated lighter, by Cartier for the Kenton Collection, $65. Sterling-silver Love Bond watch, by Corum, $360, atop a sterling-silver die paperweight, from Georg Jensen, $35. Sterling-silver grog cups, by Cartier, $55 each.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Medium-sized largess to make a great impression: Top row, left to right: Handmade sterling-silver punch set, from Art Fare, $2500. Custom Key Touch-Tone telephone with intercom- and conference-network and music-on-hold systems, by Arcata Communications, from $185 a month on lease, is in front of a teak ice bucket, by I. D. G., $39.95. Pigskin cuff-link case with chrome trim, from Mark Cross, $115. Beoulieu super-8 camera with wide-angle 6—66mm zoom lens, by Hervic Corporation, $999. Model 9100 reel-to-reel sound studio with stacked units, by Dokorder, $699.95. Center row, left

to right: Avanté III color-TV with 25-diagonal-inch screen houses AM/FM and 8-track deck, by Zenith, about $1300. Lucite bath scale, by Hanson, $15, above an S. Thomas Scarff–designed light sculpture, from Secret Saurces, $225. Kinetic-sculpture timepiece, by Jules Worthington, $300. Canvas travel bag, by Gucci, about $175. Bottom row, left ta right: Aquarius 4 speaker, by JBL, $186. Competition skis, by Hexcel, $235 a pair. Gravity-operated clock, by Gübelin, $980, in front of a Hanssen Qube planter, by Hanson, $8. Stereo system with AM/FM, B-track deck and two 8″ speakers, by Llayds, $280.



Three grand tokens of esteem to give or—better yet—get: Super Sidewinder fiberglass runabout that's 16′ long and capable of speeds up to 45 mph, from Fleet Headquarters, $1845, is equipped with an 85-hp Starflite electric-start outboard, by Evinrude, $1487. 500C executive jet helicopter that's 30′ long and 8½′ high comes with a 400-hp engine and holds 23 records as the world's fastest light turbine model, by Hughes, $118,900. Lamborghini Espada coupe, with a V-12 350-hp engine, six twin Weber carbs and leather upholstery, measures less than 4′ high, from Grand Touring Cars, $24,950.

IN FRONT OF GOD

(continued from page 165)

eyes looked up at you from underneath and chilled your very soul. There was no word on what the guy was in for, no word at all.

Svengali's buddy was the ghoul. He was short, skinny, his head swollen to grotesque proportions, his chin pointed, his smile vapid. The word was that he was in for digging up the grave of a freshly buried young girl. He had been caught while masturbating over her corpse.

Protests to Jones brought only shrugs. Jones and the chaplain figured we all needed to be rehabilitated. We were all the children of God.

• • •

(The thing is, man. You gotta join the choir. I mean. Fuck that church-attendance shit. Ain't nobody gonna git no goddamn parole that way. I mean. You gotta git down with it. You gotta git to be one of the chaplain's very own boys. You gotta sing, man. You gotta make with them goddamn sounds clear to Tallahassee. You gotta make 'em all believe it. The chaplain's gotta believe it. The governor's gotta believe it. But most of all, you gotta make that parole board fuckin' well believe it. Man. You say you can sing a little? Why, you jes' gonna hafta git up there in front of God and everybody and sing your ass clean off! And I mean—off!)

And so there I was, shaved, combed, holding my hymnbook, barely able to see when the little black dots went up and down. But the senator sang next to me and could read music very well, switching to baritone occasionally to help me out and then maybe joining the tenors on the other side. The senator was a redhead, thin and nervous and very talkative, with all the mannerisms of a fox squirrel high in an oak tree. He was an old-timer when it came to church choirs, as well as state politics, especially the pork-barrel and cracker varieties. Unfortunately, he got himself sent up for groping a girl. He said it was a political frame to keep him from being re-elected. The girl was eight. He got five years.

Church services always began with a minor squabble right at the head of the stairs. Two convicts sat behind a table taking names for the attendance list, a pushing, jostling crowd very anxious about making absolutely certain that they were being recognized as Keeping a Good Record. The band was wearing its white shirts, its wide, flamboyant neckties, its stiff, starched white trustee pants. All of them chewed gum very rapidly, their eyes snapping, their faces a pale Benzedrex pink from the inhalers they broke open and the saturated cotton strips they swallowed with canteen coffee. The word was that the director of recreation kept them well supplied with inhalers. It maintained a high quality of music.

But the band was bored, too. The Sunday-night movie was where they let themselves go with the wildest of jazz. But now the trumpets, clarinets and saxophones had to behave themselves, the sousaphone the featured instrument, the hymns dutifully played, the sour notes slipped in with such artful deftness that there was almost a counterpoint lurking in the piety, the theme of a barbarian horde camped just behind the cathedral.

The doxology. We lined up at the back of the auditorium, wearing red robes and black robes and white robes salvaged from churches of every denomination and handed down to us by salvation groups and faith workers; ragged, unpressed, either too big or too little. Jones was the leader. He was an alcoholic doing his third jolt for passing bad checks, trying his best to dance his way through the bars and out into parole, cavorting and waving his arms and bending his knees with an enthused devotion, closing his eyes and smiling rapturously. But he always gave himself away. Already dry for over a year, booze was still written in his face. And there was that little step he made with his right foot as he swooped and flapped with his arms in his desperation to be a winged angel, a mincing little something that always happened to his knee, a delicate flutter in the spiral of his ankle. Jones was the only one left in the whole joint who didn't know that he was queer. He still thought he was a drunk.

But we gave it all we had, holding that good old full note when Jones shot his hands up like a traffic cop, his lips pursed, his eyes bulging, picking up the tempo as his fists pistoned up and down, sweetening the tone as his palms and stiffened fingers swooped and spiraled like a flock of doves.

And then it was onward, Christian soldiers. But we were broken up into isolated patrols, infiltrating our way up the aisles instead of marching in a body. The fakers were alone, without support, their voices quavering, weak, scared. An occasional part dominated, a bass sometimes steamboating up the channel all by himself. The chaplain encouraged us from the lectern, singing loud and singing tough, his lips curled, the sacred words coming out of the side of his mouth in that role he always played of the gangster imitating an actor doing an impersonation of James Cagney, who was in a movie about a prison chaplain. The senator and I usually marched together. I never missed if he was singing baritone, but when he joined the tenors, I sometimes forgot myself and went with him. Meanwhile, everyone was out of step and marching at a different speed. Eventually, we made our rendezvous at the pews.

The chaplain growled at us. The sermon came out like Al Capone. "Listen, youse guys. Cut out dat stealin' and all dat udder stuff. Ya got dat?" The chaplain was a Baptist. But he was building an All Saints chapel across from the prison canteen, using state bricks and convict labor, hustling donations everywhere. He was fond of wearing Roman Catholic collars, Episcopal bibs and robes and ribbons of every persuasion, his face bright red on certain inspired Sundays, his expression beatific, his head always bald. Other times he wore a simple business suit. Quite often he wore a clerical collar, tweed jacket, riding breeches and knee-length, polished boots.

So there I was. It was Sunday and I was in church, wondering what a decent, clean-cut atheist like me was doing in a place like this. On both sides of the auditorium, the walls were decorated with very large murals rendered in oil on canvas. The rumor was that the artist had worked on them for years and when he was finished, he got paroled. By the wildest of coincidences, the name of the painter was the same as that of the prison. He had signed them all—Raiford.

But all he had for models were picture postcards. At the same time we were hearing all about those Ten Commandments, we were gawking at the encircling visions of alligators and Seminole Indians, orange groves, flamingos, waves and beaches, tropical moons with silhouetted coconut palms, sunsets just beyond the Spanish moss and the palmettos.

"Youse guys might t'ink you're smart or somethin'. Youse ain't smart. And listen to dis. You better git your minds right. Git yourself *re*habilitated. Youse gotta put your faith in the Lord. And, like. Bask in his everlastin' glory. Forever and ever. Ya got dat?"

But all eyes were wavering. The inmates of the women's ward were coming up the stairs. Their uniforms were blue, each dress starched and ironed with bits of embroidery or lace added to collar or cuff. Some had high heels and stockings. One carried a flower.

The freeman in charge was over 70, gaunt, stooped, extremely thin. He had no teeth, no neck, no muscle. He wore a straw hat. His pants were so large he held them up with wide suspenders, several inches of space between his belly and the waistband. His back was crooked and hunched and he used a cane. There were two large center sections of theater seats separated by a wide aisle. The women were brought in and seated in the rear section. They skipped the first row so the seats would provide cover and no one could look up their skirts.

It was strictly forbidden to signal or to communicate by word or gesture. It was even illegal to eyeball. Nevertheless, the very last row of the front

(continued on page 265)

WHO OR WHAT WAS IT?

drawn to the scene of his occult novel, the author lives through its most terrifying episode

quasi memoir

By KINGSLEY AMIS

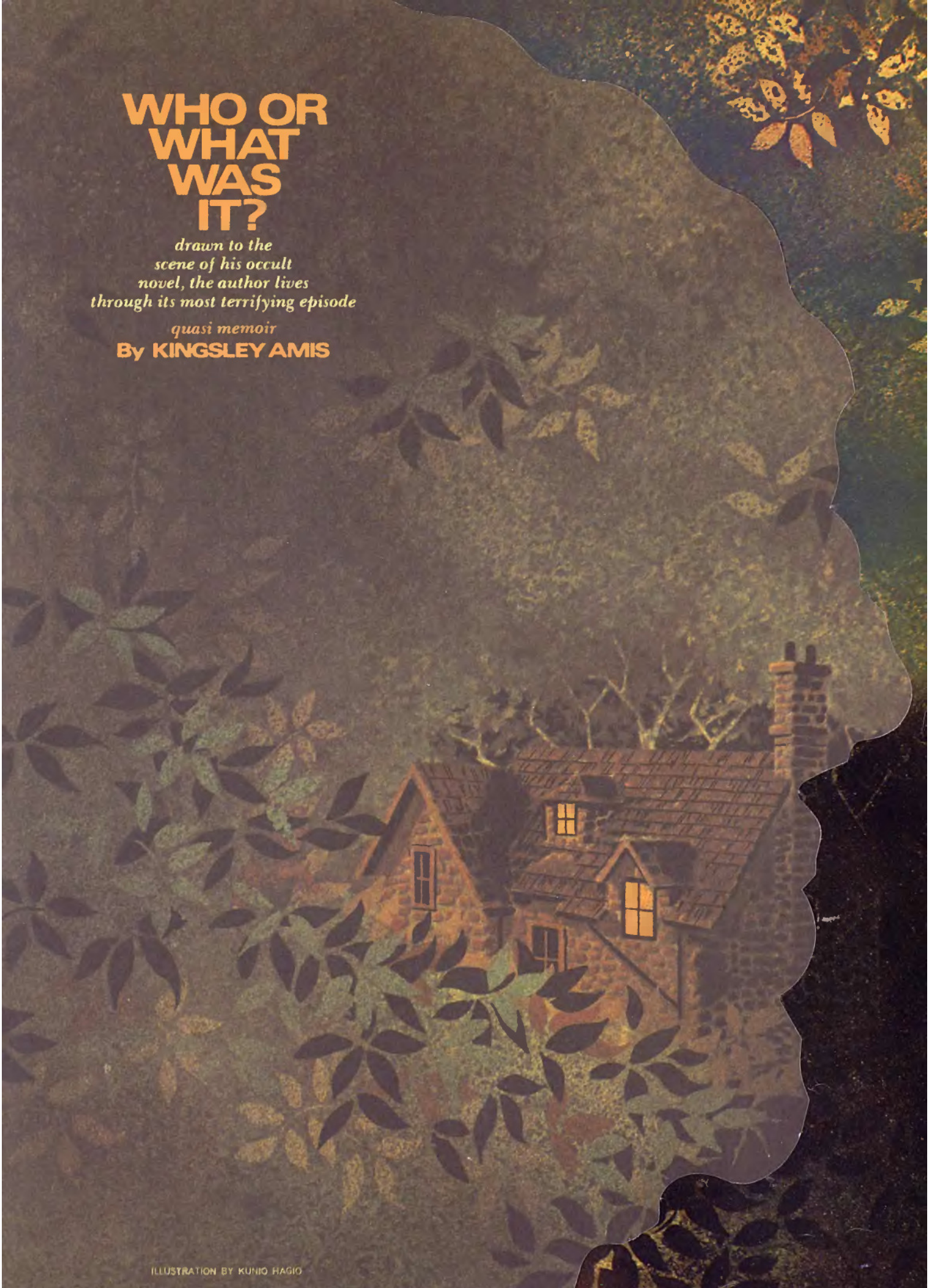


ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

IN FRONT OF GOD

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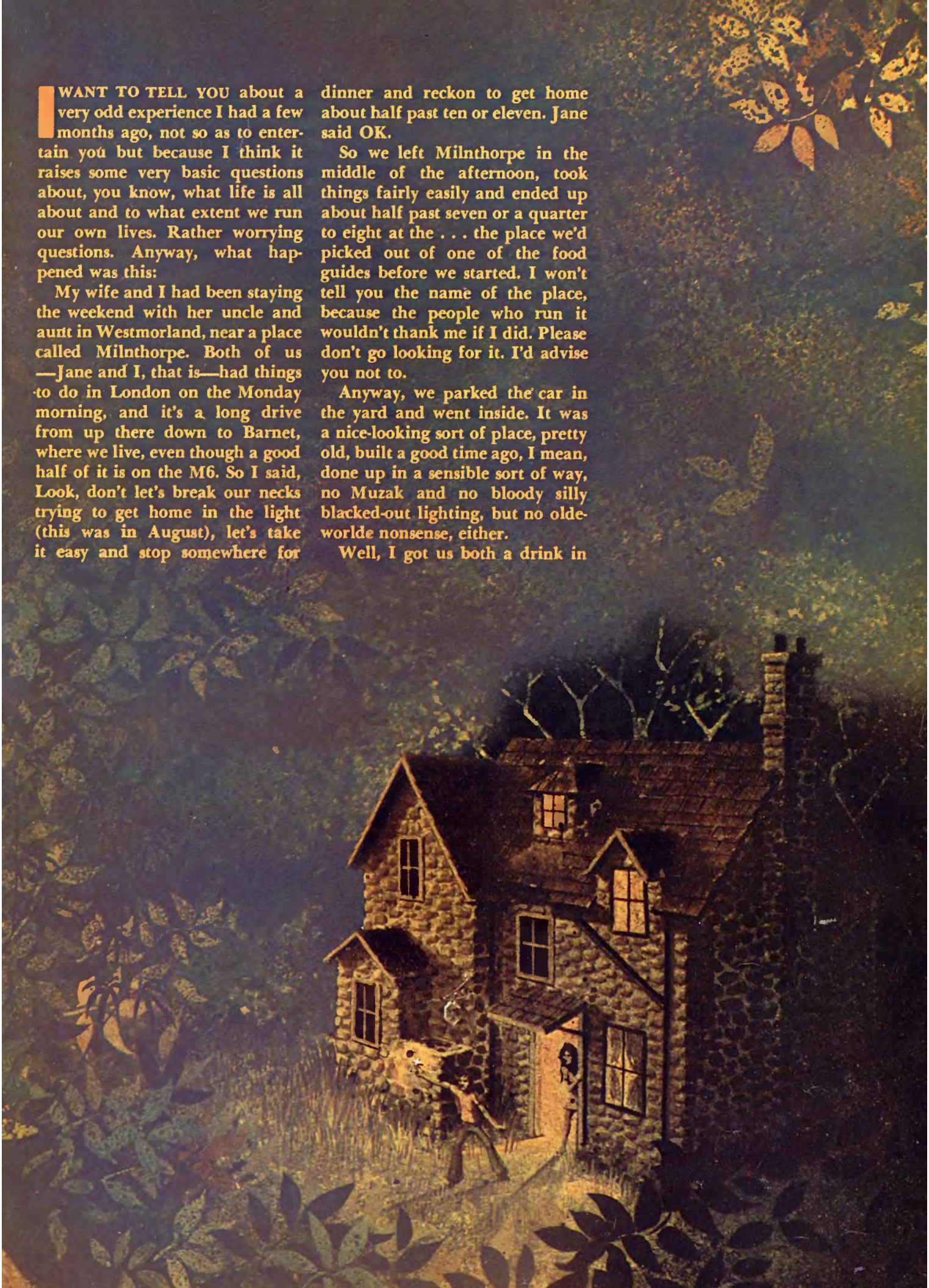
I WANT TO TELL YOU about a very odd experience I had a few months ago, not so as to entertain you but because I think it raises some very basic questions about, you know, what life is all about and to what extent we run our own lives. Rather worrying questions. Anyway, what happened was this:

My wife and I had been staying the weekend with her uncle and aunt in Westmorland, near a place called Milnthorpe. Both of us —Jane and I, that is—had things to do in London on the Monday morning, and it's a long drive from up there down to Barnet, where we live, even though a good half of it is on the M6. So I said, Look, don't let's break our necks trying to get home in the light (this was in August), let's take it easy and stop somewhere for dinner and reckon to get home about half past ten or eleven. Jane said OK.

So we left Milnthorpe in the middle of the afternoon, took things fairly easily and ended up about half past seven or a quarter to eight at the . . . the place we'd picked out of one of the food guides before we started. I won't tell you the name of the place, because the people who run it wouldn't thank me if I did. Please don't go looking for it. I'd advise you not to.

Anyway, we parked the car in the yard and went inside. It was a nice-looking sort of place, pretty old, built a good time ago, I mean, done up in a sensible sort of way, no Muzak and no bloody silly blacked-out lighting, but no olde-worlde nonsense, either.

Well, I got us both a drink in



the bar and went off to see about a table for dinner. I soon found the right chap and he said, Fine, table for two in half an hour, certainly, sir, are you in the bar, I'll get someone to bring you the menu in a few minutes. Pleasant sort of chap, a bit young for the job.

I was just going off when a sort of paunchy business type came in and said something about, Mr. Allington not in tonight? and the young fellow said, No, sir, he's taken the evening off. All right, never mind.

Well, I'll tell you why in a minute, but I turned back to the young fellow, said, Excuse me, but is your name Palmer? and he said, Yes, sir, and I said, Not David Palmer, by any chance? and he said, No, sir; actually, the name's George. I said, or rather burbled, A friend of mine was telling me about this place, said he'd stayed here, liked it very much, mentioned you; anyway, I got half the name right, and Mr. Allington is the proprietor, isn't he? That's correct, sir, he said. See you later and all that.

I went straight back to the bar, went up to the barman and said, Fred? and he said, Yes, sir. I said, Fred Soames? and he said, Fred Browning, sir. I just said, Wrong Fred, not very polite, but it was all I could think of. I went over to where my wife was sitting and I'd hardly sat down before she asked, What's the matter?

What was the matter calls for a bit of explanation. In 1969, I published a novel called *The Green Man*, which was not only the title of the book but also the name of a sort of classy pub, or inn, where most of the action took place, very much the kind of establishment we were in that evening.

Now, the landlord of The Green Man was called Allington, and his deputy was called David Palmer, and the barman was called Fred Soames. Allington is a very uncommon name—I wanted that for reasons having nothing to do with this story. The two others aren't, but to have got Palmer and Fred right, so to speak, as well as Allington, was a thumping great coincidence, staggering, in fact. But I wasn't just staggered, I was very alarmed. Because The Green Man wasn't only the name of the pub in my book; it was also the name of a frightening creature, a sort of solid ghost conjured up out of tree branches and leaves, and so on, that very nearly kills Allington and his young daughter. I didn't want to find I was right about that, too.

Jane was very sensible, as always. She said stranger coincidences had happened and had still been just coincidences, and mightn't I have come across an innkeeper called Allington somewhere, half forgotten about it and brought it up out of my unconscious mind when I was looking for a name for an innkeeper to put in the book, and now the real Allington's moved from wherever I'd seen him before to this place. And Palmer and Fred really are very common names. And I'd got the name of the pub wrong. I'm still not telling you what it's called, but one of the things it isn't called is The Green Man. And my pub was in Hertfordshire and this place was . . . off the M6. All very reasonable and reassuring.

Only I wasn't very reassured. I mean, I obviously couldn't just leave it there. The thing to do was get hold of this chap Palmer and see if there was, well, any more to come. Which was going to be tricky if I wasn't going to look nosy or mad or something else that would shut him up. Neither of us ate much at dinner, though there was nothing wrong with the food. We didn't say much, either. I drank a fair amount.

Then, halfway through, Palmer turned up to do his everything-all-right routine, as I'd hoped he would, and as he would have done in my book. I said yes, it was fine, thanks, and then I asked him, I said we'd be very pleased if he'd join us for a brandy afterward if he'd got time, and he said he'd be delighted. Jolly good, but I was still stuck with this problem of how to dress the thing up.

Jane had said earlier on, why didn't I just tell the truth, and I'd said, since Palmer hadn't reacted at all when I gave him my name when I was booking the table—see what I mean?—he'd only have my word for the whole story and might still think I was off my rocker, and she'd said of course she'd back me up, and I'd said he'd just think he'd got two loonies on his hands instead of one. Anyway, *now* she said, *Some* people who've read *The Green Man* must have mentioned it—fancy that, Mr. Palmer, you and Mr. Allington and Fred are all in a book by somebody called Kingsley Amis. Obvious enough, when you think of it, but, like a lot of obvious things, you have got to think of it.

Well, that was the line I took when Palmer rolled up for his brandy, I'm me and I wrote this book, and so on. Oh, really? he said, more or less. I thought we were buggered, but then he said, Oh, yes, now you mention it, I do remember some chap saying something like that, but it must have been two or three years ago—you know, as if that stopped it counting for much. I'm not much of a reader, you see, he said.

So. What about Mr. Allington, I said, doesn't he read? Not what you'd call a reader, he said. Well, that was one down to me, or one up, depending on how you look at it, because *my* Allington was a tremendous reader, French poetry and all that. Still, the approach had worked after a fashion, and Palmer very decently put up with being cross-questioned on how far this place corresponded with my place, in the book.

Was Mrs. Allington blonde? There wasn't a Mrs. Allington anymore; she'd died of leukemia quite a long time ago. Had he got his widowed father living here? (Allington's father, that is.) No, Mr. Allington, Sr., and his wife lived in Eastbourne. Was the house, the pub, haunted at all? Not as far as Palmer knew, and he'd been there three years. In fact, the place was only about 200 years old, which completely clobbered a good half of my novel, where the ghosts had been hard at it more than 100 years earlier still.

Nearly all of it was like that. Of course, there were some questions I couldn't ask, for one reason or another. For instance, was Allington a boozer, like my Allington, and, even more so, had this Allington had a visit from God? In the book, God turns up in the form of a young man to give Allington some tips on how to deal with the ghosts, who He, God, thinks are a menace to him. No point in going any further into that part.

I said nearly all the answers Palmer gave me were straight negatives. One wasn't, or rather, there were two points where I scored, so to speak. One was that Allington had a 15-year-old daughter called Marilyn living in the house. My Allington's daughter was 13 and called Amy, but I'd come somewhere near the mark—too near for comfort.

The other thing was a bit harder to tie down. When I'm writing a novel, I very rarely have any sort of mental picture of any of the characters, what they actually look like. I think a lot of novelists would say the same. But, I don't know why, I'd had a very clear image of what my chap *David* Palmer looked like, and now I'd had a really good look at *George* Palmer, this one here, he was *nearly* the same as I'd imagined, not so tall, different nose, but still nearly the same. I didn't care for that.

Palmer, George Palmer, said he had things to see to and took off. I told Jane what I've just told you, about the resemblance. She said I could easily have imagined that, and I said I suppose I might. Anyway, she said, what do you think of it all?

I said it could still all be coincidence. What could it be if it isn't coincidence? she asked. I'd been wondering about that while we were talking to Palmer. Not an easy one. Feeling a complete bloody fool, I said I thought we could have strayed into some kind of parallel world that slightly resembles the world I made up, you know, like in a science-fiction story.

She didn't laugh or back away. She looked round and spotted a newspaper someone had left on one of the chairs. It was that day's *Sunday Telegraph*. She said, If where we are is a world that's parallel to the real world, it's bound to be different from the real world in all sorts of ways. Now, you read most of the

(continued on page 310)

"Now I begin to understand how they got them built."

SEX STARS OF 1972

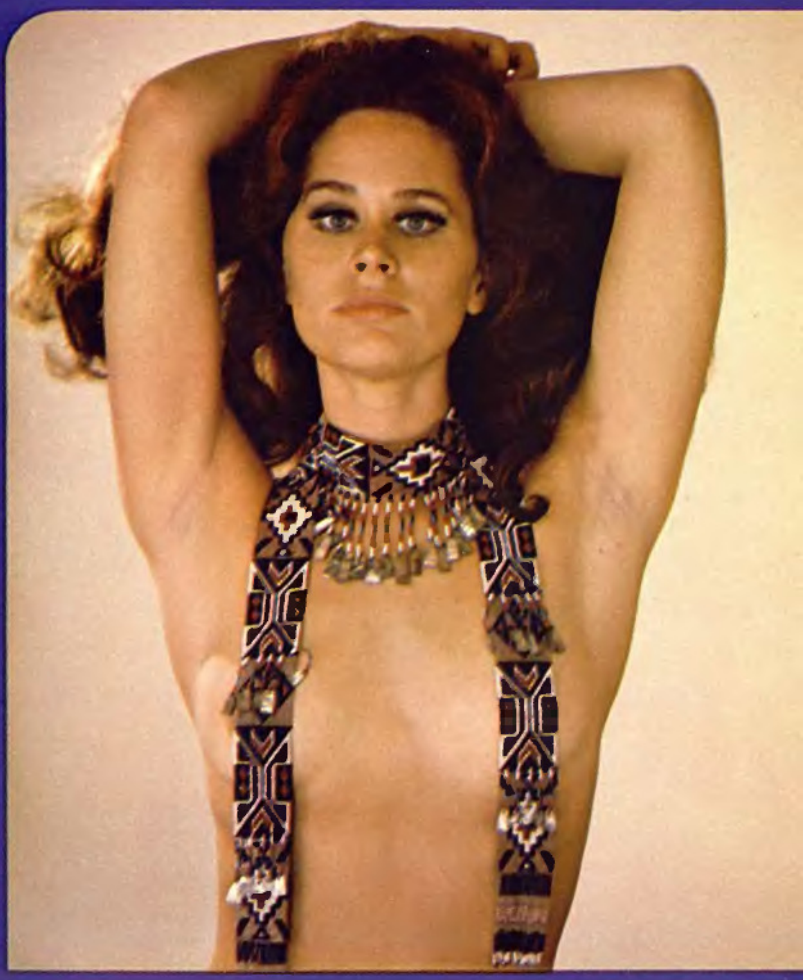
article
By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT

the aging star establishment and last year's hot new properties are challenged by a bumper crop of even hotter, newer names

TO JUDGE from the films of 1972, the women's liberation movement is having a greater impact out in the audience than it is onscreen: The biggest, hottest, most potent sex stars of the year were predominantly male. It was not ever thus. Sex stars have traditionally been female, the words conjuring up such sugarplum visions as Raquel Welch, Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot or, from the more distant past, Greta Garbo and Rita Hayworth. Nor was it merely male chauvinism that held these heavenly bodies firmly in place; women liked them, too. Some see this year's relative paucity of distaff stars as the result of the libbers' often strident objections to the use of sisters as sex symbols; it seems more likely to us that female movie fans today feel freer to express openly their admiration for a sexy man.

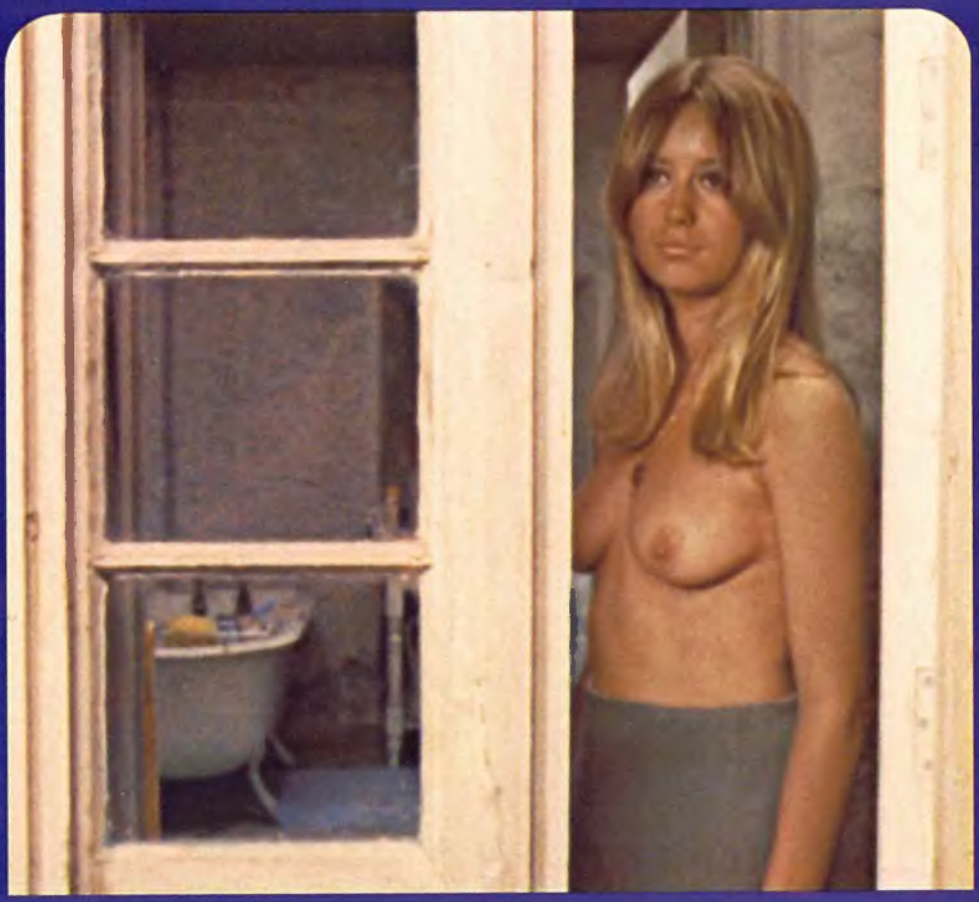
Whatever the reason, the male star as sex symbol is at the moment very much in the ascendancy, with more new faces—and bodies—clamoring for attention than at any time in the past two decades. Symptomatically, it might have been merely a publicity gimmick when *Cosmopolitan*, in its April 1972 issue, presented a nude Burt Reynolds (hand neatly hiding his genitals) as its premiere centerfold. But the gimmick paid off handsomely; not only was the issue completely sold out but the centerfold itself has become a collector's item.

The editors of *Cosmo* were astute in singling out the virile, muscular Reynolds for their pages. A product of television's *Hawk* and *Dan August* series, Reynolds had been an All–Southern Conference star halfback for Florida State University, with a contract to *(text continued on page 226)*



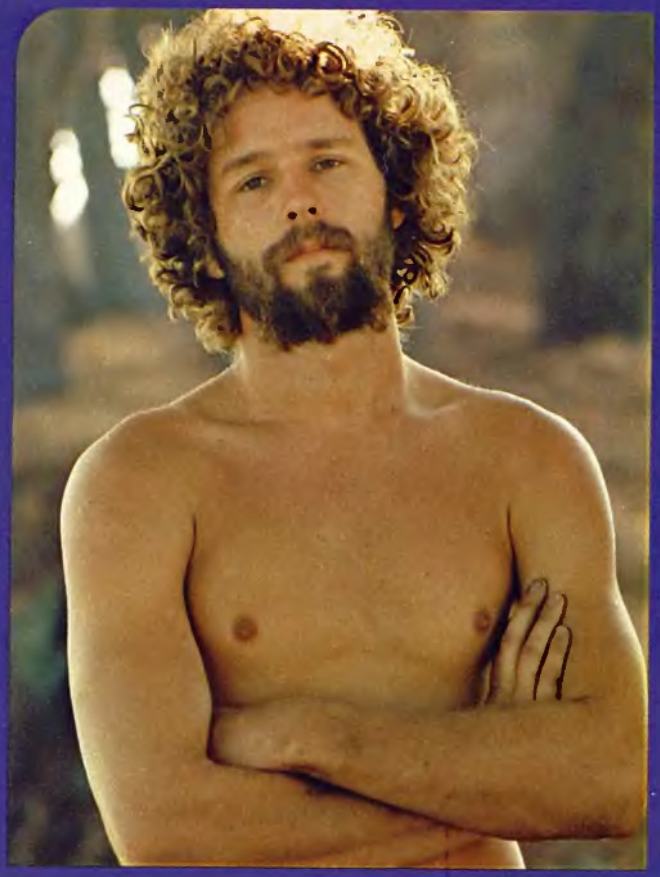
HOT PROPERTIES: Pants-down winner in Hollywood's 1972 sex-star sweepstakes is *Cosmopolitan*'s premiere "Playmate," Burt Reynolds (opposite), whose centerfold pose showed somewhat more bare skin than he does on this bearskin. Burt made five films, including the well-received *Deliverance*, during the year. Female stars, generally speaking, fared less well; leading the small parade of those who made it big were Karen Black (top) of *Portnoy's Complaint* and Dominique Sanda (right), whose moving performance in late 1971's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* was followed by leads in *Without Apparent Motive* and the upcoming *Impossible Object*.

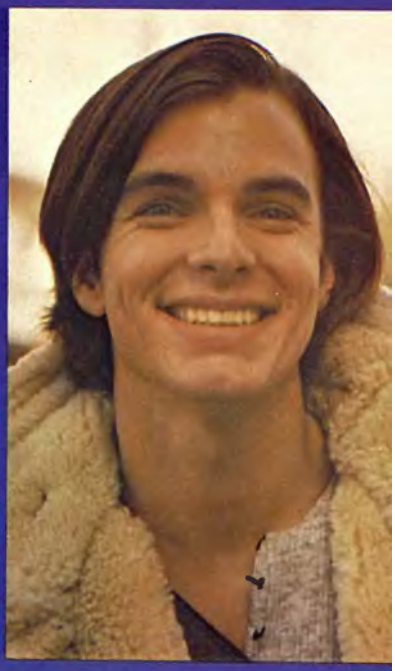
UPWARDLY MOBILE: The four young ladies on this page, all shown in scenes from their headline-making films, are top prospects for stardom. Model Cybill Shepherd, the West Texas bitch of Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* (left), is in Elaine May's *The Heartbreak Kid*; Barbara Hershey (bottom left), here as she's seen in *Boxcar Bertha*, reprises with her real-life lover, David Carradine, in *Two Gypsies*; Liza Minnelli (bottom) hit the jackpot with her performance as singer Sally Bowles in the musical *Cabaret*; and Susan George, who was Dustin Hoffman's wife in Sam Peckinpah's 1971 film *Straw Dogs* (below), played a terrorized baby sitter in this year's British thriller *Fright*.



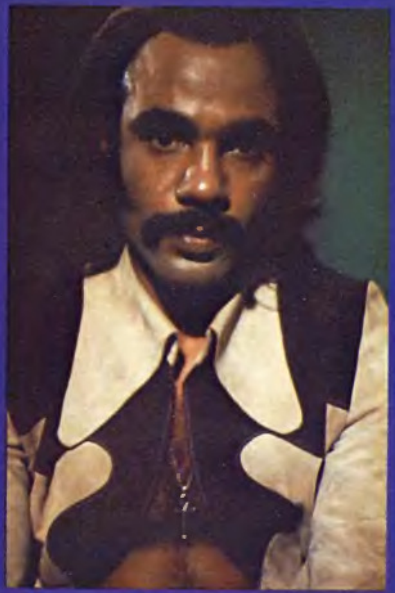
RIDING HIGH: The rugged gentlemen at near right—Clint Eastwood (top), as *Joe Kidd*, and Charles Bronson (bottom), in a clip from *Chato's Land*—are this year's biggest box-office attractions. Both made their mark abroad after mediocre beginnings in the U.S. *The Godfather*, which may become screen history's number-one blockbuster, proved just as important for godsons James Caan and Al Pacino (top center and top right) as for Paramount: Both are much in demand—Pacino for a projected sequel. Robert Redford (center) tripled in '72 with *The Candidate*, *Jeremiah Johnson* and *Hot Rock*. Unlikely idols Gene Hackman (bottom center), Academy Award winner for *The French Connection* in 1971, and Woody Allen (far right) also came on strong.

FRESH FACES: Among Hollywood's current crop of promising hopefuls are (clockwise from right) Brenda Sykes, who was viewed this year in *Honky*, *The Skin Game* and *Black Gunn*; Angel Tompkins (*Prime Cut*); Valerie Perrine, who made a propitious movie debut in *Slaughterhouse-Five*; Tiffany Bolling, an unexpected hit in last year's *Marriage of a Young Stockbroker* who went on to star in 1972's *Bonnie's Kids*; and Victoria Principal, who landed the meaty role of Paul Newman's mistress in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean* and will play the female lead in Playboy Productions' version of Desmond Morris' book *The Naked Ape*, which is slated for release early next year.

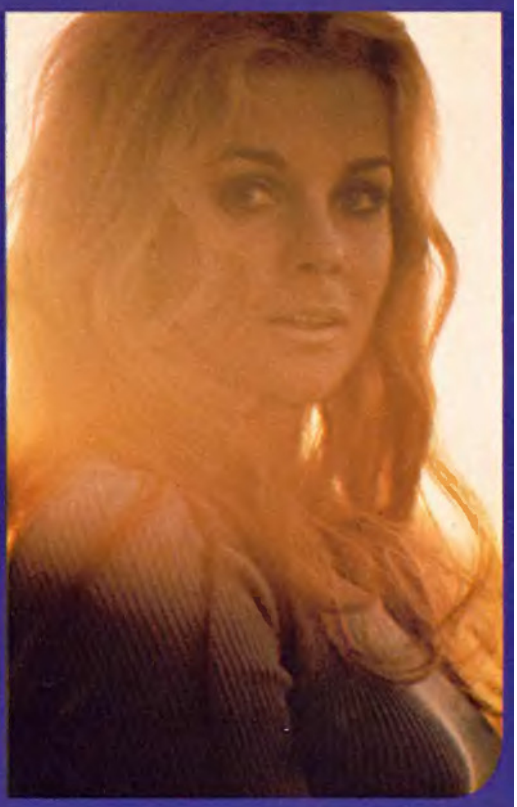


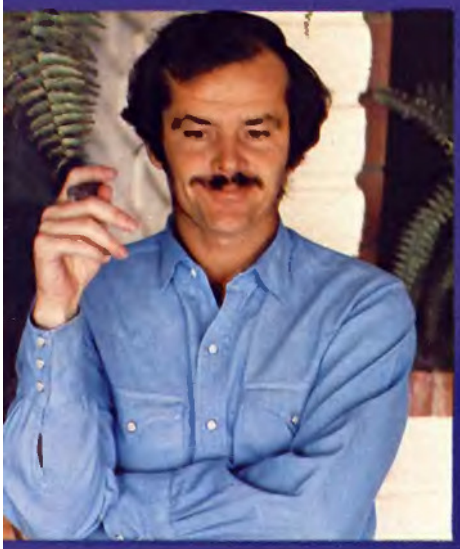


GREAT EXPECTATIONS: The critics are predicting prosperous days ahead for the lucky seven on this page (clockwise from above): Timothy Bottoms, the bashful adolescent of *The Last Picture Show*; Jon Finch, who played the title role in Roman Polanski's Playboy Productions mounting of *Macbeth* and reappeared in Hitchcock's *Frenzy*; Edward Albert, of *Butterflies Are Free*; Stacy Keach, who triple-threats in *Fat City*, *The New Centurions* and *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*; *Cabaret*'s Michael York, now filming *Lost Horizon*; Ron O'Neal, the narcotics peddler of *Super Fly*; and Ron Leibman of *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Hot Rock*.



HANGING IN THERE: Yesterday's superstars are still stars, though some have been virtually absent from the screen in 1972. An exception is Raquel Welch (left), who came back from the obloquy of *Myra Breckinridge* with *Fuzz*, *Hannie Caulder* and *Kansas City Bomber*. But for Ali MacGraw (above), Jane Fonda and Ann-Margret (below), it hasn't been a busy season. After two years off, Ali's due in *The Getaway* this month. Jane's on view only in *Steelyard Blues* and none of A-M's five new films will open until '73.





THE YOUNG LIONS: Already members in good standing of Hollywood's quick-changing establishment are these still-youthful film veterans (clockwise from top left): Ryan O'Neal, bow-tied but trouserless in the zany comedy *What's Up, Doc?*; tough guy Richard (*Shaft*) Roundtree; Jon Voight of *Deliverance* and *The All-American Boy*; his erstwhile *Midnight Cowboy* partner, Dustin Hoffman, late of *Straw Dogs*; ex-football great Jim Brown, making a strong comeback in *Slaughter* and *Black Gunn*; Warren Beatty, out of sight since last December's $ but recently, when he's not politicking or romancing Julie Christie, at work in *Parallax*; and Jack Nicholson—the talk of 1971 for his performance in *Carnal Knowledge*—who's staking his aspirations this year on *The King of Marvin Gardens*, directed by Bob Rafelson of *Five Easy Pieces*.

STANDARD BARERS: The threesome at far left, hardy perennials all, are renowned less for histrionic than anatomic contributions to film. From the top, they're Jill St. John, Sean Connery's love interest in *Diamonds Are Forever*; Joey Heatherton, one of Richard Burton's in this shot from *Bluebeard*; and Stella Stevens, a Playmate who rose to semistardom, seen this year in *Slaughter* (with Jim Brown) and *The Poseidon Adventure* (with Gene Hackman). **DOWAGER EMPRESSES:** Aging—but still compelling—screen presences are Elizabeth Taylor and Sophia Loren (near left). Liz made *X, Y & Zee* and *Hammersmith Is Out* in '72; Sophia filmed *Mortadella* and—here—*Man of LaMancha*.

THE OLD GUARD: Although newer faces are coming up, nobody's counting out these well-seasoned leading men. Clockwise from above are Paul Newman, who shared billing with Lee Marvin in *Pocket Money* and plays the title role in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*; Steve McQueen, who played an aging rodeo cowboy in *Junior Bonner* and then won the offscreen affections of co-star Ali MacGraw while filming *The Getaway*; Sean Connery, who went back to Bondage with *Diamonds Are Forever*; Harry Belafonte and Sidney Poitier, in dual harness for *Buck and the Preacher*; James Coburn, as he appeared (with Rod Steiger) in *Duck, You Sucker*; and *The Hospital*'s George C. Scott.

BODY WORK: The sexploitation cameras keep grinding away, with Cheri Caffaro (far left) repeating her role in *Ginger* as a private eyeful in 1972's spin-off, *A Place Called Today*; a sultry number who bills herself as Inge-Maria (near left), in a film titled *Love on Wheels*; and Christiane Kruger (below), who's highly visible in *Little Mother*, latest opus from skin-flick director Radley Metzger. **UNCOVER GIRLS:** Modeling is now a well-traveled path to the screen; two attractive exemplars (bottom left and center) are Tina Herazo, a half-breed in *Grassland*, and Paula Pritchett, an Indian in *The Wrath of God*.

GATEFOLD ATTRACTIONS: The four aspiring actresses opposite credit their appearances in PLAYBOY's centerfold with giving them a boost toward motion-picture careers. 1972 Playmate of the Year, Liv Lindeland (top), is Jack Lemmon's Danish friend in the forthcoming *Save the Tiger*; she also appears in *Another Day at Races*. The Collinson twins, Mary and Madeleine (Misses October 1970), are curvaceous vampires in Hammer Films' *Twins of Evil*. And our 1970 Playmate of the Year, Claudia Jennings (who was with the twins in *The Love Machine*), is really taking off, capping strong roles in five films with the lead in *The Unholy Rollers*, in which she portrays a roller-derby queen.

PAINTINGS BY CHRISTINA RAMBERG

LOVE LINES

two poems

By LAWRENCE DURRELL

SPRING SONG

My lovely left-handed lover
Will be riding down from Geneva
On the afternoon Catalan bound for Barcelona.
I'll catch her all honeygold at Nîmes
And embrace her on behalf of the city council,
On behalf of Apollinaire, on behalf of Lou.
Ah, Lou, Lou, she is somewhat like you.
My lovely slowcoach, come, I'll teach you.
The Geneva train is faster than a river.
I am no laborious and insipid drone,
But an Irish poet, and thus perfectible.
Together we will submit
To the mesmerism of objects
Painted or hewn—and without too much cheating.
And all this nonsense about women's liberation
Will fade into the fifty-fifty of kisses shared.
Let us be enemies of intellectual coziness.
Every embrace is an empirical exchange of vitamins.
Your last postcard from the dark lake read:
"*Se réaliser? Oui. Mais comment?*
Darling, I am buying a clockwork mouse
To show my independence from men.
Signed: A REAL WOMAN."
Perhaps now do you see why?

HEY, MISTER, THERE'S A BULGE IN YOUR COMPUTER

How loud the perfume of common gin
How morose the pigment that covers a lipid
How soft the equal gauze of quits
How purple the pits of amazing berries
How snuff the cough of the rough shark

Your sake, my sake, his sake, her sake
Everyone is entitled to one sake.

two poems

By ROBERT GRAVES

THE NOOSE

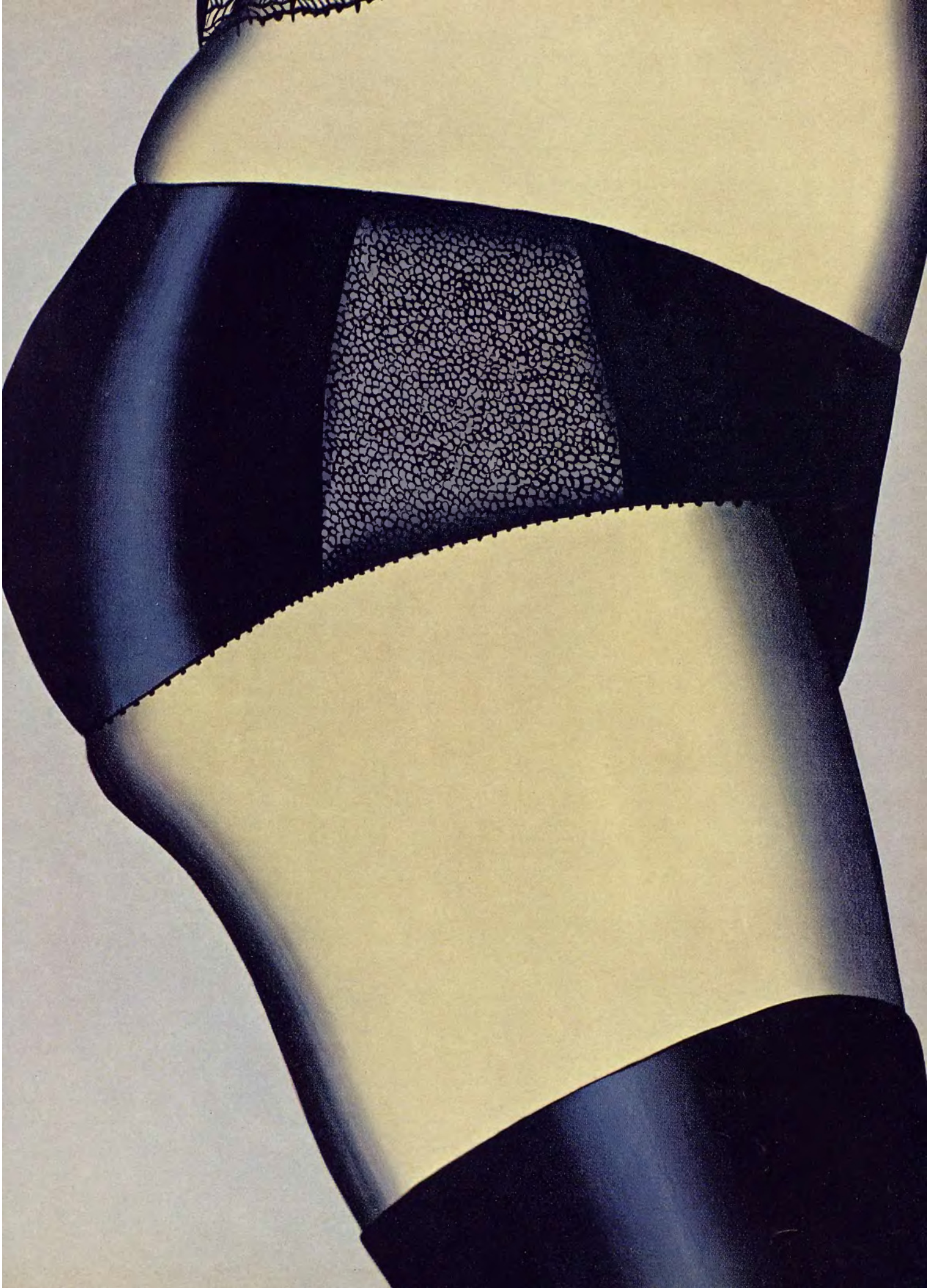
This is my own clear voice:
Sweetheart, keep faith with me.
A noose hangs from the rope;
I do not bring blind hope
But love in certainty.
Choose, for you have no choice:
Sweetheart, stand fast by me.

HER BEAUTY

Let me put on record for posterity
The uniqueness of her beauty:
Her black eyes fixed unblinking on my own,
Cascading hair, high breasts, firm nose,
Soft mouth and dancer's toes.

Which is, I grant, cautious concealment
Of a new Muse by the Immortals sent
For me to honor worthily—
Her eyes brimming with tears of more than love,
Her lips gentle, moving secretly—

And she is also the dark hidden bride
Whose beauty I invoke for lost sleep:
To last the whole night through without
dreaming—so
Even when waking is to wake in pain
And summon her to grant me sleep again.



MÉDENINE

(continued from page 153)

a donkey. For correcting my first impression that the man was Darryl Zanuck, I thanked her.

"When you see a woman forced to sell herself," she revealed after passing a whore in a doorway, "you know you are in a country suffering repression."

My defense against Madame's sententiousness thereafter was to load my camera every time we approached a woman waiting in a doorway. This simple action provoked such resentment in Madame that an intense passion for photography was awakened in me: a passion so pure that I would aim and click my camera even when it held no film. Women in doorways didn't care for this move, either.

"For your being a citizen of a nation of exploiters you are not to be held altogether to blame," Madame allowed, "but to walk about deliberately pointing a machine at the very objects of that exploitation is more than merely adding insult to injury. It is collaboration with the makers of the camera."

"The people doing the exploiting around here are citizens of France," I had to remind her. "When we get to Guatemala, you take the camera."

Now we were sitting in the dining room of the Hotel Tunisia Palace. Bottles along the bar were still shadowed by the night just done. Bored beggars waited beyond the door. Overhead a ceiling fan kept rising a decibel in hope, then descending in a clattering fall as though disappointed in everything.

We had to go to Matmata because troglodytes lived there. Had no one ever heard of a troglodyte anywhere near Matmata, there would have been no excuse for anyone's ever going there. (Of course, it was my feeling that since an entire colony of the little mole people had been surviving there beneath the surface of the earth for immemorial African ages, that was all the more reason for staying away.)

A portly young Arab wearing a GI fatigue cap sat at the bar, but he wasn't drinking. He was either sizing us up or thinking of turning in his cap for a fez.

"The absurdity of demanding fidelity in a relationship reducible to a physiochemical reaction has now become clear," Madame shifted from colonialism to sex without interrupting herself. "Therefore, complete fidelity can be experienced only by those who impose it upon themselves as a mutilation. Women who are faithful can only compensate themselves by sublimation or by drink."

"Sweeping the floor might help," I suggested; but since Madame had never held a broom, the concept remained existential.

"Many couples conclude more or less the same pact as Sartre and myself, but Sartre and I have been more ambitious," she continued congratulating herself. "We seek to maintain through all deviations a certain fidelity.

"Recent experiments in parthenogenesis have disclosed that the egg may be penetrated by an ordinary safety pin and artificially fertilized. The male gamete is not necessary for reproduction."

That'll be the day.

Where had we gone wrong? The original understanding had been that she could make long speeches if she'd let me find the bars. I'd make the jokes if she'd pick up the tabs. I'd look the other way while she was destroying bread if she'd only let me photograph camels. Arabs wouldn't interfere so long as you stuck to aiming at camels. But the man atop the camel would let you know that *he* wasn't to be photographed.

This wasn't a superstitious fear that you were going to catch his soul in a little black box and stick pins in it. It was a religious conviction: "Ye shall make you no idols, neither shall ye rear you up a graven image." God commanded it, and man is made in the image of God. There you have it. And if it sounds like Jehovah and *Leviticus* to you, it sounds more like Allah and Mohammed to the camel driver.

I spent one whole morning photographing camels only to discover that the camera had held no film. I was certain I had loaded it and suspected foul play. I immediately began eating all the bread in sight. Madame began paring the skin off her forearms with her fingernails. I gave her back the bread. She had stopped laughing at the jokes but was still picking up the tabs.

I might have attributed this to the fact that she had no sense of humor. On the other hand, the jokes weren't funny. The real difficulty, it struck me, was that her sense of personal responsibility for the world had overwhelmed her responses to it.

The fate of the Western world, she assumed, hung upon the decisions of Jean-Paul Sartre. But since Sartre himself made no such assumption, the full responsibility, not only for that world but for Sartre as well, had devolved upon herself.

For Sartre perceived the world as a clown show in which his own pratfalls appeared as absurd as those of everyone else. The more profound his judgments, the more lightly he held them.

It never crossed Madame's mind that her love life might not be a matter of global concern. Sartre took for granted the world's indifference to his love life. Judging by some of the women he slept with, he was indifferent to it as well.

"A hero of the Resistance is thinking of cutting in on us," I gave Madame warning, but the overhead fan set up such a clatter that she didn't hear. Although she wouldn't have heard even if the fan had come to a dead stop.

"Of course," she pointed out, "it is always possible that one of the new partners, or *allies*, may prefer a new attachment to the old. But this presents no difficulty as long as neither ally permits the new one to become permanent."

She was trying to tell me something.

"Or is it *your* point of view," she charged, in hope of an argument, "that freedom can come through fidelity?"

"Heaven forbid!" I disclaimed the accusation. "I was only wondering what would happen if only *one* ally proved unfaithful. Would that mean they'd *both* have to stay drunk all day?"

"Every effort to free oneself entails risk," she warned, "so let not my words be taken to imply more than they say."

It came to me then that she wasn't going to be able to sever our relationship simply. She would have to excommunicate me.

I was relieved to see that the Arab was finally making his move. He approached with a grave, deliberate mien, touched his cap to Madame, then turned his back upon her; and handed me a snapshot of a French soldier holding a telephone to his ear.

"Hassine Ameur Djemail," he introduced himself in French-accented English, "making long-distance call Paris–Tunis. Hassine Ameur Djemail"—he exchanged photographs—"owner of Citroën. Hassine before garage of fastest automobile in Djerba. Two suits in garage." He changed photographs once more.

"Hassine Ameur Djemail before *Tour Eiffel*"—he paused courteously to give me a chance to top that. Then accepted the chair I offered him.

Madame drew a big bright map of Tunisia from her purse and became oblivious of everyone.

"Of what government?" Hassine asked me.

"American."

"Of what government in America?"

"Of Chicago."

"Do you have oil for cooking in Chicago?"

"We have oil for cooking in Chicago."

"Do you have flour in Chicago?"

"We have flour in Chicago."

"Do you have eggs in Chicago?"

"We have eggs in Chicago."

"Then we are rich! You will write to the governor of Chicago that Hassine comes to make *brik*." He slapped me heartily on the shoulder. "I will sell this car and use yours to carry the Chicago eggs, the Chicago flour and the Chicago cooking oil to the Chicago cooking pot!"

I caught a fast flash of myself stirring a caldron of simmering oil in the lobby of the Civic Theater while Hassine passed among opera buffs, during an intermission of *Tosca*, peddling pastries wrapped in palm leaves.

"I have no car," I tried to weasel

(continued on page 234)

"You'd better have a long white beard and go 'Ho, ho, ho,' buddy, or there's going to be hell to pay around here!"

saving a soul

SOMETHING IN THE AIR, the water, the natural surroundings—whatever it may be, the town of Siena is well known for producing dunderheads and braggarts among its men and abundant beauties among its women. Some apologists I know have explained that it isn't so much that Sienese men are naturally stupid—it's simply that the sons are careful to imitate the fathers in order not to be taken for bastards. As for the charms of the women, that is God's blessing and is not to be questioned. In any case, with these two natural phenomena side by side, Siena has generated a tale or two.

For instance, there was the case of Giacoppo Belanti, a true booby son of his town, a fat and prosperous merchant of 40 years. He had married a young woman named Cassandra who bore out the female tradition of the town in her dark-eyed, voluptuous way.

To supply the missing piece to this picture, there was a handsome young Florentine named Francesco who had been studying in Siena. He had met the couple and had fallen extravagantly in love with the lady.

For her part, she hovered on the border between yes and no for many months. She inclined, but she did not fall; she grew hot, but she did not kindle; she touched the apple, but she did not eat. She sighed for Francesco, but some concern for her honor and some fear of the watchful jealousy of Giacoppo made her hesitate. From the warmth of her smile, Francesco knew that the second was the real problem. He set himself to solve it by means of true Florentine wit.

Soon it became known about town that Francesco's rich and influential relatives at home had arranged a marriage for him. Many people came to congratulate Francesco, but his heartiest well-wisher was Giacoppo Belanti, who felt a sense of relief at the thought of Francesco safely married and living in Florence.

"As for that," said Francesco, "I am reluctant to leave Siena until I have received my doctorate. I think that I shall bring my lady here. Friend Giacoppo, is there not a comfortable house to let just two streets from your own? I believe that I've remarked such a one."

The house was, indeed, available and Francesco spoke for it. The following day, he left for Florence to be married.

When he arrived, he went directly to the quarter called Borgo Stella and sought out Bartolomea—popularly called Meina—who was admired as the most lovely, charming, ladylike, cultivated, clever and talented whore in all of Florence. She was intrigued by the stratagem Francesco described to her and tempted by the sum of gold he offered. A week later, Francesco brought his supposed bride and a fine entourage of servants to the house in Siena.

Bartolomea—as she called herself now for both protection and decorum—was immediately taken up by the gentlewomen of Siena, who noted her genteel manners and her excellent moral tone. For good reason, however, Francesco made sure that she did not meet his friends of the Belanti family.

He had tutored Bartolomea carefully in his plan, the first step of which had her, looking her most lovely, appear at a window just as Giacoppo was passing on a business errand. He noticed her. The next day, she was just stepping onto the balcony as he went by. Then, a few days later, he ventured an admiring look at her and she smiled slowly and sensuously back at him. A mad desire for ripe figs arose in Giacoppo's heart—although it was long past the season.

He said to himself, "This is interesting. Francesco, a young and handsome man, courted my wife for a long time without ever getting a warm look from her. Here am I, an old man—though one commanding plenty of respect, I fancy—already winning a smile from this pretty bride of his. It may be that Francesco is like Mainardo's dog, who leaped to bite but was bitten first."

Spurred on as much by vanity as by desire, Giacoppo began to pass Francesco's house quite frequently, gathering several more smiles and even—could it possibly be?—a sigh or two. In the tavern, he said to some young men he knew, "The truth of the matter is that experienced men really understand the art. You young chaps spend all your time standing around wishing and sighing, whereas I, gray-headed though I be, not long ago got into a little adventure of a sort you'd pay with your eyes to have. . . . But, enough said."

Giacoppo passed by again and again and the lady smiled until she was weary. He couldn't seem to invent any way of getting closer to her, and so at last she had one of her maids carry an epistle to him. It said that she feared she might die of love for him, that a madness burned in her heart when she saw his face, that she feared that he had cast a spell over her, etc. Giacoppo nearly burst with joy to read all this and sent back an even more preposterous reply.

At last she gave him a rendezvous for a certain night, explaining that Francesco had gone off to a country estate with friends. To Giacoppo it seemed a thousand years before the appointed time came and at least another century while he was made to wait in Bartolomea's chamber until the servants settled down for the night.

But when they were at last together, Giacoppo found himself cast into a tempest such as he'd never dreamed. Bartolomea was a stormy paramour when she had dropped her manners, with her silks, to the floor. She locked her arms and legs around him; she rolled her eyes wildly; strange sounds of passion came from her throat; she engulfed him; she scratched his face and bit him so hard that she left marks. Giacoppo, confused and exalted, thought that he'd discovered at last what love is. He thought that he was touching heaven with the end of his member.

Bartolomea pretended to marvel at his powers and demanded yet another joust. When poor Giacoppo was nearly at the end of his strength, she finally allowed him to rise and return home, bitten, battered, more dead than alive. Cassandra, on instruction from Francesco, awaited him in tears. She displayed horrified suspicion at the lateness of his return and the red scratches across his

face. At last, in order to comfort her, he had to take her to bed and fight one more battle of love. In the course of a night, Giacoppo had spent more energy than he could usually muster in the course of a year.

Thus it went for several weeks. One day, at the approach of Lent, Bartolomea put on a solemn face and proposed that they break off their affair from Ash Wednesday to Easter. "It will be hard for me," she said, "but this is a time to concern ourselves with our souls." She knew that Giacoppo had not been to confession since their first night together and this was meant to remind him. He nodded soberly and agreed. Possibly his diminishing vitality and the increasing soreness of his bites and scratches had something to do with it. He set off to see Fra Antonio della Marca, the Franciscan friar who was his confessor.

Now, Fra Antonio loved a good joke and, just the week previous, his good friend Francesco had forewarned him and had suggested a quite humorous way to deal with Giacoppo. The friar began the customary questioning and finally worked through to the sin of lechery.

"Alas, I have used my powers of personal attraction to seduce the innocent wife of a friend," said Giacoppo, and he outlined the affair.

Growing very stern, Fra Antonio replied, "There are some sins so diabolical that they cannot be absolved. Not by me, not by the Pope, not even by Saint Peter, should he suddenly come back to earth."

Giacoppo was beginning to sweat and despair at this. "But I've been told that no sin is too great for forgiveness if the sinner truly repents," he protested.

"Well," said the friar, "if you really want to talk of drastic measures, there does happen to be a penance for this particular crime of yours—but I haven't mentioned it, because it's really quite harsh. No, I'm afraid you'd better resign yourself to the second circle of hell."

Giacoppo was aghast. "Tell me," he groaned, "I love my soul more than anything else in the world."

"If you insist," said the friar, "very well. Sins of unjust possession can be pardoned only after full restitution. Thus, you have stolen the honor of this young woman and you must give back something equal belonging to you. But how? We read that King David committed the sin of adultery and then repented. To make amends, he lent his own wife to the husband he had wronged; thus was the king pardoned. So you see what you must do. Thereafter, I command you to make a pilgrimage to Rome for the atonement of this and your other sins."

Giacoppo thought to himself: It's I who is turning out to be Mainardo's dog. But he said aloud, "If a great king can humble himself so, I can do the same to save my poor soul from damnation," and he bent his head for the friar's benediction.

Sick at heart and sore in his conscience, Giacoppo sought out Francesco. When they met, the young man had to make a great effort to keep a straight face and to bottle up his laughter, because Giacoppo looked so woeful.

"Francesco, you have always been as dear to me as if you were my own son. Now I have come to confess that, out of sinfulness and passion, I have done you a great injury. I have prayed to Our Lord to forgive me and I pray you to pardon me likewise." He threw himself onto his knees and wept.

"Come, friend," said Francesco, "I can imagine no injury so grave that I cannot forgive you. Pray, stand up; you have my pardon."

When Giacoppo told the tale of his affair with Bartolomea, the young man gave a dramatic performance—astonishment followed by shock succeeded by anger and then a gradual resignation—worthy of the greatest actor. At last, in a broken voice, he repeated his pardon.

"But one more great favor," Giacoppo said. "You must help me obtain my pardon from God." He went on to explain how Francesco must now do unto Cassandra as Giacoppo had done unto Bartolomea so many times.

Francesco drew back in horror. "I forgave you, but I did not promise to become a betrayer as well!"

"It is no betrayal," said Giacoppo. "I implore you to do it as restitution and to save my soul from hell." In the end, Francesco appeared to be moved to agree if Fra Antonio placed no objection. He went away with a happy heart —and no intention of testing the friar's conscience further. Giacoppo went home for a difficult interview with his wife.

He entered the house weeping and lamenting. Cassandra, who had been anticipating something of the sort, flew to him at once and demanded to know his trouble. "I am damned to eternal torment," he said. In a broken voice, he went on to explain the situation.

With considerable effort and the aid of a hidden onion, Cassandra's tears began to flow. "Is there no way to save you?"

"Only you can save me," he said and, in a woeful tone, he told her how.

She gave a little scream and sobbed that she could never commit such a sinful deed. It was only after Giacoppo had wailed and pleaded and had beaten his forehead against the floor—and only when Cassandra knew that her belly would burst with laughter if she suppressed it any longer—that she reluctantly agreed to his petition.

That night an abundant and delicious dinner for three was served in Giacoppo's house. Cassandra and Francesco appeared sad and downcast at table, hardly daring to look at each other. But Giacoppo, thinking that his great booby soul had just been saved from the winds and tempests of the inferno, was very merry. He urged much wine on them. When dinner was over, he ushered the reluctant couple to the bedchamber, saying, "I know that you do this with great sorrow, but you must remember that it is for my sake alone. As you proceed to this duty, remember my deep gratitude."

A few minutes later, in the midst of their laughter and their naked games, the lovers could hear the clop-clop of horse's hooves on the cobblestones as Giacoppo set out on his pilgrimage to Rome. —*Retold by Robert Mahieu*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

SEX STARS OF 1972

(continued from page 207)

turn pro with the Baltimore Colts. An automobile accident changed all that, and he was forced to take up his second love, acting. His first performance, in Palm Beach Junior College's production of *Outward Bound*, won him the 1958 Florida Drama Award and a scholarship to New York's Hyde Park Playhouse. Graduation took him to the New York City Center's revival of *Mister Roberts*, with Charlton Heston, and his first of many TV contracts—a role in the Chicago-based *M Squad* series. Moving to the Coast, Reynolds remained in television with continuing roles in *Riverboat* and as an Indian blacksmith in *Gunsmoke*—which was typecasting, since he is part Cherokee.

Gradually, the movies began to beckon Reynolds, who won increasingly important parts in such films as *100 Rifles*, *Sam Whiskey* and *Skullduggery*. But though the roles may have been important, the pictures weren't. The breakthrough came this year, when United Artists gave him top billing (over Raquel Welch) as a tough cop in *Fuzz*, followed almost immediately by the release of one of the most engrossing action films of 1972, a superbly cinematic adaptation of James Dickey's *Deliverance*. As a Southern city man with a wild taste for adventure, Reynolds sets out with three pals for a weekend canoe trip down the churning white waters of Georgia's Cahulawassee River. It is a trip to disaster. One canoeist is lost in the rapids. Two are captured by mountaineers, who bugger one, torture the other. Reynolds shoots one of the mountain men with a bow and arrow, which makes him a murderer. And the other mountain man is killed by fellow canoeist Jon Voight when Reynolds is injured after his canoe goes out of control. It is no small credit to Reynolds' performance that much of the film's incredible dynamism dissolves the moment he is put out of commission.

Meanwhile, after a sell-out engagement in Chicago in a revival of *The Rainmaker*, Reynolds and Columbia Pictures are racing to complete yet another tough-cop story, *Shamus*, before the end of the year, with sensuous Dyan Cannon as co-star. Offscreen, his co-star has been the sprightly Dinah Shore, who has demonstrated her willingness to follow him on almost any location jaunt—including the Brooklyn and Manhattan sites for *Shamus*—as most of the nation's gossip columnists have duly noted. Reynolds makes his home on a ranch in Jupiter, Florida, originally built in 1923 by Al Capone as a gangster hideout. The chances are that, with the current demand for his services—including substitute hosting on *The Tonight Show*—Reynolds will have precious little opportunity to hide out there himself in the foreseeable future.

When it comes to proven ability at packing theaters, though, Reynolds—and everybody else—takes a back seat to rugged Clint Eastwood. A graduate of television's *Rawhide*, then of such immensely profitable spaghetti Westerns as *A Fistful of Dollars* and *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, Eastwood was named male star of the year by the National Association of Theater Owners and "the world's leading box-office attraction" by *Time* magazine. All this despite the fact that the tall, laconic, squinty-eyed Eastwood is nobody's ideal actor; and his first attempt at directing—*Play Misty for Me*—made no one think of a second coming of Welles.

Typically Eastwood is his most recent film, *Joe Kidd*, produced by his own Malpaso company. In it he plays, as is his wont, an outsider: the man in the middle who gets shot at from both sides. Shot, beaten, tortured, he remains tight-lipped through it all—but eventually hits back six times as hard. At the climax of *Joe Kidd*, Eastwood drives a steam engine off its tracks and plows it through half a town, coming to rest in a saloon where some of his former persecutors have gathered; he guns them down in short order. As one critic observed of Eastwood's previous financial blockbuster *Dirty Harry*, "His particular genius is an infinite capacity for taking pain." And, he might have added, for dishing it out.

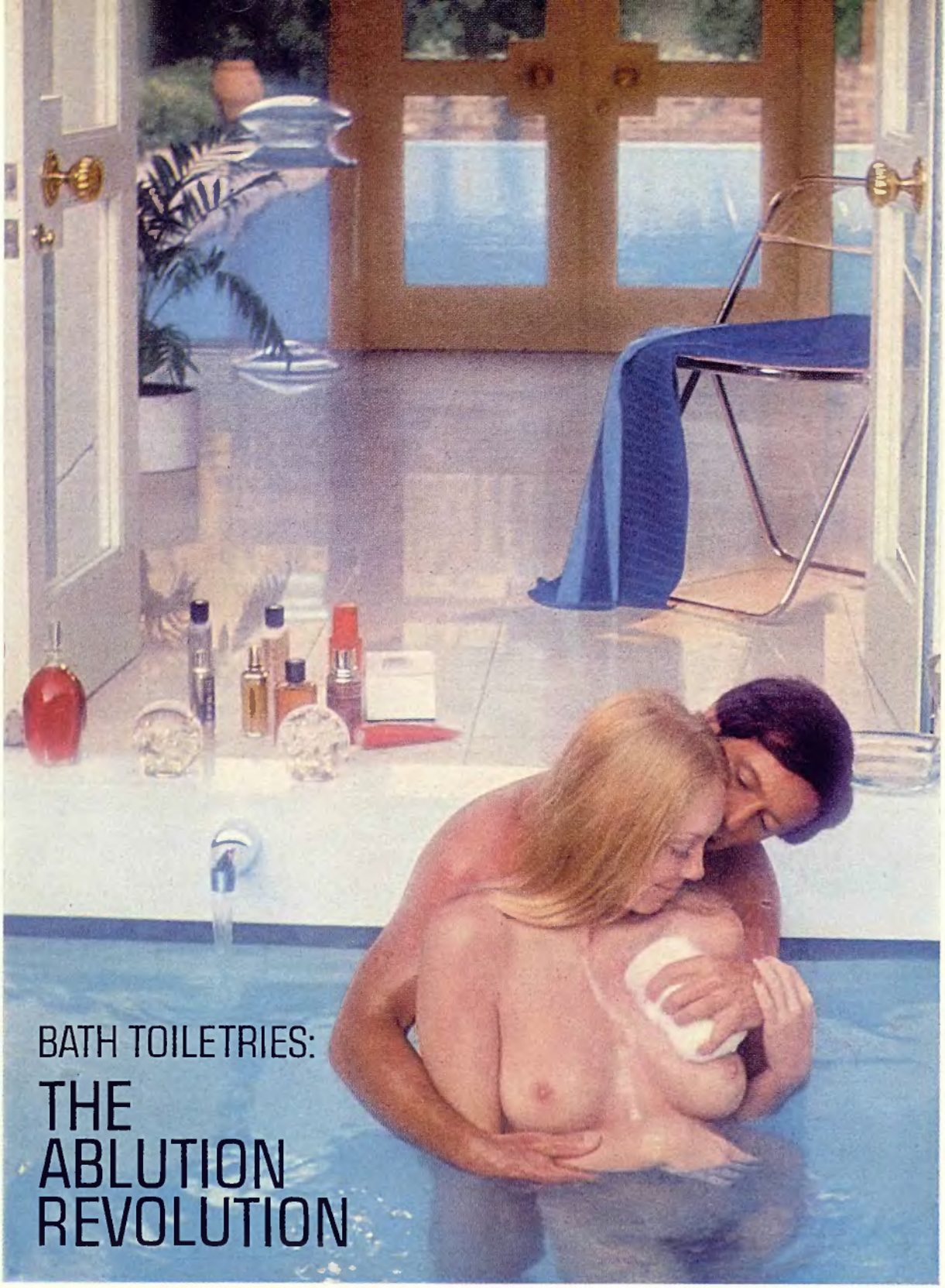
Coming up fast on Eastwood may be the even more rugged Charles Bronson, classed as the top-ranking international star of the year by one publication. Bronson's craggy features are not exactly unfamiliar on the American screen; he has played some 80 roles since making his debut in *U. S. S. Teakettle* in 1951. But the preponderance of these have been heavies, gangsters, Indians or brutal convicts. Instead of ending up with the girl, he usually ended up with a bullet in his gut. Oddly enough, a change of venue markedly altered this dire fate. Considered a superstar by the French (as well as by the Japanese and the South Americans), he began to receive offers in France that allowed him to play sympathetic, even romantic leads—as in *Adieu l'Ami* and particularly in *Rider on the Rain*, a chiller that enjoyed moderate success in this country as well. Not coincidentally, both films by which he is represented on the screen this year, *Chato's Land* and *Red Sun*, were made in Europe, with Spain doubling for the American West. But if Bronson is once more an Indian in the one and a bandit in the other, his bad-guy days are apparently over. As the song goes, "When you're hot, you're hot."

Probably the hottest *new* star of the year, however, is the dark, intense Al Pacino, who, after a single appearance in last year's *The Panic in Needle Park*, was suddenly catapulted to fame as the most intelligent, and most ruthless, of the second-generation Corleones in *The Godfather*. A product of the New York theater, Pacino studied with Herbert Berghof and at the Actors Studio before winning attention in such off-Broadway—and off-off-Broadway—attractions as *The Indian Wants the Bronx* (which also won him an Obie Award). The following year, he made his Broadway debut in *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* and won a Tony. *Needle Park* came next. Critics at the time noted his strong physical resemblance to Dustin Hoffman and wondered aloud whether this might be detrimental to Pacino's career. After *The Godfather*, the greater risk would seem to be Hoffman's. Only 32, a moody and reclusive young man, Pacino made a point of declining the film offers that poured in with the release of *The Godfather*, electing to work with a repertory group in Boston—before, at last, signing to star with Gene Hackman in Warner's forthcoming *Scarecrow*. Meanwhile, Paramount is readying *Godfather II*, and if Paramount president Frank Yablons has his way—which he usually does—no one but Pacino will play the title role.

The record for turning down job offers out Hollywood way is currently held by Robert Redford, who has often stated that as long as the money holds out, he has no intention of working on pictures that don't interest him personally. This year, with two major movies in distribution—*The Candidate* and *Jeremiah Johnson*—he can probably afford to be choosier than ever. Each film, in its own way, is typical of the man. Redford was fascinated by *The Candidate*'s exposition of the way that politics, especially in this age of television overexposure, can transform an earnest, idealistic liberal into a cynical cog in the political machine. *Jeremiah Johnson*, which won kudos when it was premiered at the Cannes film festival last May, is a true survival story, based on the exploits of a pioneer who roamed the Carolina mountains about 100 years ago. Redford's own devotion to mountain climbing, hunting and skiing has become well known—particularly since his purchase of some 2400 acres of land near Provo, Utah, which he's turned into a year-round sports resort called Sundance. His permanent home (with wife and three children) is on a mountaintop about 45 miles out of Provo.

Redford's career is a classic study in upward mobility. After attending the University of Colorado, he took off for more than a year to study the paintings in the great museums of Europe and to develop his own talents with the brush. Returning to the United States in 1958, he enrolled in Brooklyn's famed Pratt

(continued on page 280)



BATH TOILETRIES: THE ABLUTION REVOLUTION

crystals, bubbles, fizzers, oils and lotions to make bathing more than just getting your feet—and everything else—wet

"THY BATHS shall be the juice of July-flowers,/Spirit of roses, and of violets,/The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath/ Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan wines." The particular ingredients listed by Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's rival playwright and poet, may prove hard to find in your town. But aided by a few products that are currently on the market —and, presumably, by a congenial partner of the complementary sex—you can, in the intimacy of your own pad, enjoy the fine arts of bathing and massage. They haven't always been favored by Americans. In fact, a lot of people believed H. L. Mencken in 1917 when he wrote that the first American bathtub was built as recently as 1842. Mencken later admitted he was putting everyone on, but in the meantime, the remark had found its way into the *Congressional Record* and *(concluded on page 258)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

A HEART-STOPPING, EYE-BULGING, WAVE-MAKING IDEA

all about biofeedback—alpha waves, beta waves, theta waves, the whole business of bugging your body

article **By SCOT MORRIS** YOU WOULD NEVER guess that Swami Rama has been practicing yoga since the age of four and heads a monastery in Rishikesh. Now, in his mid-40s, he looks more like an Italian nobleman in his Nehru jacket and turtleneck sweater, and so he appeared very much out of place in Topeka, Kansas.

He was there for a short visit with Dr. Elmer Green, director of the Menninger Foundation's voluntary-controls project; and on the morning he was to leave, after completing an extensive series of tests in Green's laboratory, he decided that it was time to stop his heart.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Green asked.

"Yes, yes," the swami reassured him. "There will be no problem. If you like, I'll sign papers releasing the Menninger Foundation of any responsibility."

"Oh, that shouldn't be necessary, but I'm worried about your health. You say you'll stop your heart by controlling your vagus nerve. But the vagus also innervates the stomach—you could get very sick. You had dinner at our house last night, you know."

"I know," said the swami, "and usually I would fast for two or three days before trying this. But I'm leaving Topeka today; I have a plane to catch. And besides, I want to see if I can do it." He paused and turned to Green. "You *would* like to see a man stop his heart, wouldn't you?"

"Well, yes, of course," said Green. "But I don't want anything to——"

"I will do it, then," the swami interrupted. "Now, if my stomach were empty, I could safely stop my heart for three or four minutes, but I think I should limit the time today. How much will be sufficient for your measurement?"

"Ten seconds will be quite impressive," said Green, as he began to attach the EKG electrodes to the Indian's right ear and left hand.

Swami Rama had already shown remarkable control of his body in Green's laboratory. Three days before, he had caused the temperature of two spots on the palm of his right hand to differ by ten Fahrenheit degrees—the left side turned red, as if slapped by a ruler, while the right side turned ashen gray.

The electrodes were finally in place and everyone was ready for the heart-stopping test. Green stood by the swami's side, while Green's wife, Alyce, and a gaggle of technicians and professional colleagues sat in the control room watching the polygraph pens perform their strange spastic dance.

The swami made a few trial runs at speeding and slowing his heart, then said, "I am going to give a shock. Do not be alarmed."

Green naturally thought the swami meant he was going to give himself some kind of neurological shock. But the shock he was talking about was psychological. The swami was telling observers not to be concerned by what they were about to witness.

But no one, not even the swami, expected to see the mad pattern drawn on the EKG paper that day. Before the shock, his heart rate was smooth and even at 70 beats per minute; then, suddenly, in the space of one beat, it jumped to nearly 300 beats per minute. The polygraph pens reacted crazily, jerking up and down five times every second for a span of at least 17 seconds. When the swami arose, he was as surprised by the recording as everyone else. Yet he felt the test had certainly been successful: "When you stop the heart in this way it still trembles in there," he said, fluttering his hands to illustrate.

The swami's heart had experienced a sudden atrial flutter, a dangerous cardiac condition that usually renders a patient unconscious, a condition in which the heart vibrates so fast that blood does not fill the chambers properly, the valves fail to work as they're supposed to and no blood is pumped to the body.

The swami had used this technique many times to stop his pulse for the benefit of skeptical doctors, but he didn't realize until he saw the results of his EKG that in order to do it, he had forced his heart to flutter so fast that it couldn't function properly.

• • •

The theoretical impact of Swami Rama's demonstration was significant, not so much because of what he did—stopping his pulse for 17 seconds—nor how he did it; the demonstration was really important because it took place *when* it did. Actually, the same study could have been performed 20 years ago; equipment was available and yogis have claimed for centuries to be able to stop their pulse. But it was done in 1970 and, ironically, was much more impressive than if it had occurred five years earlier.

Why? Because in 1965, and for centuries before that, it was an accepted medical fact that the body's muscles were of two distinct types—voluntary and involuntary. Voluntary muscles, such as those in the arm, are triggered by the central nervous system, so one can move them by merely deciding to do so. But the muscles of the heart and other internal organs, it was believed, were entirely different. They were thought to be under the sole control of the autonomic nervous system, which, as the name implied, was autonomous: It acted independent of consciousness, automatically regulating the body's involuntary, visceral responses.

Therefore, in 1965, a traditional scientist would have called the heart-stopping demonstration a trick. "Anyone can change

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES

his heart rate by simply varying his breathing pattern," he would have said. "And we know it is possible to slow the heart drastically by tightening certain voluntary muscles that squeeze against adjacent blood vessels and block the flow of blood feeding the heart—the so-called Valsalva's maneuver. But this shows only that the swami has developed fine control of his *voluntary* muscles. He cannot actually control his heart directly, because the heart is an involuntary organ. The swami's feat is no more significant than if he had claimed voluntary control of his salivary glands, and then demonstrated it by voluntarily putting a lemon in his mouth."

Then, in 1966, Neal Miller and his colleagues at Yale destroyed the traditional argument with one ingenious experiment using rats injected with curare, a drug that blocks all the central-nervous-system outputs to voluntary muscles. (Curare is the drug with which South American tribes tip their poison darts. A victim feels the pain of the dart and remains conscious, with his brain and internal organs functioning normally, but he lies limp and helpless, unable to make any voluntary movements. Since his breathing muscles are among those silenced, he quickly suffocates. To prevent this unhappy event in his curarized rats, Miller kept them breathing with an artificial respirator.)

Miller's experiment showed that a rat with all its voluntary muscles blocked could still learn to raise or lower its heart rate in order to get the reward of a brief electrical charge to the "pleasure center" of its brain.

This one experiment proved that the heart was not involuntary and suggested that perhaps the distinction between voluntary and involuntary body organs should be thrown out the window.

Soon after it was known that rats could learn to control their hearts, many researchers reported that undrugged human beings could do the same thing. Psychologist Bernard Engel and his colleagues at the Gerontology Research Center in Baltimore have trained cardiac patients to control their own premature ventricular contractions, the irregular heartbeats associated with an increased probability of sudden death. Half of Engel's patients learned their lessons well enough to maintain good control at home and in later follow-up laboratory sessions.

Out of the knowledge that many bodily responses thought to be involuntary can in fact be controlled has grown the technique called biofeedback. All learning requires feedback. If you are learning to shoot a bow and arrow, you must be able to see the arrow and the target and know the results of your shot. If you are learning to speak, you must be able to hear. A child who is hard of hearing speaks poorly; given a hearing aid, he may learn to speak as well as a normal child. Biofeedback is simply feedback applied to biological matters. It acts like a hearing aid. It "turns up the volume" on internal body signals that are normally too faint to be heard.

By its very nature, biofeedback implies the use of machines. A biofeedback machine is any device that makes a person more aware of an internal bodily function than he normally would be and that the person uses in an attempt to control the function voluntarily. A stethoscope can be a biofeedback machine if a person uses it to observe his own heartbeat, to learn what it feels like to have his heart rate go up or down and to try to bring his heart under voluntary control. The stethoscope can be improved upon electronically, of course. The heartbeat might be amplified through speakers, making it possible to detect smaller changes. Or it might be connected to a visual display, so that a subject can look at a dial that tells him what his heart rate is at any moment. Or the signal might go to a computer that turns on a light whenever the heart rate is, for example, two percent faster than it was the previous minute. Obviously, the sophistication and expense of biofeedback machines can vary tremendously.

Theoretically, if a person can be made sufficiently aware of any bodily process under neural control, he can learn to control it voluntarily. This includes almost everything imaginable—heart rate, pupil size, brain waves, the secretion of hormones and digestive juices, even the activity of individual nerve cells. It also includes abnormal processes such as headaches, insomnia and systemic diseases. This is the theory, and the promise, of biofeedback.

• • •

Is it all theory? Does it really work? Although biofeedback is still in its infancy, enough research has been done so that it's fair to ask how well the early promises have been fulfilled. The answer is complicated and varied, as varied as the special areas of biofeedback that are now being investigated. In some areas the findings have been dramatic and exciting, almost spectacular. In others, the results have been less successful than we might have hoped.

Some of biofeedback's greatest success has been in relieving muscle tension. With special machinery that registers muscle activity with a tone or electronic clicks, it's possible to learn to relax a muscle completely or to isolate a single motor neuron and learn to "fire" it at will, making it sound, through amplified feedback, like a drum roll.

Variations on the muscle-feedback technique have already been used to partially rehabilitate stroke victims, to teach asthmatic patients how to breathe properly and to eliminate subvocal speech in slow readers—the silent mouthing of words that keeps people from learning to read any faster than speech speed (about 150 words per minute).

New York psychologist Erik Peper used muscle feedback, converted into electronic clicks, to cure a man's facial tic that was so pronounced at the beginning of treatment that the recording electrodes wouldn't stick to his head. The man described his successful therapy as a revelation: "I kept saying to myself, 'Relax . . . relax . . .' then I concentrated on the clicks. At that moment, a whole new world was brought before me. I felt a deep warmth. . . . For once I controlled my body movements, they didn't control me. . . . I told myself, 'Don't tic'—and I didn't, and I cried for happiness."

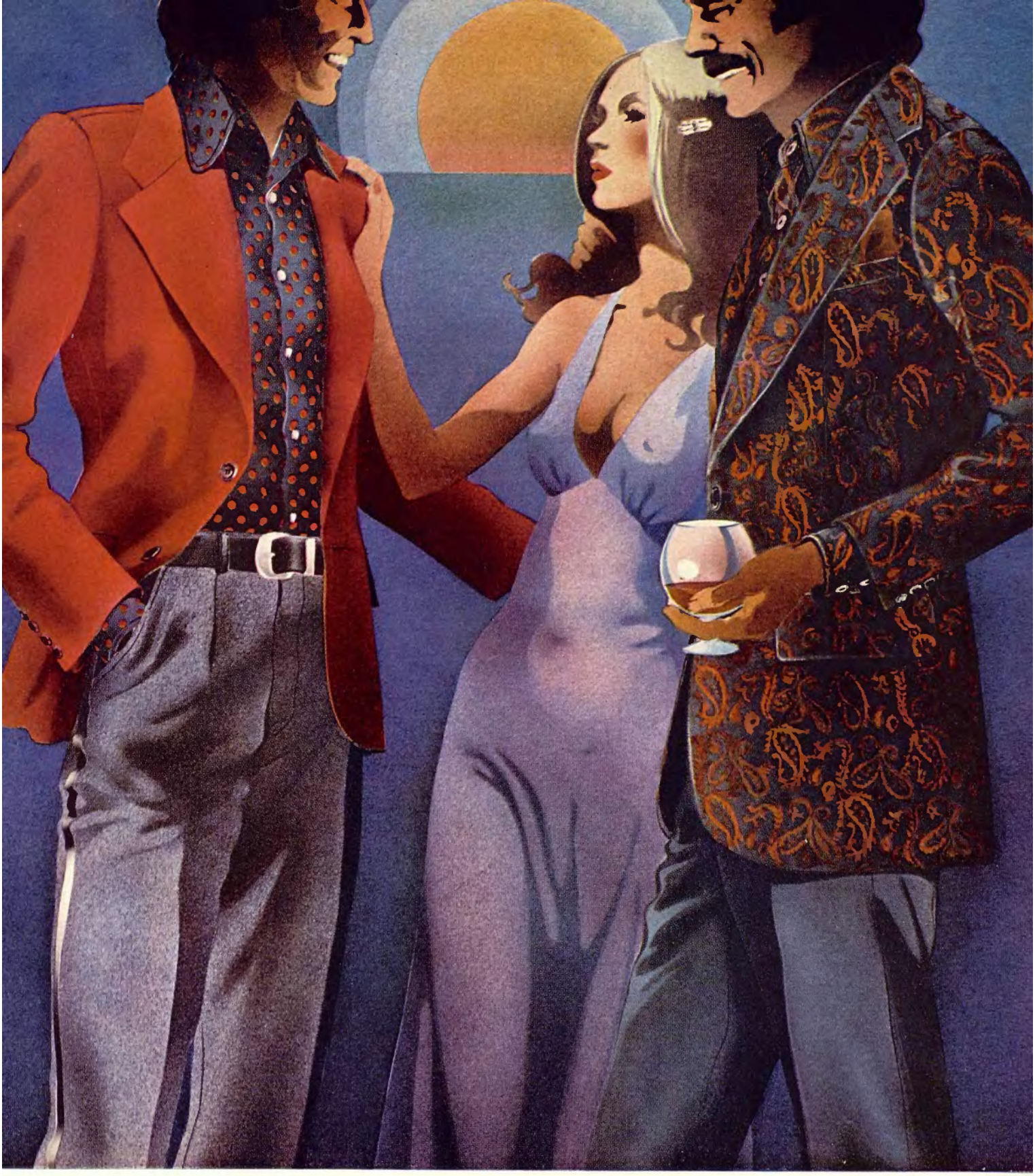
In an even more dramatic use of the biofeedback technique, University of Wisconsin psychologist Peter Lang saved a nine-month-old infant's life. The baby weighed only 12 pounds and was being fed through a stomach pump because he vomited everything he ate. He was not expected to live. Lang measured the muscle activity along the baby's alimentary canal and gave him brief electric shocks on the leg whenever his esophagus started to back up. "After only a few meals with this therapy, the infant ceased to vomit," said Lang. "He is now a healthy toddler."

On the other hand, heart-rate-control experiments have been somewhat disappointing. They *have* proved that some control is possible, and this has now been confirmed many times at Harvard and the universities of Wisconsin and Tennessee. But the changes achieved so far are still rather small and the best subjects have been young volunteers, not the more elderly cardiac patients who really need this treatment.

Blood-pressure research has also been inconclusive. So far, only a few researchers claim to have helped patients with essential hypertension, one of the most common forms of high blood pressure. Neal Miller, now at Rockefeller University, claims temporary success with one patient, and Albert Ax at Detroit's Lafayette Clinic says he succeeded with one hypertense patient and failed with another. The Harvard team of Herbert Benson and David Shapiro has had good results with seven patients, but only in a laboratory setting. Still, other Harvard researchers have demonstrated that some people can learn to manipulate blood pressure and heart rate independently—making one go up while holding the other steady.

It is obvious that a person could learn

(continued on page 244)



two easygoing alternatives for when the invitation reads **Black Tie Optional**

attire By Robert L. Green NEW PATHS for those seeking a freer fashion approach to the gala occasion. Left: An Indian-silk single-breasted two-button jacket with notched lapels, wider shoulders and no vent, $150, worn with pleated wool flannel wide-legged slacks with a satin side stripe, $50 per special order, both by Pierre Cardin; a polka-dot silk shirt, by Gentleman John, $40, and a cowhide belt with metal buckle, by Tex Tan, $6.50. Right: A paisley-patterned cotton velvet jacket with a deep center vent, $110, is combined with a matching paisley-patterned shirt, $40, cotton velvet slacks that feature slightly flared leg bottoms, $35, and a silk pocket square, $7.50, all by Bill Blass for PBM.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARIE BLACKWELL

parody BY Woody Allen

Match Wits With Inspector Fard

minute-and-three-quarter mysteries for the amateur sleuth and professional masochist

DESIGNED BY ALFRED ZELCER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL ARSENAULT

THE CASE OF THE MURDERED SOCIALITE

INSPECTOR FORD burst into the study. On the floor was the body of Clifford Wheel, who apparently had been struck from behind with a croquet mallet. The position of the body indicated that the victim had been surprised in the act of singing *Sorrento* to his goldfish. Evidence showed there had been a terrible struggle that had twice been interrupted by phone calls, one a wrong number and one asking if the victim was interested in dance lessons.

Before Wheel had died, he had dipped his finger into the inkwell and scrawled out a message: "Fall Sale Prices Drastically Reduced—Everything Must Go!"

"A businessman to the end," mused Ives, his manservant, whose elevator shoes, curiously enough, made him two inches shorter.

The door to the terrace was open and footprints led from there, down the hall and into a drawer.

"Where were you when it happened, Ives?"

"In the kitchen. Doing the dishes." Ives produced some suds from his wallet to corroborate his story.

"Did you hear anything?"

"He was in there with some men. They were arguing over who was tallest. I thought I heard Mr. Wheel start yodeling and Mosley, his business partner, began yelling, 'My God, I'm going bald!' Next thing I knew, there was a harp glissando and Mr. Wheel's head came rolling out onto the lawn. I heard Mr. Mosley threaten him. He said if Mr. Wheel touched his grapefruit again, he would not cosign a bank loan for him. I think he killed him."

"Does the terrace door open from the inside or from the outside?" Inspector Ford asked Ives.

"From the outside. Why?"

"Exactly as I suspected. I now realize it was you, not Mosley, who killed Clifford Wheel."

How Did Inspector Ford Know?

Because of the layout of the house, Ives could not have sneaked up behind his employer. He would have had to sneak up in front of him, at which time Mr. Wheel would have stopped singing "Sorrento" and used the mallet on Ives, a ritual they had gone through many times.

A CURIOUS RIDDLE

Apparently, Walker was a suicide. Overdose of sleeping pills. Still, something seemed amiss to Inspector Ford. Perhaps it was the position of the body. Inside the TV set, looking out. On the floor was a cryptic suicide note. "Dear Edna, My woolen suit itches me, and so I have decided to take my own life. See that our son finishes all his push-ups. I leave you my entire fortune, with the exception of my porkpie hat, which I hereby donate to the planetarium. Please don't feel sorry for me, as I enjoy being dead and much prefer it to paying rent. Goodbye, Henry. P. S. This may not be the time to bring it up, but I have every reason to believe that your brother is dating a cornish hen."

Edna Walker bit her lower lip nervously. "What do you make of it, Inspector?"

Inspector Ford looked at the bottle of sleeping pills on the night table. "How long had your husband been an insomniac?"

"For years. It was psychological. He was afraid that if he closed his eyes, the city would paint a white line down him."

"I see. Did he have any enemies?"

"Not really. Except for some gypsies who ran a tearoom on the outskirts of town. He insulted them once by putting on a pair of ear muffs and hopping up and down in place on their sabbath."

Inspector Ford noticed a half-finished glass of milk on the desk. It was still warm. "Mrs. Walker, is your son away at college?"

"I'm afraid not. He was expelled last week for immoral conduct. It came as quite a surprise. They caught him trying to immerse a dwarf in tartar sauce. That's one thing they won't tolerate at an Ivy League school."

"And one thing I won't tolerate is murder. Your son is under arrest."

Why Did Inspector Ford Suspect Walker's Son Had Killed Him?

Mr. Walker's body was found with cash in his pockets. A man who was going to commit suicide would be sure to take a credit card and sign for everything.

THE STOLEN GEM

The glass case was shattered and the Bellini Sapphire was missing. The only clues left behind at the museum were a blond hair and a dozen fingerprints, all pinkies. The guard explained that he had been standing there when a black-clad figure crept up behind him and struck him over the head with some notes for a speech. Just before losing consciousness, he thought he had heard a man's voice say, "Jerry, call your mother," but he could not be sure. Apparently, the thief had entered through the skylight and walked down the wall with suction shoes, like a human fly. The museum guards always kept an enormous fly swatter for just such occasions, but this time they had been fooled.

"Why would anyone want the Bellini Sapphire?" the museum curator asked. "Don't they know it's cursed?"

"What's this about a curse?" Inspector Ford was quick to ask.

"The sapphire was originally owned by a sultan who died under mysterious circumstances when a hand reached out of a bowl of soup he was eating and strangled him. The next owner was an English lord who was found one day by his wife growing upside down in a window box. Nothing was heard of the stone for a while; then it turned up years later in the possession of a Texas millionaire, who was brushing his teeth when he suddenly caught fire. We purchased the sapphire only last month, but the curse seemed to be working still, because shortly after we obtained it, the entire board of trustees at the museum formed a conga line and danced off a cliff."

"Well," Inspector Ford said, "it may be an unlucky jewel, but it's valuable, and if you want it back, go to Handleman's Delicatessen and arrest Leonard Handleman. You'll find that the sapphire is in his pocket."

How Did Inspector Ford Know
Who the Jewel Thief Was?

The previous day, Leonard Handleman had remarked, "Boy, if I only had a large sapphire, I could get out of the delicatessen business."

THE MACABRE ACCIDENT

"I just shot my husband," wept Cynthia Freem as she stood over the body of the burly man in the snow.

"How did it happen?" asked Inspector Ford, getting right to the point.

"We were hunting. Quincy loved to hunt, as did I. We got separated momentarily. The bushes were overgrown. I guess I thought he was a woodchuck. I blasted away. It was too late. As I was removing his pelt, I realized we were married."

"Hmm," mused Inspector Ford, glancing at the footprints in the snow. "You must be a very good shot. You managed to plug him right between the eyebrows."

"Oh, no, it was lucky. I'm really quite an amateur at that sort of thing."

"I see." Inspector Ford examined the dead man's possessions. In his pocket there was some string, also an apple from 1904 and instructions on what to do if you wake up next to an Armenian.

"Mrs. Freem, was this your husband's first hunting accident?"

"His first fatal one, yes. Although once in the Canadian Rockies, an eagle carried off his birth certificate."

"Did your husband always wear a toupee?"

"Not really. He would usually carry it with him and produce it if challenged in an argument. Why?"

"He sounds eccentric."

"He was."

"Is that why you killed him?"

How Did Inspector Ford Know
It Was No Accident?

An experienced hunter like Quincy Freem would never have stalked deer in his underwear. Actually, Mrs. Freem had bludgeoned him to death at home while he was playing the spoons and had tried to make it look like a hunting accident by dragging his body to the woods and leaving a copy of Field & Stream *nearby. In her haste, she had forgotten to dress him. Why he had been playing the spoons in his underwear remains a mystery.*

THE BIZARRE KIDNAPING

Half-starved, Kermit Kroll staggered into the living room of his parents' home, where they waited anxiously with Inspector Ford.

"Thanks for paying the ransom, folks," Kermit said. "I never thought I'd get out of there alive."

"Tell me about it," the inspector said.

"I was on my way downtown to have my hat blocked when a sedan pulled up and two men asked me if I wanted to see a horse that could recite the Gettysburg Address. I said sure and got in. Next thing, I'm chloroformed and wake up somewhere tied to a chair and blindfolded."

Inspector Ford examined the ransom note. "Dear Mom and Dad, Leave $50,000 in a bag under the bridge on Decatur Street. If there is no bridge on Decatur Street, please build one. I am being treated well, given shelter and good food, although last night the clams casino were overcooked. Send the money quickly, because if they don't hear from you within several days, the man who now makes up my bed will strangle me. Yours, Kermit. P. S. This is no joke. I am enclosing a joke so you will be able to tell the difference."

"Do you have any idea at all as to where you were being held?"

"No, I just kept hearing an odd noise outside the window."

"Odd?"

"Yes. You know the sound a herring makes when you lie to it?"

"Hmm," reflected Inspector Ford. "And how did you finally escape?"

"I told them I wanted to go to the football game but I only had a single ticket. They said OK, as long as I kept the blindfold on and promised to return by midnight. I complied, but during the third quarter, the Bears had a big lead, so I left and made my way back here."

"Very interesting," Inspector Ford said. "Now I know this kidnaping was a put-up job. I believe you're in on it and are splitting the money."

How Did Inspector Ford Know?

Although Kermit Kroll did still live with his parents, they were 80 and he was 60. Actual kidnapers would never abduct a 60-year-old child, as it makes no sense.

MÉDENINE *(continued from page 222)*

out of the deal.

"Are you not American?"

"I am an American who owns no car."

"One must have a car to do business."

"I am an American who does no business."

Now he *knew* I was putting him on and changed his tone.

"Do you have an enemy in Chicago?" he asked slyly.

"In Chicago everyone has enemies."

"I will have him killed in Tunis for five hundred dollars," he promised. "You are my brother." He turned to Madame.

She was drawing a red line down from Tunis to the desert's edge, encircling the places she intended to see. The red line bypassed Djerba.

"In Paris," Hassine tried to get her attention, "Hassine touched ice with his hands."

She had encircled Carthage, Kairouan, Matmata, Gabès and Médenine.

"In Paris," Hassine tried again, "Hassine went to Folies-Bergère."

No response.

"Hassine fought bravely for the French," he played his trump card. "In Paris Hassine was in hospital."

He turned to me, unbuttoned his shirt until his right shoulder was exposed. The scar extended from shoulder to elbow. He buttoned the shirt and raised his left trouser leg: A red seam zigzagged from ankle to knee. Shrapnel. He dropped the trouser leg.

"Although Hassine fought bravely for the French," he filled me in, "yet now they do not let him fight the Jews."

Madame glanced up from her map.

"What do you want to fight Jews for? Did Jews give you your wounds?"

"*My* wounds are no matter, Madame," Hassine explained heroically. "I wish to fight the Jews because they offend God."

"How can God's chosen people offend Him?" she led him on.

"If Jews are God's chosen people," Hassine replied, "why did God not pick *them* to conquer all North Africa and Spain instead of the Arabs?"

"If the Arabs are God's chosen people," Madame came right back, "why didn't God let them keep Spain?"

"If they are not, why did He let them keep it a thousand years?"

"If they are, how is it that the Jews are now holding the road to Tel Aviv?"

"A battle lost is not a war lost," Hassine answered promptly. "Had God meant Jews to win, He would have given them a flag. Now they make their own flag. God does not wish people to make their own flag. He does not wish people to *begin*. It is God's will that Arabs have an army because Arabs have always had an army. If Jews begin to have an army, then Bedouins will want one also. Even the people who live in the ground in Matmata will come to live on top of it. If God had wished them to live on top of the earth, He would not have put them to live beneath it. They too will want a flag."

"Why *shouldn't* they have a flag?" Madame persisted.

"Because they are only Bedouins who live underground."

"We will see Bedouins who live underground for ourselves," Madame decided, turning the map toward Hassine.

"It is not necessary to stop here, Madame," Hassine told her confidently, touching Carthage. "There is nothing here but old rocks. In Djerba is the most beautiful beach for bathing in the world."

"We do not wish to bathe. We wish to see old rocks."

Hassine smiled patronizingly: "In Djerba, Madame, are the world's sweetest figs."

"We do not wish for figs. Either to see or to eat."

Hassine shook his head sadly.

"In Kairouan, Madame, are nothing but old walls."

"We wish to see old walls."

"In Gabès," he kept trying, "are only women who are not serious. But in Djerba one may buy the finest pottery for only a few francs. In Djerba are the world's finest racing camels."

"Do you wish to see racing camels?" Madame asked me.

"I should like to see camels who are not serious," I assured her.

Madame customarily had so little concern for money that I wasn't even certain she could count. From her clanging French dialog with Hassine, which now ensued, I was pleasantly surprised to observe not only that she could count but that she was driving him back across the sands.

While they were occupied, I snatched the remains of the loaf Madame had been working on. By the time they reached an understanding I had it consumed.

The understanding was that we were to leave the following morning at six, to avoid driving in the heat of the day.

"God willing," was Hassine's parting shot, "we will have tea in Djerba tomorrow evening."

"We aren't going to Djerba," Madame corrected him. But he was already gone.

Hassine Ameur Djemail was as deft as Madame herself at turning a deaf ear.

• • •

We began waiting for Hassine Ameur Djemail at 5:45 A.M.

The heat of the day, trapped all night between the walls, made the hotel lobby stifling. But the night clerk told me he could not switch on the overhead fan until the heat of the new day had begun. Wandering around the lobby looking for a switch, I marveled that he could tell how much heat belonged to yesterday and how much to this morning.

Madame dozed in an armchair. A wind from the desert paused in the street just beyond the door, saw that it was too hot inside our lobby and moved on down the street. Madame roused herself, shredded a copy of *Algeŕ Republicain* and returned to sleep.

I asked the night clerk how he could tell the difference between yesterday's heat and this morning's, and he said he could not: that the decision was made by the day clerk, who came on at nine. I wondered whose responsibility it was to decide whether the streets were light or still dark. I put a few shreds of the *Algeŕ Republicain* together and pretended to read them until I fell asleep in the hotel's other armchair.

A touch on my shoulder woke me. It took me a moment to recognize Hassine, now wearing a white jellaba. He'd traded his GI cap for a fez.

"How are we to have tea this evening in Djerba if you are to sleep the whole morning in Tunis?" he demanded.

"We've been waiting since before six," I informed him. The clock above the bar showed half past nine; the day clerk was on duty, the overhead fan just beginning to turn.

"God was unwilling we leave so early," Hassine explained easily. "Against His strength we are helpless. You are my brother." That was just how he put it: I was his brother.

He gave his brother the front seat—the seat of honor—beside himself. He gave Madame barely time to scramble into the back seat. A minute slower and she would have been left behind. My being his brother didn't make Madame his sister.

"If we are to stop to look at rocks all the way to the desert, Madame," he reproved her, looking terribly put upon, "I will have no time to visit my mother's grave."

Hassine waited sullenly at the wheel while Madame and I walked among the rocks, where once the invincible city stood.

This was the point at which Dido, navigating by night instead of beaching her ship every sundown, disembarked. At her first dig she exhumed a cow's skull, presaging a city that would live enslaved. So she tried again farther west and brought up a horse's skull: adumbrating a city warlike and powerful. And she named it *Qart Hadasht*: New Town. The Romans pronounced it "Carthage."

The sea was still bearing tribute: waterlogged melons, Coke bottles and dead fish. It looked like the good times were gone. The New Towner had had his day.

And what a hard, hard time he gave everybody; especially the Roman. In battle as well as in business.

Right from the start the New Towner

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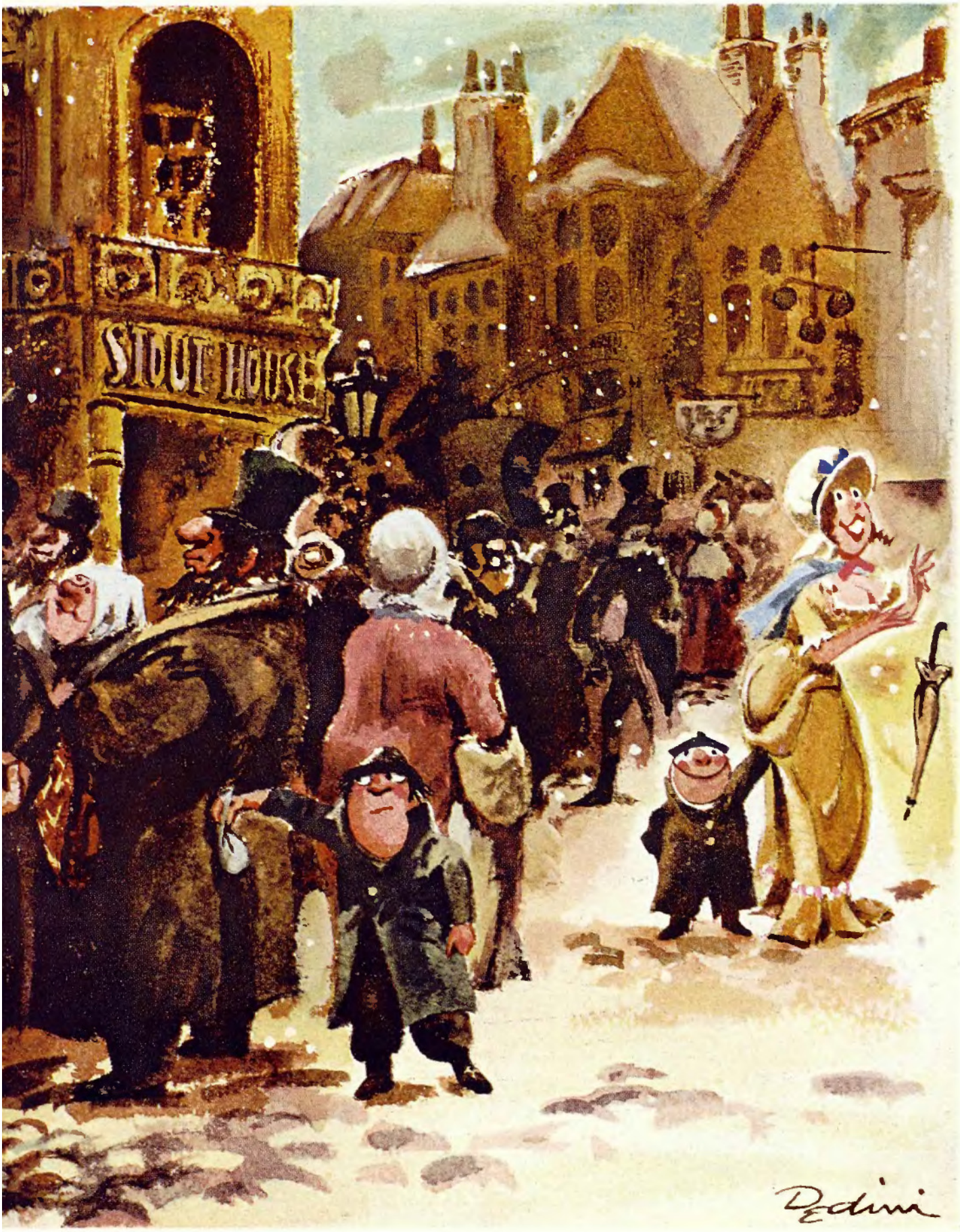
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The exclusive separate handle lets her use 2 hands. Just slip on the brush or combs and style away.

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looked all wrong to the Roman businessman. He not only looked wrong but he *smelled* wrong. His ankle-length robe and his heavy perfume in themselves were offensive. Worse was his habit of prostrating himself before the European before talking business.

It wasn't until later—after the Roman shook off that cloying scent and went to the baths—that he realized he'd been jobbed. Again.

A nation of such effeminate hustlers should be a pushover in warfare, the Roman concluded. And found himself jobbed yet again.

The New Towners drove as ferociously in battle as they did in trade, and their boldness in both was matched by their enterprise on the high seas. Two thousand years before Columbus, the Carthaginian Hanno led 60 ships of 50 oars each down the west coast of Africa. Hanno presented his city with the skins of three African females who'd fought him so fiercely at Fernando Po that they'd had to be killed. The skins were of female gorillas. This remains the earliest recorded instance of a movement for the liberation of women.

"Hassine has not seen his mother's grave for two years," he began again as soon as we were back on the road, "but if Madame and Monsieur enjoy standing on rocks, that is no matter. Hassine's mother is nothing. *Madame's* pleasure comes first."

"If you had come to the hotel at the time you gave your word," Madame phrased her retort neatly, "we would have had time to see *my* mother's grave. Now *neither* of us will visit graves."

"*Madame*," Hassine cautioned her as though she were being immodest, "you are only a woman."

"*Now* we go to Médenine," Madame ended the discussion.

There weren't many curves in that road from Tunis to Médenine and that was just as well, because the road was narrow and Hassine drove fast; and never troubled to use his klaxon except to summon the attention of Bedouins on donkeys going the other way. Hassine Ameur Djemail, Owner of Citroën with Two Suits in Garage, was passing! Attention must be paid to this man.

We drove between mountain and land, half scrub and half sand. At times I felt we were tilting downward into some sort of green-white hell. Madame dozed in the back seat and I dozed in the seat of honor. I was between sleep and waking when I sensed something pass and came full awake.

"A camel!" I announced triumphantly, craning my neck into the dust behind us. "I just saw a camel!"

"God willing, we shall see many camels," Hassine assured me, "and yet greater wonders. In Djerba——"

"*This* camel was hauling a cart," I finally put it together. "I didn't know camels pulled carts."

Hassine beamed at me. "An old saying of the desert," he counseled me gently, "three things cannot be made to pull a cart: the cat, the lion and the camel."

There'd be a hell of a row if they *did* get all three between the shafts, I realized. But somewhere in Tunisia a camel *was* pulling a cart—all by himself. Or herself. I kept my eyes on the road.

There was always a dust cloud approaching with something in its middle. Some turned out to be camels and some turned out to be carts; but never the one hitched to the other.

Hassine saw a Bedouin sleeping beside the road and gave the horn such a blast that the Bedouin leaped out of the blanket and into the brush. It was a woman.

"Why do you frighten these harmless people?" Madame came awake to ask.

"To keep them from thinking they too should have a flag," he answered immediately.

Between a sky too white and hovels too black we saw the last Jews on earth who earn their living by driving camels.

This was the ghetto of Médenine. And again we had to leave Hassine waiting. Jews had exactly as much appeal to him as had the rocks of Carthage.

But Madame had an impassioned curiosity about all peoples; and I had my camera.

We found ourselves in a treeless square where camels made the only shadows. Like knock-kneed kings shorn of their power, some standing and some kneeling, they formed a square within the treeless square. Because of the light, it took me a minute to discern that, in the shadow of each brute, a driver waited.

Their eyes, I sensed, were all on us. And to them we were even more alien than Arabs. Yet I sensed no hostility. It wasn't till my eyes adjusted to the light that I saw they were all boys.

One, robed in black, with a great shock of black hair and light-blue eyes, led his camel up to us. While the camel stretched its neck over our heads, the boy looked up at us, smiling as though expecting something. He was inviting me to ride his camel.

"Tell him I have a fear of heights," I asked Madame.

"He speaks no French," she informed me, "and I don't know how to say cowardice in Hebrew."

I tried to make a deal: "Will you take my picture if I get on top of it?"

She wanted no part of that camera, but the camel boy waved to a friend to act as photographer. The kid caught on to its mechanism immediately. The problem now was how to get on top of the brute.

You don't *swing* aboard as you would a horse. You *climb* it. Even when it's kneeling, you still have to climb.

I hauled myself to its top and very nearly went off the other side. I finally got into a sitting posture, with one hand canted toward the sun to get my face in profile, as I had seen Lawrence of Arabia doing in a photograph.

Then I looked down. I was *high*. Really *high*. I motioned to the kid with the camera to get out of the sun, and the gesture started the camel *moving*! I hadn't counted on its moving and I had to hold on to its neck to avoid being pitched off. The driver took the reins and began leading me around the square as if he'd captured something.

I couldn't catch the rhythm of the camel's walk. When I leaned forward it lurched, throwing me back; when I leaned backward it developed a new lurch and threw me forward. Camel boys came leaping all around the square, making merriment of my plight. I suspected Madame was enjoying the scene as well.

The would-be photographer ran beside the camel, trying to get me into focus. When that didn't work, he stopped and knelt to get a sight line on me. But just as he'd focus I'd lurch, either forward or back, and he'd have to take off after the camel and rider again. At last he decided his best move was to get in front of the beast and catch us coming head on. When this didn't work, he began leaping straight up off the ground and snapping the camera in mid-air.

To be leading one's camel around the square in that tiny ancestral ghetto, with an American astride it, was plainly a distinction: The shock-haired boy was positively strutting. He made a complete turn of the square, bringing me back to where I had boarded. And then I knew I had a problem: how to get off.

I accomplished this by sliding down the brute's neck and then dangling. Had the driver not persuaded it to kneel, I'd be dangling yet. Madame apparently detected something humorous in this peril-fraught scene, but I overlooked this demonstration of bad taste on her part. It was one thing for a gang of camel rowdies to jump with glee but quite another for a supposedly sophisticated woman to join them. After she paid the camel driver and the cameraman, both accompanied us to the ghetto gate.

As soon as we returned to Hassine it was clear that we'd wasted the better part of his day. But before he could go into his complaint about spending time looking at rocks, walls, Jews or Bedouins —time that would have been better spent looking at Djerba—Madame gave the orders of the day: Rue Sidi Yahya.

I didn't know what she was up to and didn't ask, figuring I'd find out soon enough.

The entrance to the Rue Sidi Yahya was guarded by two French soldiers, checking the passes of soldiers looking for women. Sidi Yahya was reserved for black or Jewish whores and the common

soldiery. Officers had access to the preferred brothels of white Moslem women.

My camera was loaded. I was *ready*.

I knew we were in the wrong neighborhood as soon as we passed the guards. It would have been no more than awkward, and in bad taste, for a respectable white Christian woman to come to look at women who'd been cast out, black and Jewish at that. But to have her followed by an American with a camera, and he followed by a fat Arab —and none of the three of them looking as though he were going to spend a franc—was a soundproof insult.

The shadow of a whore in one doorway met the base of the building directly across the Sidi Yahya: The street was that narrow. I speculated on the possibility of being confronted by a 6'7" Senegalese pimp wearing a single earring and wanting to know just what I had in mind. That the street came to a dead end half a city block away was not reassuring. The girls were packed in there pretty tightly.

The Jewish women wore European dress. The tribal women, on the other hand, stood stripped to the waist, some with cicatrices of purple and indigo seaming their cheeks. Madame paused to speak to one; but the woman only fixed her gaze beyond Madame as though Madame didn't exist. When a woman needs a soldier with his pay in his pocket, there isn't much percentage in telling your story to a *madame sociologue*. She had no better luck with the Jewish women. Even though they weren't able to throw us out, they still didn't have to act as if they'd sent for us.

But after she passed one sandy-haired child, a girl no more than 18, I caught the suggestion of a smile from the girl. She looked to be both Jewish and French; and since French soldiers have been exploring the wilds of the Rue Sidi Yahya for 100 years, she might well have been. Which would have made her *persona non grata* to the Christian and Moslem communities as well as the Jewish. I hesitated. She pointed to my camera, then to her face.

"*Foto*?" she asked shyly. "*Foto*?"

I was only too pleased to oblige. When I asked her to move just a bit to the side, out of the direct glare of the sun, she smiled pleasantly and snatched the camera out of my hands. Then she stood, still smiling pleasantly, yet with a shadow of menace on her face, the box held behind her, in her own doorway.

We were only having a bit of a joke between us, of course. So I held out a 100-franc note to keep it that way. She shook her head no: A hundred francs wasn't enough to keep it a joke. It might be for her, but there were now three other girls, all white, on either side and behind me.

All I had, besides the 100-franc note, was a 500- and a 1000-franc note. We could get by if I gave up the 500, but we really needed the 1000-franc one.

"*Ficky*? You *ficky*?" one of the girls demanded, slapping derisively at my fly. I came up with the 500. The sandy-haired one shook her head: No. Just as if she *knew* what I was holding. Then the two on either side began pushing and the one behind started acting funny too. I glanced toward the gate, where the guards were watching. They too were smiling. I came up with the 1000-franc note but held on to it until I got a grip on the camera. She didn't let it go until she got a grip on the bill. Then we both let go at once. She had the note and I had the camera. I looked around for Madame.

There was such a crowd of women around her, all jeering, that I couldn't see her. I looked around for Hassine. He was standing his ground but wasn't planning to advance. I moved reluctantly toward the small mob just as Madame broke free, coming fast on her flat-heeled shoes, the dozen whores strung out, pretending to chase her, some actually running a few steps behind her to keep her running. Hassine turned and fled toward the gate.

I gathered whatever shreds of my dignity remained, simply to wait until Madame had passed me in her flight. It just wouldn't look right, I told myself, to get to the gate before she did. I walked on hurriedly behind her to give the impression, to whoever was watching this wretched demonstration of cowardice, that I was the lesser coward.

Then, just as we'd almost reached the gate, the sandy-haired girl ducked in front of me, raised Madame's dress to her waist and ran behind her, holding the dress up with one hand and pointing with the other, jeering, "*See! She has one too! See! She has one too!*"

If the soldiers at the gate had laughed outright I would have liked it better than the tight little smiles I felt in passing; smiles that said we'd gotten no worse than we'd deserved. They were right, as Madame was the first to acknowledge—as soon as we were safely back in the Citroën and on the road.

Hassine kept his silence. He was abashed at his own cowardice, I surmised. But I overestimated Hassine. He wasn't in the least abashed: He was *affronted*. He had warned us not to look at Jews, he had *warned* us not to look at women who were not serious. We had insisted, with the consequent loss of Hassine's dignity.

"In Djerba there are no women who are not serious," he began *that* again. "In Djerba we shall drink the world's finest tea. In Djerba——"

"In Djerba," I interrupted him, "we would do better to smoke The Terrible Turkish Hubble-Bubble, also known as hashish, kat or *kif*," my chief idea being that if I could get a water pipe into his mouth, it would keep him from trying to sell us Djerba.

"We are not going to Djerba," Madame decided from the back seat; and I was glad to hear it.

As dusk came up from the desert, a low wind stirred the sands. "That feels like rain," I told Hassine.

"I am of Djerba, a Man of His Word," he came through without hesitation. "It will not rain this night between Cairo and Damascus." He softened the blow with that benign smile and the assurance, "You are my brother."

We drove in silence after that. Once Madame laughed at something, all to herself in the back seat. Hassine looked at me curiously.

"She laughs in her sleep," I told him. I suspected she was reviewing the recent flight of the Frenchwoman and the American man on the Rue Sidi Yahya.

We drove until very late. I roused myself now and again when I sensed something passing us from the other direction. But when it was a camel, there was no cart. And when there was a cart, there was always some fool of a donkey pulling it. The air grew cooler and a slanting rain touched the windshield. I glanced at Hassine. He was ready.

"It is not rain," he explained, "only a few drops of water falling from the sky."

Once, our headlights caught a camel resting under a date palm. Its rear was pointing toward a cart. The cart was unhitched, but I felt close to elation.

"Close, wasn't it?" I asked Hassine.

"Three things——" he began.

"I know, I *know*," I interrupted him, "a cat, a lion and a camel."

The rain that was not rain touched the windshield; a wind that was not wind touched the dust. I was half asleep when, bright in the headlights' glow, came a camel that was not a camel.

It was pulling a cart. The driver was walking alongside.

Hassine watched the camel and cart go by; I watched Hassine.

I kept my silence long after we had passed the group. It was growing light before Hassine spoke.

"That was not a camel"—he gave me his forgiving smile—"it was a dromedary. A beast that will do *anything*."

Madame murmured something, then laughed, very lightly, more in sleep than in waking.

The day we returned to the Hotel Tunisia Palace I took a dozen rolls of film to a shop for developing. Later, when I called for them, the owner shook his head sadly and showed me a dozen rolls of blackened film.

"Camera *malade*," he explained politely, and declined payment.

An old saying of the desert: *Three things cannot be made to pull a cart—a sick camera, a fat Arab and a humorless woman.*

PINBALL

(continued from page 161)

eatery adjoining the modest white tidy house of another former teacher of mine —a sturdy ample-hipped spinster with a clamp to her mouth like a Boston terrier's, whose apparent sole exhilarations had been Longfellow and Whittier and Sir Walter Scott—I looked up after finishing a game to discover her standing in her lighted bedroom window. It overlooked the diner's back parking lot, where there was the usual uproarious dog pack of male adolescents like myself, moiling in the smoldering night. Now, above their profane lewd yaps and brays out there in the dark, she proceeded slowly and deliberately and serenely—with a grace and elegance and detachment almost theatrical—to shrug off her housecoat, reach behind and disengage her bra, then peel it off lightly, lingering in the lighted window, above the abruptly stricken and hushed parking lot, for a long giddying moment: bared, astonishing, momentous, ponderously mammalian.

Perhaps inevitably, there was a single battered pinball machine in the front office of that archaic pre-expressway motel—called something like The Blue Moon, no more than four meager wooden cottages huddling under mimosas with a feebly festive piping of thin red-and-green neon along their eaves—where, one heavily raining autumn night, I waited for two friends to return from their five-dollar assignations in the back. After a few minutes, the man at the desk —bulky as a ham, with a Marine crewcut, wearing one of those purple-silk jackets with a Japanese dragon embroidered on the back—observed in a voice like the sepulchral croak of a toad, "You sho' like to play them pinball machines, don't you?"

"Hell, I sho' do. Yes, sir."

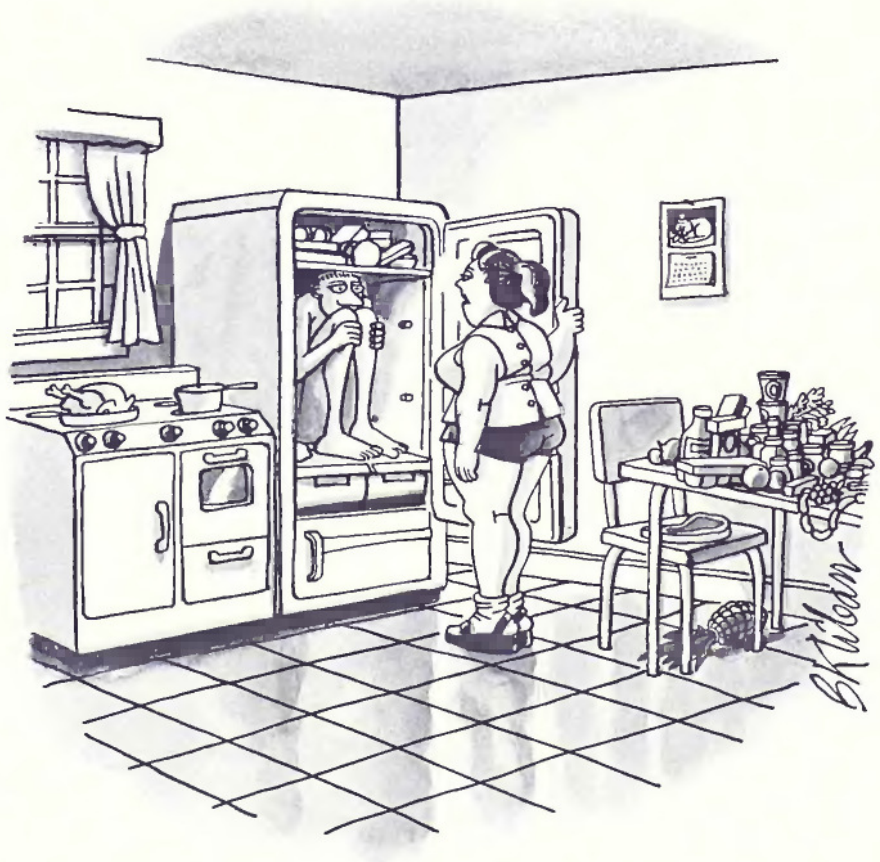
"Your buddies came in here with you. I don't guess they like to play them pinball machines as much as you do, do they?"

"Oh, yeah. It's just they——"

But at that point, a woman wrapped in a frazzled chenille bathrobe appeared through a clapping screen door, barefooted, mellowed somewhat beyond her 30s and a bit drab and dumpling of features, but, in all fairness, heavily plush and languorous under the robe as she leaned on the counter. "Hey, Ralph. I want you to call Sonny at the Dixie Cab and have him bring me out a pint of J. W. Dant. . . ."

In short, about seven minutes later, I was in a room with a single bare light bulb dangling bleakly between slat-board walls painted a sallow caramel, and a wire-coil heater glowing on a wilted linoleum floor, lying skin-bare between the harsh sheets of a creaking iron-frame bed with rain booming on the tin roof as I watched her—in uncanny duplication of that same calm and formal motion I had glimpsed in that lighted window behind the diner only a few months earlier—bend her plump arms behind her and then delicately shrug off her bra, brimmingly abundant as she leaned to snap off the light, the bed twanging loudly again as she settled herself beside me. May she be blessed wherever she dwells tonight, she was—if a bit parched—anything but perfunctory. The bed clangor of those tumultuous seismic heavings and surgings at last ceased, and after a moment she slipped back out of the sheets and clicked on the light, putting on only her bra at first, standing before me with the lush tufting of her luxurious lap as she recited some ancient joke about a lickerish Indian. A few minutes later, I was back in the car with the two friends—it was only 9:30, not 20 minutes since we had first pulled up there, but I had the sense of an age having passed unawares. Whatever, I have no recollection of ever having played the machines again, after that night.

But through the fevers of that year or so at the machines had filtered murmurings of distant metaphysical frequencies. One always seemed to be playing pinball in settings that were more or less the stage drop of transience—truck stops, the waiting rooms of bus stations —transience itself being that particular condition in which mortals come closest to picking up, like faint vagrant memories of some dream whose meaning has been lost, intimations of the quiet spaces of eternity. And after an hour at the machines, one became lost in fierce solitary communion with a miniature contained cosmos under glass that, like a pool mirroring the universe, was filled with its own infinite chaos of caprice and happenstance. Each time one tenderly pulled the throttle back to that exquisite precise measured delectability of tension, it seemed as if one were acting out a simple metaphor of all brief human tenures on this planet. The throttle, released, softly bumping the steel ball on its blind lunge out into the contrived carnival of circumstances: an imponderable physics of loss and gain, blessing and disaster, upon which one could only impinge by dull approximate secondary nudges. Unlike pool or poker, pinball is a singularly isolate and self-absorbed exertion, a kind of isometrics, perhaps an appropriate spiritual



"We can't keep meeting like this, Hilary. All my food is going rotten!"

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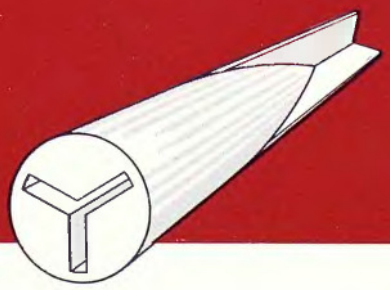

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calisthenic for the age. Over the course of those long marathon sessions—realizing one has eaten only by noticing in mild surprise a brief aftertaste of chili, not hearing until five minutes later the clang of the filling station's service hose, while the throttle between the fingers began to assume a film of warm dew, like sweating change—one seemed to enter higher and higher vibrancies of concentration and consciousness. Abruptly, at some point, it was as if one had passed completely beyond all time and motion and materiality: had become suspended in a lasting stasis, oblivious of whatever collapse of empires might be under way in that surrounding world now only occasionally glimpsed, beyond a murky, grimed windowpane, as the façade of a pale and trivial illusion, without dimension or sound, ephemeral and meaningless. One began eventually to arrive at certain suspicions about the true secret processes of time—that centuries sometimes evolve in an afternoon and calendar days amount to the idle interval of an instant. That, in fact, there is really no such thing as time, since the past is polyphonically simultaneous with the present.

For most, with the waning of adolescence, that mysterious poetry disappears. But even in their 40s, a few continue fitfully and obsessively to return to the machines. Across the river from Augusta, in the back rooms of scrubby little cafés and cement-block beer taverns squatting in grassless dirt yards under chinaberry trees, hardware salesmen and office clerks and bread-truck drivers still wander in at midmorning, out of the flat vicious emptiness of their lives, out of the unremitting brute attritions of car payments and sales quotas and phone bills and time clocks—as if haunted by a nostalgia for some old indefinable stillness, a timelessness now lost in their pasts. They invoke the bingo machines, the ones that still pay off, devices that have the doomed unkept look of meaningless relics, Technicolor numerals fading into dusty blankness. All of them, as they play, stand spraddle-legged, with a rigid quality of obstinate furtive rage, amid a wide litter of shredded nickel-roll wrappings like the numberless spent cartridges of some furious unabating firing line.

Among this company one morning recently was an insurance salesman, a brisk, stubby, chipper figure in wine-gabardine trousers and diamond-patterned shirt. He admitted happily—without taking his gaze off the board, one eye squinting from the smoke of a jauntily uptilted cigarette that pinned his grin together in the middle, ash dusting his scintillant tie—"Hell, I've lost maybe twenty thousand dollars on these goddamn contraptions. I've dropped three hundred in 'em in one day." All the while, he maintained a kind of running undertone incantation of constant incredulous gleeful despair—"Awright. Awright. Wait—no, no, you mother. You sonuvabitch. Not worth a shit, look at that"—plying his shots with little abject bitten shoves with the heels of his hands, muted grunts and whines, his hips dipping, impervious to a fly trickling down the edge of his ear and then across his shirt collar. "Yeah," he reported, "my wife never knew for sure where I actually was all those mornings I was supposed to be out there selling policies. Now I got my house up for sale to get outa debt. Hell, she knows now." Presently, with a sudden gloom like the twilight of an eclipse, a storm blew down with slamming, ransacking gales of rain. "Aw, shit, my car windows," muttered the salesman. "Look, don't let nobody hop on this machine, it must be about to get hot, with all the junk it's been giving me all morning." He was gone only a moment, scuttling back with his shirt and trousers drooping soggily, but his cigarette still lit and pasted at its doughty angle to his grin, as he hastened back to the machine with that heedless eye-glittering alacrity of rapt inextinguishable expectation.

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WAVE-MAKING IDEA

to control his own body with biofeedback to the point of potential physical harm. According to a *Wall Street Journal* report, one enterprising specialist is teaching men how to fail their military physicals by raising their blood pressure to pathological levels.

At the Menninger Foundation, researchers are using biofeedback to cure migraine headaches. The same emotional reactions that cause the main artery of the head and face to swell, resulting in a painful migraine, also cause blood vessels to constrict in the hands, making them cold. This concurrence led Joseph Sargent to a remarkable kind of biofeedback therapy: He treats migraine headaches by teaching patients to raise the skin temperature of their hands. The therapy has now been used with over 70 patients, and about 80 percent of them have shown definite improvement: they use less medication and their headaches are fewer, shorter or milder. One woman patient later used the technique to warm her feet voluntarily, relieving a chronic source of her insomnia.

Many factors besides age work to determine how well a person responds to biofeedback training. Peter Lang argues that there are "autonomic athletes" and "autonomic duffers." Other research suggests as much: It notes that musicians, artists and athletes are especially adept at controlling their brain waves. Another interesting, and logical, finding from University of Tennessee psychologist Jasper Brener is that actors may be able to learn heart-rate and sweat-gland control more readily than the rest of us. Taking it one step further, Bob Stern at Penn State reports that Method actors, who try to experience each emotion they portray, can learn to control galvanic skin response (an activity related to sweating in the palms) much faster than can non-Method actors.

• • •

Of all the frontiers being explored with biofeedback, one has received more publicity than all the others combined: the alpha wave. The market now carries perhaps 30 brands of low-cost "alpha machines," which beep or buzz or light up to signal that the wearer's brain waves have entered the mysterious alpha state.

One firm capitalizing on the craze says that by learning alpha control "you will relax physically and mentally . . . control fears . . . find peace and vitality . . . solve problems while you sleep . . . create an amazing memory bank in your own mind . . . learn to develop extrasensory perception. . . ."

Such advertising, with an assist from overzealous newspaper and magazine writers, has led to an almost unanimous misunderstanding of what alpha is.

(continued from page 230)

Perhaps the most surprising, and nearly accurate, description of the alpha state was given by Swami Rama, during brain-wave tests with Dr. Green. After he had explored his inner states of consciousness with the aid of Green's feedback machine —which sounds a different tone for each brain-wave frequency, including alpha— the swami arose and said, "I have news for you. Alpha isn't anything. It is literally nothing."

In truth, alpha is something that occurs when you *feel* nothing. It is a brain wave with a frequency between about eight and 13 cycles per second (cps). Brain waves are the constant undulations in electrical activity that occur in any living brain. These waves are picked up by sensitive electrodes at the scalp and transferred to an electroencephalogram (EEG). Brain waves are a rough measure of mental activity: They are fastest during active, attentive thought and slowest in deep sleep. Generally, stimulants such as caffeine, tobacco and amphetamines speed up the predominant brain waves; while alcohol, morphine, marijuana and decreased blood sugar tend to slow them down. The alpha state is typically described as relaxed, pleasant, detached from reality.

Alpha is a steady, clean rhythm that stands out from the apparently random squiggles on a typical EEG record like a 4/4 drumbeat in a composition by John Cage. Faster activity (above 13 cps) is called beta. It signifies that the brain is active—worrying, perceiving, deciding or attending. Waves slower than alpha (below eight cps) are called theta and delta. The latter two usually occur only in drowsiness or sleep.

If an average adult is relaxed but not sleepy, if his eyes are closed and he's thinking of nothing in particular, he is probably "in alpha." (I specify average adult because infants do not have alpha waves, nor do about ten percent of adults, who are otherwise perfectly normal.) If you were to interrupt an EEG subject during his alpha state and ask, "What were you just thinking about?" he would probably answer, "Nothing." But as soon as you ask the question, the alpha waves would disappear and be momentarily replaced by faster beta waves. This response is called alpha blocking, and a person in the alpha state experiences it whenever something catches his attention.

Albert Einstein was said to be able to solve mathematical problems in his head while his alpha waves chugged merrily on. But if someone gave him an unfamiliar problem that required conscious thought, his alpha state became blocked like anyone else's. Einstein was so familiar with the world of formulas and figures that mathematical thinking came automatically, by second nature.

Alpha waves do not indicate total inactivity. They may occur while a person is actively doing something—whistling, peeling potatoes, even driving a car; but at these moments he is behaving automatically and is paying no attention to what he's doing.

So, in a sense, alpha *isn't* anything, as the swami said, and it is especially not most of the things people seem to think it is. Alpha is not a state of mind for spiritual enlightenment, creative insight or intuitive wisdom; it does not bring telepathic or psychedelic visions; it does not cure diseases.

The first popular report that people could be trained to control their own alpha waves appeared in a 1968 *Psychology Today* article by Joe Kamiya, now at San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute. Experimenters rang a bell at random and asked patients hooked to an EEG machine to guess whether or not they were in alpha. By guessing correctly, patients eventually learned to produce alpha waves. Of the people who did, 80 to 90 percent could learn to control them to some extent.

The early stages of alpha-feedback training can be quite frustrating. As a subject relaxes and his mind goes blank, his brain waves start to enter the alpha range. Then the tone comes on and, of course, the subject notices it. But this disturbs his alpha state, so the tone stops. At this learning stage, the feedback seems to defeat its own purpose. After several trials, however, the tone no longer disrupts the subject's relaxed state; it fades into the background, like a refrigerator's hum, and one learns to hear it without listening to it.

Kamiya's discovery was significant and far-reaching, but it took on extra drama and intrigue when he pointed out that the mental discipline necessary to maintain an alpha state was connected with Zen and yoga meditation. Prior research at Tokyo University had shown that Zen meditators increased their alpha as they began meditation; and the more experienced Zen masters showed the most pronounced increase.

So Kamiya tried his alpha-feedback technique on seven practiced Zen meditators and found, not surprisingly, that they learned alpha control much faster than his other subjects did.

Yoga masters, too, have prominent alpha waves. At New Delhi's All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, students with naturally high alpha levels do better in their yoga training than students who have lower alpha levels to start with. (A high alpha level does not necessarily mean that the alpha wave is strong but that it is present much of the

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time, and in a large proportion of the brain.)

These findings inspired writers to report, a couple of years ago, that scientists had discovered the brain state corresponding to *satori*, and that we could now reach that state with a machine.

Such sensational speculations are easy to criticize, but, as a matter of fact, they may not be far from the truth. There are many striking similarities between the alpha state, as scientists understand it, and various meditative states as they have been described by mystics.

For one thing, their basic methods and aims are similar. Ramana Maharshi has said that the aim of yoga is "the cessation of mental activities," a phrase that could just as easily describe the aim of alpha training. In order to reach alpha, one must block all distractions. To accomplish this difficult task, some people center their attention on a single focus and come back to it whenever they find that their minds have wandered. This centering soon becomes automatic and effortless and alpha waves begin to appear.

Similarly, all forms of meditation use centering devices designed to reduce distractions. A beginning Zen student is told to concentrate on his breathing and to return his attention to it when his mind wanders. A Zen master will dwell on an irrational riddle, or *koan*, such as "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" or "What did I look like before my parents met?" Yogis may concentrate on a visual center—a mandala—or on a point at the center of the body. And in transcendental meditation, everyone has his own mantra, a phrase or sound (such as "Om") that he repeats over and over during meditation. Borrowing from that vocabulary, the instruction manual for a popular home alpha machine states that "the tone of the Toomim Alpha Pacer may be used as an effective mantra."

Considered in this light, all the stereotyped practices of the meditator—sitting in a prescribed posture, contemplating the navel, burning incense and renouncing all worldly desires—act to reduce potential disturbances and therefore to increase the likelihood of alpha waves.

Although a distracting stimulus will block alpha, a constant, unchanging one will facilitate it. This happens through a mechanism called habituation. We tune out anything that is familiar and repetitious. When someone is in the alpha state while a bell sounds, his alpha will block, giving way to faster, low-voltage beta waves. Alpha waves then return a few seconds later. When the bell sounds a second time, alpha blocks again but resumes sooner. Each time the bell rings, alpha blocks less and less, until eventually it is not disturbed at all.

Undeniably, habituation has its benefits—one can read this article, for example, without being distracted by the shape of the letters on the page, the feel of the clothes on one's back or the sounds of traffic outside. But habituation also causes a certain sensory impoverishment; it restricts awareness and makes one miss the rich, changing subtleties of the sensory environment.

Meditators can apparently override this automatic tuning-out mechanism. The Zen master responds to the 20th bell ring with the same attention he paid to the first. In technical terms, his alpha block does not habituate. This seems to corroborate Zen Buddhists' frequent claims that they reach a state of "perpetual here and now" with meditation and can "look at the world with a fresh eye, as if seeing it for the first time." Research on yogis shows that alpha is not blocked at all, even if lights flash or gongs sound or the skin is touched with a hot test tube.

Could the rest of us learn to reach this painless yogic oblivion with biofeedback? It may well be possible, and Erik Peper has done some promising research at the College of Mount St. Vincent indicating that if a person can learn to produce a strong, stable alpha rhythm he may be able to withstand a painful stimulus, such as a dentist's drill.

What's amazing, finally, is not so much that we can obtain fine physiological control with biofeedback devices but that Zen and yoga disciples have been able to do it for centuries *without* machines. The only explanation is that they are able to quiet their conscious minds so completely as to detect faint internal signals the rest of us can never hear without electronic amplification.

Neal Miller found an analogous effect in his rats. Normal animals could not learn to control their heart rates nearly as well as could rats injected with curare. The paralysis in the drugged rats apparently eliminated their muscular distractions and allowed them to attend to the subtle signals coming from their hearts. (Miller reports that in the past two years, researchers have been unable to teach rats the same degree of heart-rate control that was obtained in earlier experiments. He is now investigating the possibility that in the past few years there may have been changes in the quality of curare available to researchers or in the strain of rats supplied by breeding houses. At any rate, the new difficulties do not change the earlier conclusion that the heart is not an involuntary muscle.)

• • •

I once asked Dr. Barbara Brown, chief of the experiential-physiology lab at the Sepulveda, California, VA hospital, whether there were noticeable personality differences between people with naturally high and naturally low alpha levels. She paused a few seconds, then asked, "Do you know what your alpha-wave level is?"

"Not really," I said. "The machines I've tried so far weren't very good."

"Well, then I can answer the question without hurting your feelings," she laughed. "In general, people who tend toward a lot of alpha in their EEGs are dull, uninteresting, unimaginative, hard-working, plugging-along, ordinary people. And that's the truth. One finds this in everyday lab experience. All you have to do is look at an EEG record and you can tell what kind of personality the person has."

This doesn't mean that a person who trains with an alpha machine will definitely become the dullard Dr. Brown describes—and many researchers would consider her generalizations exaggerated—but there is no guarantee that he won't, either.

Certainly, many people find the alpha experience quite pleasant, and they understandably wish to increase the amount of time they are in alpha. But there are many ways to do this. Just sitting quietly and thinking of nothing will result in a significant increase in alpha. Defocusing the eyes will do it, too, as will training in deep muscle relaxation. Many people can increase their alpha waves by simply rolling their eyes upward as far as possible. (This, by the way, is the position assumed by some yoga meditators when concentrating on the *ajana*, or "third eye.") "If all you want to do is have lots of alpha," said Dr. Brown sarcastically, "you can stuff yourself full of marijuana, or be a chronic LSD user, a heroin addict, a depressive schizophrenic, or have specific kinds of behavioral problems."

You can also use an alpha-feedback machine. Unfortunately, on many cheaper machines the tone will respond not only to alpha but also to theta or muscle tension. Dr. Brown says that one man who had been training on a home alpha machine recently volunteered to demonstrate his abilities on her laboratory EEG machine. When the man went into the state he called his alpha, nothing came through the EEG but exaggerated eye movements. The man's machine had been responding to his muscle potential, and by trying to "keep the tone on," he had taught himself a pronounced eye tremor.

Sometimes the consequences can be more serious. Some of the brain waves associated with epileptic seizures will trigger many alpha machines. A potentially epileptic person who tries to keep the tone on may be horribly surprised if he succeeds.

After my conversation with Dr. Brown, I tried alpha feedback on the

sophisticated research machine in her laboratory. It told me not only when alpha was present but also how strong it was and where in the brain it was coming from. I loved it. After the extended session I felt very relaxed, very good. I would recommend the experience to anyone.

But while the session made me feel good, *being* in alpha, as such, was not necessarily the source of the good feelings. First of all, there was an exhilarating feeling of self-mastery. Realizing that I could control my own brain waves was thrilling. The pleasure was in doing it, in turning alpha on and off at will. But staying in alpha was boring. I don't like enforced mental inactivity. Others do, apparently, and for them an alpha machine can be a splendid enforcer.

Also, I'm sure the power of suggestion colored my reactions. We are told that the alpha state is quiet, tranquil, pleasant. So whenever the feedback signal came on, I thought, "Ah, it's working. I'm relaxing. The machine says so." And so I relaxed. The power of suggestion plays an essential part in the alpha experience. Research at the Bedford, Massachusetts, VA hospital has shown that before a person will state that an alpha-feedback tone is associated with pleasant feelings, two conditions must be present: (1) The tone must really be linked to the person's alpha and (2) he must be led to expect that the tone will be correlated with a pleasant inner state. The absence of either of these conditions has resulted in subjects' reporting that the experience was not pleasant.

Stating that the alpha experience makes you relax is misleading. It implies that a subject somehow makes his brain cells fire at eight to 13 cps and, as a result, he relaxes. Actually, the reverse is more accurately the case. The alpha experience *is* relaxing, but it is not that alpha waves as such cause you to relax. Rather, you must relax in order to achieve the alpha state. Since a session with an alpha machine is really nothing more than a period of monitored relaxation, people emerging from the experience can feel no way *but* relaxed.

The confusion comes from the understandable tendency to summarize biofeedback's advances in quick and easy terms. We say that a person has learned voluntary control of his heart rate or skin temperature, which leaves the impression that he can somehow flex his ventricles like biceps, open and close his blood vessels at will and direct his blood flow. Actually, he does not directly learn to control his heart or his blood vessels or his alpha waves; he learns only to keep the tone on. He does this, first, by trying to detect some internal event—a thought, an image, a feeling—that seems to correlate with the tone, and then by concentrating on that event to reproduce it as often as possible. At this point, when one knows *what it feels like* to slow his heart, lower his blood pressure or enter the alpha state, the feedback machine is no longer needed and the person can continue his physiological control unaided.

• • •

It is unfortunate that so much attention has been focused on ways to achieve the alpha state, because some of the most exciting biofeedback research deals with methods for *avoiding* it.

Tom Mulholland, past chairman of the Biofeedback Research Society, has suggested that automobile drivers and heavy-machinery operators might wear an "alertometer," which would sound an alarm whenever their brains drifted into alpha. In a more immediate application, Mulholland is using this approach with children who have learning difficulties often accompanied by short attention spans. He has developed a teaching machine with a slide projector that throws an image only when the student is in beta, meaning that his attention is strongly focused. When the child's brain waves slip into alpha, the machine stops until he is again attentive and ready to continue.

Advertising agencies are using these principles to test the effectiveness of their commercials: Any ad that doesn't block alpha is obviously ineffective.

A few years ago, Barry Sterman, chief of the neuropsychology lab at the Sepulveda VA hospital, noticed that when cats stand very still, the waves in the sensorimotor part of their brains are predominantly 12–14 cps. When he trained cats to produce this frequency to get a food reward, they became quiet and still, even when injected with a drug that ordinarily produces convulsive seizures. Since then, Sterman has trained three epileptic patients to generate this 12–14-cps wave and says that their seizures diminished markedly and their day-to-day EEG patterns have become more normal. He cautions that controlled studies must yet be done, but at this point the research is very promising; this is the first report of a lasting change in a person's EEG as a result of biofeedback.

Other researchers are studying theta waves, the four-to-eight-cps frequencies that seem to be associated with drowsiness, reverie, recall, creativity and the experience of "expanded consciousness" associated with LSD trips. As Elmer Green describes it: "There is a door to your inner self which is locked under normal circumstances. LSD is one of the keys to this door, but it throws you directly into an uncharted, unexplored world, unable to control how far in you go and how fast you get there. Thus, the 'bum trips.' With feedback, you enter slowly, feel your way around and proceed a step at a time. And you can turn around and come back out any time you so desire."

Green and his wife are studying the relationship of theta waves to hypnagogic imagery, which is defined as "pictures or words that are not consciously generated or manipulated but which spring into the mind full-blown." Many people experience these images just as they are falling asleep; when these images occur, their EEGs are likely to register theta waves.

August Kekulé, a German chemist, once dreamed of atoms undulating in a snakelike chain. Suddenly, one of the snakes held its own tail in its mouth. The image led Kekulé to postulate the existence of the benzene ring, which has been called the most brilliant piece of prediction in organic chemistry.

Niels Bohr's conception of the structure of the atom, the invention of lead shot for shotguns and Elias Howe's sewing machine—all came to their creators as hypnagogic images.

Robert Louis Stevenson regularly used this state of mind to generate tales such as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. He would drift into reverie and command "the brownies" of his mind to furnish him with a story while he slept. He could even return to this state later to change an unsatisfactory ending.

Of course, we don't know the nature of these men's brain waves at the moment of their creative insights, but from what we have learned about hypnagogic imagery, it's probable that they were theta waves.

It's been very difficult to study the theta state and hypnagogic imagery in the past, because we don't stay in theta very long; we usually pass through it briefly on the way to sleep.

The Greens have developed an ingenious instrument to overcome this problem. Their feedback machine has been devised so that each brain-wave frequency has its own musical tone: The fast beta waves sound like a piccolo, alpha sounds like a flute, theta like an oboe and delta like a bassoon. (Green says that in grant proposals he sometimes claims he will try to train subjects to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* with this brain-wave orchestra, in hope that Government granting agencies will be encouraged to release more funds for research.) The machine will even record the information from the left and right sides of the brain and feed it back in stereo—the music of the hemispheres. In theta training, the machine feeds back only the oboe sound of theta.

To keep a subject from passing through theta into sleep, Green added an imaginative secondary feedback trigger.

Whenever alpha disappears for 30 seconds, a bell automatically sounds to rouse the subject. In this way, he can remain in a predominantly theta state for extended periods of time. He can observe his unconscious images, surface to consciousness and report on them, and then return to theta.

"Alpha is normally being aware and theta is being unaware," Green says. "And if you can learn to stay in the phase where both waves are present, you may become aware of normally unconscious material. Apparently a certain amount of alpha must be present so that a person can bring the hypnagogic images over to consciousness."

Green's studies with Swami Rama shed some light on this point. After several periods of practice with the feedback machine, the swami announced that he would produce delta waves in the laboratory. No adult had ever shown slow delta waves while awake; they are present only in deep sleep. Yet the swami was able to produce delta waves during a prearranged period of 25 minutes, then waken and report accurately on what had happened in the room while he was asleep. The relevant point is that the swami's record never reached above 40 percent delta; the rest of the time was spent about equally in the other brain waves. Green speculates that it's necessary to retain some alpha in order to be aware of what is happening on the unconscious stage, but not so much that unconscious levels are lost.

Charles Tart, a psychologist at the University of California at Davis, suggests an easy way to study hypnagogic imagery at home: "Lie flat on your back, as if going to sleep, but keep your arm in a vertical position, balanced on the elbow, so that it stays up with a minimum of effort. You can slip fairly far into the hypnagogic state this way, getting material, but as you go further, muscle tone suddenly decreases, your arm falls and you awaken immediately."

Will people trained by theta feedback become more creative and generate great inventions or Nobel Prize–winning insights? Green is reluctant to say while his research is still going on. And Barbara Brown, who was delightfully candid about much of her biofeedback work, was circuitous and noncommittal when asked about her ongoing theta-training studies.

Most researchers have become restrained when speaking to reporters. They have seen too many impossible headlines ("TURN ON WITH ALPHA"; "THINK YOUR HEADACHES AWAY") that make biofeedback sound like vitamin C or copper bracelets.

Of all the major researchers, none has received more publicity than Joe Kamiya, the man who first demonstrated voluntary control of alpha waves. For a while he seemed to revel in the publicity and was free with his speculations to reporters. He talked about eventually curing nearly every bodily illness through biofeedback. He no longer speaks so freely. "There's been too much publicity for me," he said, "and I feel as though my work is not yet really ready for presentation." He is concerned that his colleagues will regard him as a publicity seeker: "I, more than any of the others in the field, have been behind in my [professional] publications." Now Kamiya is even discounting the potential of alpha control. "By itself," he has said, "alpha feedback is not a useful therapeutic tool at this time." And Neal Miller adds, "Learning the skills of alpha control may have no more significance than learning to move one's ears."

Some traditional scientists resent the fact that researchers who have lately hopped onto the biofeedback band wagon are concentrating on the most spectacular areas of study rather than helping to work out the background parameters that will define biofeedback's scope and limits. As Peter Lang put it: "A lot of people are going for the throat before they know where it is."

Finally, Miller fears that the public will expect too much too soon: "This exaggerated optimism may lead to inevitable disillusionment which will prevent the hard work that has to be done to see what therapeutic value, if any, there is in this approach."

So, publicly, biofeedback researchers have become cautious, underselling their own discoveries. But they certainly haven't given up their experiments and hundreds of other scientists have joined them. Between 1969 and 1972, the Biofeedback Research Society grew from about 20 members to over 300.

There's little wonder that biofeedback has been sensationalized by the press: It *is* sensational, one of the most exciting new fields in science. We can now explore objectively those obscure, dimly comprehended states of consciousness that have been talked about for centuries by yogis and mystics, and more recently by hypnotists and acidheads.

The possibilities in medicine are overwhelming. Once one understands the basics of biofeedback, the speculations seem to pour forth. Can we control heart rate and blood pressure? Then perhaps we can prevent deaths from heart disease. Can we control brain waves? Then perhaps we can control epilepsy, personality disorders and learning deficiencies. Can we overcome the alpha-blocking response? Then we may learn to ignore pain. Can we control blood flow? Then we may be able to teach a man to have an erection at will, or to kill a cancerous growth by starving it of its needed blood supply. Someday, perhaps, the ancient dictum will be changed to "Patient, heal thyself."

And, potentially most significant, many physicians estimate that about 80 percent of human ailments are at least partly psychosomatic. If the mind can make the body sick, perhaps it can also make it healthy. This concept means not only that abnormal disorders can be treated but that everyone's general health can be raised to new levels. So someday we may all be taking courses in psychosomatic health. If so, biofeedback researchers are already building the teaching machines that will be used in the classroom.

"No, thank you . . . I've already got my Christmas seals."

MY FIRST ORGY

(continued from page 118)

flask. I snap out of it. I pull myself together. I lurch out of my hotel room and into the lobby, nearly colliding with a succession of guests, and manage to make it all the way to my rented car without actually falling onto the ground.

• • •

Saturday, nine P.M. We park the car by the house with the July Christmas-tree lights and ring the bell. From inside comes the tinkle of music and merry, possibly unclothed voices. A stocky, clothed gentleman comes to the door and asks if he can help us. Linda has forgotten the password, forgotten who sent us, forgotten everything, and begins babbling hysterically. I withdraw into a state of quasi catatonia. Well, what is the gentleman at the door going to do, after all, call the cops? ("Hello, police? There's a couple of writers here trying to crash our orgy. . . .")

At length the man at the door wearies of Linda's babbling, mumbles that the usual practice is to prescreen guests, but that in our case he'll merely take our seven-dollar admission fee and let us in.

I hand him a crumpled ball of sweaty dollar bills. He reaches for a card and asks our names.

"Uh . . . Linda Lyman," replies Linda Leeman in a strange high voice.

"Dan Greenburg," I gasp, not having the strength to even make it as far as Greenstein.

The man laboriously prints our names, then turns to me.

"It's a soft swing," he says pointedly.

"Uh, what?" I say.

"It's a soft swing. If a chick says no, don't push it."

"Oh, all right," I say, hoping to give the impression that I'm more used to *hard* swings, where, presumably, if a chick says no, you throw her up against the wall, slap the hell out of her and rape her.

We enter the orgy. We look around.

If we did not absolutely beyond any doubt know that it was an orgy, we might very well have mistaken it for a high school bring-your-own-bottle party. Most people present have, in fact, brought their own bottles. They have also brought things in homey covered-casserole dishes. The lighting is soft and multicolored. Dance music comes from a radio. Everyone in sight is fully clothed.

Directly ahead of us is a sort of combination kitchen-ballroom. That is, it contains a sink, stove, refrigerator and tiny dance floor. About three couples are dancing. The rest are talking in twos or standing around looking pitiful.

The age range is early 30s to mid-50s. The men wear mainly short-sleeved flowered shirts and slightly too-short slacks, the women a wide variety of things from pants suits to hotpants to long dresses. There is one woman who is well over six feet tall. There is another who may weigh as much as 300 pounds. There is a moderately attractive Eurasian lady with a high-necked shiny silk dress slit all the way up her thigh who looks as though she spends her nonorgy time seating people in Chinese restaurants. There are many men with long sideburns but skinny mustaches. They are not—how shall one put it?—the sort of folks one would have voluntarily selected as sex partners. On the other hand, one was not consulted.

There is a great profusion of signs in Day-Glo lettering posted all about, exhorting one to smile, to have a happy day, to be friendly, to do one's own thing. There is one particularly prominent sign that catches my eye and that I am told is the Swinger's Credo:

> I DO MY THING AND YOU DO YOUR THING. I AM NOT IN THIS WORLD TO LIVE UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS, AND YOU ARE NOT IN THIS WORLD TO LIVE UP TO MINE. YOU ARE YOU AND I AM I, AND IF BY CHANCE WE FIND EACH OTHER, IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
>
> —FREDERICK S. PERLS

Questions of whether I am I or I am me aside, it seems a reasonable enough credo. Linda and I stand there, reading the credo for perhaps the 40th time, terrified of doing anything else, when I spot a person who looks like someone I might be able to talk to without passing out. He is a young person wearing blue jeans (as I am) and wearing rather long hair tied back in a ponytail (as I am not), but the point is that he looks about as out of place as I feel.

Linda and I introduce ourselves to him and discover that his name is Jesse, that he is from Oklahoma and that he is a guitarist. I see this as hopeful—a person in the arts. Actually, says Jesse, to fill in the gaps, moneywise, between guitar gigs, he sells tires. How long has it been between guitar gigs? I ask. About eight years, Jesse figures.

We ask Jesse to show us around and he does. He points out a room adjacent to the kitchen-ballroom that contains a movie projector, screen, several cans of stag film, and that also contains several clothed couples sitting around getting acquainted. He points out a large empty bedroom with a large empty bed and indicates that there are three more bedrooms, a shower and a sauna right up those stairs there.

"Say," he says, "how'd you like to see the caves?"

We say sure, wondering whether we are in for a stalactite-stalagmite-distinction thing and whether, in fact, this entire setup is really an orgy or merely a giant seven-dollar put-on.

Jesse leads us through a beaded curtain into an area that looks like a fourth-rate Jean Cocteau fantasy of a Pullman sleeping car. It is a room that has been divided into cubicles on two levels, the floors of which are mattresses covered by sheets, the walls of which are flush with the edges of the mattresses and the ceilings of which are scarcely high enough to sit under without bumping your head against them. The whole thing has been covered with a charcoal-gray foam rubber spattered with Day-Glo paint and lit with black light. The effect of the black light is that white things such as teeth and sheets appear fluorescent purple and vaguely stained. Whatever else one may want at an orgy, it cannot possibly be lighting that reveals teeth and sheets as fluorescent purple and vaguely stained. And vague stains there assuredly are. On every tooth and sheet in the place.

Jesse excuses himself, saying he must get back to his little woman and introduce her around. He steps over us as we huddle in the crawl space between cubicles, and just as we are deciding what to do next, a clothed couple comes straight through the beaded curtain, ducks into a cubicle to our right and immediately articles of clothing come flying out into the crawl space. I turn to gape and, although my view of the couple is limited to toes at one end and lower thighs at the other, I can see by the position and the motion of the legs that definite intercourse without foreplay has just commenced.

Scarcely has the first couple begun than a second couple enters and steps into the cubicle to our immediate left. Clothes once more come flying out, and although my view of this couple is only from shoulders to waists, it is apparent that these folks also have little truck with foreplay.

A third couple enters the sanctuary (has someone outside blown a whistle?) and climbs nimbly over our backs and up a ladder into a cubicle directly above our heads. More articles of clothing come flying out and soon we are surrounded on three sides by copulating (and, one might add, mysteriously lubricated) couples.

Since Linda and I are loath to make the commitment of crawling out of the crawl space into an actual cubicle ourselves, and since we are clearly about to become a major traffic jam, we back out of the caves and return to the staging areas.

The rest of the house is much as we left it. Couples still dance in the kitchen and sit chatting in the porno-movie room. Most of them are still clothed. One clean-cut young lad in Jockey shorts

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"I know it sounds like a damfool question—but where am I?"

enters somewhat breathlessly and is razzed about copulatory fatigue. He is unsuccessfully picked up by a poignant-looking middle-aged lady in toreadors who promptly turns to me and asks something about ice cubes that sounds faintly suggestive. The lad in the Jockey shorts jogs off and is replaced by a definitely naked, seriously pudgy fellow.

Linda is standing three yards away from me with her back turned, as the naked pudgy fellow approaches her from behind and puts his hands on her waist. Linda, thinking it is me, grasps the hands, turns around, sees the pudginess and the nakedness and bolts for the bathroom. The naked pudgy fellow shrugs and pads away.

Up the stairs one can see a great deal of frenzied activity. Several naked persons of both sexes, most with dumpy bodies, are running back and forth between bedrooms, shower and sauna, gigging immoderately. A clothed person at my elbow notes my absorption with the upstairs activity and suggests I take a shower. I say thanks but I've already had two so far this evening. Then I spot Linda darting out of the downstairs bathroom, still somewhat shaken.

As we stand there, trying to decide whether leaving is a permissible cop-out, a stocky man with a short-sleeved shirt and a pencil-thin mustache approaches, introduces himself as Freddie, informs us he is a stunt man at MGM and indicates in no uncertain terms his immediate fondness for Linda. The way he indicates this fondness is by placing his hand behind her neck and drawing her toward him by her hair. I recall aloud the admonition that this is a soft swing and wonder whether Freddie has heard. He has. Freddie has been a member of this particular club for years. He and his wife are members of *five* swingers' clubs, he says, but this club is definitely the best.

"What makes this one the best?" asks Linda, deftly disentangling her hair from his hand.

"The *people*," says Freddie, "the *people*."

Our minds boggle as we try to conjure up images of the caliber of people at the four other clubs.

Freddie asks whether we have seen the pool. We have not. Leading Linda now by the hand rather than by the hair, he escorts us into the back yard and to a floodlit swimming pool that is both unoccupied and unheated.

"This is the pool," says Freddie, perhaps fearing that we believe it to be something more sinister.

I stick my hand into the water and remark how cold it is, whereupon we are treated to our first bona fide tacky sex joke of the evening:

"No sense ruining a perfectly good member in that cold water," Freddie says.

We chuckle politely, but apparently Freddie fears that the *double-entendre* has somehow eluded us.

"No sense ruining a perfectly good member in that cold water," Freddie says once more.

Fearing yet another repetition of the joke, we swiftly change the subject. We ask Freddie how he came to be a swinger.

"Well, sir," he says, "I guess you could say I became a swinger in order to save my marriage."

"How's that?" I say.

"Before we became swingers," he says, "hell, I was screwing every single one of my wife's galfriends."

"And now?"

Freddie's face breaks into a beatific smile.

"Since the day we became swingers," he says proudly, "I have been completely faithful."

"Tell me, Freddie," I say, "how do you feel when you know that your wife has had sex with another man?"

"Just great," he says. "Matter of fact, I'm never so turned on to her as when she's just got done making it with another guy."

"So do you sometimes just make love to her right then and there?"

"Oh, no," says Freddie, as if explaining to a very small child that we do *not* make ca-ca in our pants.

"Why not?" I ask.

"Well, sir, we tend to frown on that sort of thing around here," he says. "Oh, I don't mean that it never *happens* that a man has sex with his own wife at one of these parties, it's just that we tend to frown on it. Why, I remember one time a guy and his wife started upstairs to one of the bedrooms"—he chuckles at the memory—"we booed them all the way up the stairs."

It now occurs to me that although I have thus far this evening heard the phrases "We don't put that down" and "Do your own thing" a number of times, I have also heard the phrase "We tend to frown on that" quite a little, too. I ask Freddie what other types of things they tend to frown on at these shindigs.

"Well, we tend to frown on things like . . . oh, like more than two people making it with one another at the same time . . . on people watching other people while they're making it. . . . We tend to frown on people who come here without partners. . . . We frown on homosexuality. . . . And we very definitely frown on somebody seeing somebody on the outside that they've met at one of our parties."

"Why is that?" I ask, but I think I already know.

"Because," says Freddie, "that's adultery."

• • •

The orgy in the Valley has not been devoid of value, but neither has it provided me with the opportunity I so ambivalently seek: to take part in the festivities and take note of my reactions.

"There's a place I've heard of that we probably ought to check out," says Linda. "It's called Topley Too."

"Where is it?" I ask.

"I don't know exactly, but they run ads in the *Free Press*."

• • •

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• • •

I decide to skip Topley Too.

Notwithstanding admonitions to steer clear of what were termed the group-grope places, I feel this type of place may be the least traumatic way for me to get my feet (or whatever) wet. I recall that a well-known writer I am friendly with in New York has mentioned visiting one of these places and I put in a long-distance call to him.

My writer friend has, indeed, spent time at the best one of these places, but seems somewhat disturbed to learn of my interest. He is writing something about this topic himself and feels a certain proprietary interest in the place. I assure him I have no intention of trying to scoop him and that if I do write about the place, I won't even identify it by name. He says he can't in all conscience ask another writer not to write about something just because he happens to be covering it, too, but I sense his extreme discomfort and I don't

push it. I don't even ask him the name of a person to call there.

It has begun to seem to me that so many writers are now writing articles and books about orgy-related topics that it's like the Communist movement of the Forties and Fifties, when half of the people at every cell meeting were FBI men. I would not be surprised to find that half the people present at any given orgy in Los Angeles or New York are writers doing research, all interviewing and/or fucking one another, professionally if not carnally.

I telephone the place my writer friend has spent time at and I'm referred to its public-relations man. Unwilling for the moment to dwell on either the sociological ramifications or the punning possibilities of its having a public-relations man, I tell him quite straightforwardly of my interest in visiting. He agrees to the visit and gives directions for getting there.

After nearly an hour's drive along the ocean and up narrow winding roads into the mountains, Linda and I arrive at our destination. It's 5:30 P.M. and the view in all directions from our mountaintop is spectacular. We discover we are both every bit as nervous now as we were at the orgy in the Valley, so we each take long pulls on my flask of vodka.

The grounds seem deserted. The only sounds to be heard are the soft splashes of water from the several outdoor fountains. We approach the nearest building and enter. What we have entered is the immense living room of the main house. A dozen attractive young people sit reading, playing cards or chess or chatting quietly. They are all quite nude. One of them comes over to say hello. This is our PR man, and he leads us off to a corner of the room to sit down, drink some hard cider and talk.

The PR man is about 30, nice-looking, very tan, very healthy, very intelligent and articulate and gentle, and very nude. It is at first difficult to overlook the fact that you are talking to an actual nude person and then, fairly soon, not so difficult. As we talk, I feel my tension and apprehension and nausea gradually dissolve and a great feeling of peacefulness overcome me. The feeling is so peaceful it's almost corny and I begin to be embarrassed about how peaceful I feel. I say this aloud and the PR man smiles and tells us that the entire place has been designed to elicit just such feelings of peacefulness—the sounds of fountains, the earth colors and the natural materials used in the buildings, and so forth. It's all part of the theory behind the place itself.

Ah, yes, I think, here comes the pitch. The rationale behind it all. The what-we-believe-in-and-why. But no pitch is forthcoming. I learn that the place is a sort of nudist colony, for want of a better term, that has ten full-time adult residents and about 200 or so members who come here to swim, sun-bathe and, mainly, make love to any of the other members who happen to be in the mood. The feeling is that members should be free to have one primary intimate love-sex relationship and a number of secondary ones, that the secondary ones won't detract from the primary one but will make it even better.

Before we know it, we've been talking an hour and a half. He asks if we'd like to go for a swim. (It is clear one does not swim in swimsuits here.) Linda is hesitant. I say sure. He gets us towels and points the way to the indoor swimming pool.

• • •

The pool is deserted. First I, and then Linda, take off our clothes and our glasses and enter the warm bathtubby water. We are not splashing around for more than ten minutes when we perceive that a small blurred group of people has come into the pool building and shucked its clothes and entered the water. Tragically, both Linda and I are so nearsighted without our glasses it's impossible to even see what they look like. There is a certain amount of splashing around and there are voices, and then the voices become still and it strikes me that what we may have a scant few yards away from us are two or so couples engaged in some level of foreplay. For all I know, they may even be screwing.

"Listen," I whisper to Linda, "I don't want to be so obvious as to actually paddle over and ask what they're doing, but what do *you* think is going on over there to our right?"

Linda squints unobtrusively in the proper direction.

"It's either a guy hugging and kissing a lady or hugging and kissing a beach ball," she confides.

There is a certain stunning irony in the fact that we have both progressed to the point of total nudity in the company of equally unclothed people and that we are both so blind we can't even tell if we are in an orgy.

After a while, whatever assortment of people and/or beach balls is present gets out of the pool, dries off and leaves. We get out of the very warm water and are suddenly freezing in the brisk night air. We dress hurriedly and return to the main building. After a pleasant dinner and no visible orgying, we prepare to go. We learn that the main reason we haven't seen any lovemaking (assuming that what we vaguely saw in the pool wasn't lovemaking) is that their major get-togethers happen to take place on Wednesday and Saturday nights and today is Tuesday.

Back in the car, I can't stop raving about the place and its people. I ask Linda if she's as impressed as I am.

"It's a very nice place, and the people are really sweet. But I think one reason you're so knocked out by it all is that you're just not used to the California life style," she says gently.

• • •

It is two weeks later. I am back in New York and have spent a fruitless 40 or 50 phone calls trying to drum up an orgy to go to and I am running out of contacts, patience and time. My editor keeps calling to find out when he can expect the manuscript. I tell him I can't even *begin* writing the manuscript till I've taken part in an orgy. There is no denying the pressure. I have less than a week now to either come up with a viable orgy or else miss my deadline and be forced to beg out of my assignment.

And then—success. A friend of a friend of a friend has found a chap who used to be very into the orgy thing, and although he has mostly dropped out of it now (he has a meaningful relationship with *three* chicks he really digs), he has agreed to throw an orgy in my honor. It is to take place this coming Wednesday in his posh East Side apartment and it will begin promptly at nine P.M. Sensing my nervousness (no mean trick, this), the host kindly suggests I stop by his place about 4:30 Wednesday afternoon to meet him and look over the apartment, eliminating two of the many unknown factors I'll be forced to deal with when my hour of trial arrives.

• • •

Wednesday, 4:30. My host is a tall, athletic-looking guy in his 30s—intelligent, articulate and nice. His name is Walt. It is not clear what Walt does for a living, although one has heard he is a gambler and has managed to gamble away a Chris-Craft, a Maserati and a much more sumptuous apartment than the not-*un*sumptuous one we are standing in. He shows me around. Good modern furniture. Chrome and leather. Fur rugs. Large wall mirrors in the bedroom. "In my last apartment," says Walt wistfully, "the mirrors were on the ceiling."

"What do you do, Walt?" I ask.

"What I do, Dan, is make love. That's mainly what I do. It's what I *like* best, it's what I *do* best, and everything else is just to fill in the gaps."

Walt estimates he has made love to about 1000 women in his 15 years of orgygoing.

A dog of spaniel descent enters and gives me the once-over.

"That dog," says Walt, "just happens to give the best head in town. He's not pushy about it, though. He won't come over and do anything unless you invite him."

Walt fixes me a Scotch and water, as an attractive young woman finishes tidying up and as delivery boys arrive with

cases of liquor and mix. Another young woman—the caterer, says Walt—has just left, after laying in a supply of delicacies such as Devil Dogs, Good Humor bars and Reddi-Wip. Walt himself has already spent a lot of time in preparation.

"A good orgy has to be as carefully choreographed as a good ballet," he says. "I've already chosen the cast, set the lighting, planned the flow of the evening. I preprogramed all the music you'll be hearing tonight on the tape deck. I polished up the vibrators and the dildos and I told the maid to put out the dark sheets."

My host is obviously getting a great kick out of his role, and when I leave, I feel I could not be in better hands. He says he'll see me at nine P.M. sharp.

• • •

My date for the evening is an attractive young actress named Mary-Jenifer Mitchell, who has been in *Oh! Calcutta!* and *The Dirtiest Show in Town* and who is on loan from her preposterously generous boyfriend. (When you call them and they aren't home, their answering machine says: "Please leave your name, phone number and favorite erogenous zones.") Mary makes no pronouncements about nonparticipation in this evening's festivities, she merely requests that I use her real name in my article.

"Have you been to lots of orgies, Mary?"

She thinks a bit. "I don't guess I've really *been* to any," she says. "But of course I've *thrown* a couple."

Mary, like Walt, is somehow able to sense my nervousness and suggests I meet her an hour before the orgy for a drink. What makes anybody think I'm nervous? Just because I've been nauseated and unable to eat every day I thought there was the remotest chance I was going to an orgy? Just because I've lost 15 pounds since I began my research?

• • •

Wednesday, nine P.M. I have showered, shaved, cologned and anointed my body with precious oils, staving off repeated attacks of nausea and the shakes with the better part of a bottle of Myers's rum. I have met Mary at a bar and together we have consumed more liquor and I have gotten us a cab for the remaining three blocks to the orgy, due to serious doubts that I will be able to keep putting one leg in front of the other for so vast a distance. We are leaning against our host's doorjamb and ringing his bell. He opens the door and ushers us into the apartment, which has been magically transformed into a pleasure garden.

There are candles. There is incense. There is exotic music. There are my host's three attractive girls, clothed. There is my host himself, clothed. I am to put myself completely in his hands. He will guide me through this entire experience. He will tell me exactly what I ought to do at every step.

"I think you ought to sit down," he says.

I do. Mary sits down next to me. There is a definite lack of spontaneous conversation among those present. There is a ring of the doorbell. There is another couple. There are passed around for sniffing certain powders, certain poppers. There is yet another ring of the doorbell. There is our final couple.

"I think we need your chairs now," says my host to me and Mary. "Why don't you two go into the bedroom?"

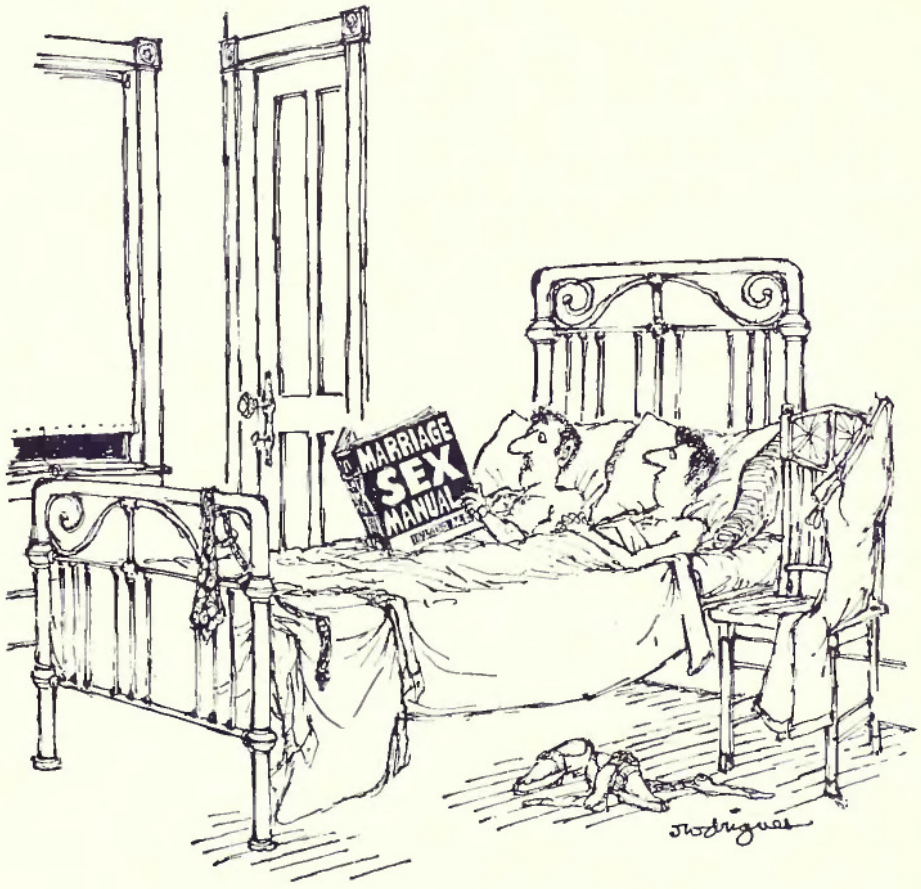
We certainly can't fight logic like that. We get up. We go into the candlelit bedroom. This is it. This is really it. There is absolutely no way to chicken out now. We have passed the point of no return. I smile at Mary. She smiles at me. We take off our clothes. I take off my glasses. I can't see a thing. We get into bed. We get to work.

A personage has materialized at our side, divested himself of his clothing and joined us in the bed. It is our host. He graciously helps me make love to the wondrous young woman whose answering machine requests one's erogenous zones and who insists that her real name be used in my article. I wonder how I feel about having another guy make love to my date and decide the thought is not appropriate to the situation. My host disappears. Then he reappears, this time with one of his girls. There are four of us in bed. Then six. *Six naked people in a huge bed somewhere on Manhattan's posh East Side, all having some form of sex together, and I, by God, am one of them.*

I keep thinking to myself, "Look how I'm really doing this. Look how I'm at least physically a part of all this. Look how I'm at least intermittently potent. Look how God is not hurling bolts of lightning to incinerate me," and I keep thinking how detached and on-the-outside-looking-in I feel and it's like being at a screening of a very blurred stag film and I keep wanting to yell "Focus!" to the projectionist.

At one point in all this activity, I hear my host say, "OK, Greenburg, time to fuck a stranger," and I feel myself being lifted up off one lady and onto another. Good old Walt. Keeping things moving. Choreographing. Bless him. I adjust myself to the new lady, nod a shy hello and set to work.

At another point in the evening, I find myself fondling and kissing an arm I believe belongs to the young woman I am currently entertaining, then discover that the arm belongs to my host. I mumble apologies but see they're not needed. My host's concentration is



"According to this, one of us should be a woman."

somewhere other than on his arm. He and another lady are, by coincidence, busily at work on the same lady *I'm* at work on. I apologize for apologizing and return to the task at hand.

It is two A.M. We all stop and go into the living room for snacks and such. I learn that one of the men present is an investment banker, one is an attorney. One of the women is a graduate student in English lit, another of the women some sort of fashion designer, a third, it seems to me, is a manicurist. I could be wrong about this. I could be wrong about a lot of things. Like whether or not I'm really here.

By 3:30 it is over. We put on our clothes, thank our host and stand at the door exchanging polite nice-to-meet-yous. I want to ask, "Was it good for all of you, too?" but I don't. I say to the possible manicurist that I'm not sure whether I've had her, but, if so, it was nice. She laughs, thinking I'm kidding.

I put Mary into a cab and walk slowly home, feeling very odd, indeed. I have managed to fulfill my mission by severing both the peaks and the valleys from my emotional electrocardiogram and the result is that I cannot be completely sure of what has happened. I feel very detached. Surreal. Sophisticated. Blasé. *Fatigué*. European. Old. How do you like that—me, a fella that's been to orgies.

My wife awakes as I get into bed.

"How was it?" she asks.

"I don't know," I say. "I'm trying to figure it out."

• • •

It takes me a full day to get over the hangover, a full three days to get over the sense of surreality. I call my editor in Chicago with the news that I've finally finished my research, had my orgy and am going to be able to make my deadline, after all.

"How did it go at the orgy?" he asks. "Any trouble?"

"Oh, no, not really," I say.

"There wasn't any trouble?"

"Not really."

"You mean you didn't even throw up?"

"Not really," I say. "I did feel a little nauseated beforehand, but that went away by the time we actually started. Everything worked out fine."

There's a brief silence at the other end of the line.

"You son of a bitch," says my editor, and now, suddenly, I realize just how much of a setup this whole assignment has been: Let's send old Greenburg into a situation where he can't fail to make an ass of himself, and what a fine giggle we'll all have afterward at his expense.

"I'm sorry things didn't go worse," I say, "I really am."

• • •

I finish the first draft of this article and that night my wife and I are at a cocktail party and I am trying very hard not to act too overpoweringly blasé/*fatigué*/European/old. A rather straight married lady we know announces she has just had her first experience skinny-dipping. Before I even have time to appreciate the irony, I have completely forgotten how blasé/*fatigué*/European/old I am, I have forgotten all about the six naked bodies on the bed in the posh East Side apartment and I am pumping the straight married lady for every last detail of her skinny-dipping experience like some horny high school sophomore.

"Look here, Brigham, either they go or I go!"

POWER!/ROBERT EVANS

(continued from page 189)

Couple, Goodbye, Columbus and *Romeo and Juliet*, we've had more than our share of successful pictures. Last year, we had *Love Story*, and this year, *The Godfather*. They were great thrills for me. We've become the number-one company in the industry and managed to do it by running it as a small business, a swinging company without a bureaucracy. Please understand, there were many contributors to these successes. I was only one of them.

The last six years have been like a lifetime of learning. It was tremendously satisfying participating in *Love Story* and in *The Godfather*. We developed both those pictures from the beginning. It wasn't like going out and buying a big best seller, a sure smash. We bought *Love Story* as a screenplay, *then* it was turned into a book; we bought *The Godfather* from a 30-page outline and paid Puzo to finish it. Watching those films come out the way they did was probably as satisfying an experience as a person can have.

So if asked whether I have enjoyed the power trip, I would have to say yes. Otherwise, I wouldn't stay in my job. But people change, and I think I've matured a lot in the last six years, maybe because of the success. Now I'm not looking for more power; I'm looking for just the opposite. I want more privacy and greater personal freedom. Power works in a self-perpetuating way: The more you have, the more you want, like a snowball rolling down a hill, gaining momentum and losing control. But that's not me at all; I'm not concerned with increasing or perpetuating my power, and I'll tell you why. It's the position that gives you the power, not the man. All the people who play up to you, who work with you obediently, who extend themselves in every way, do it for your position, not for you. I realize that. I'm still just a cog in a corporation, a corporate head who, I think, does his job well. If it weren't for all I owe to Charles Bluhdorn, the chairman of Gulf & Western, who had so much faith in me from the start, and for my personal relationships with him and Frank Yablans, the president of Paramount, who has backed me all the way, and we work as real partners, I'd be happy to become just an independent film producer, making my own films as well as I could and living a private life all my own.

I come home and I have 64 messages, or 48 messages. You can't live that way forever. Most of those calls deserve answers, but when do I find the time to build any real relationships? Everyone says, "Jesus, you're set up great. Great house. Head of Paramount Studios. All the dames you must have!" Not true at

A LITTLE BIT OF PURPLE PROSE ABOUT LEARNING TO SKI.

A lot of people will give you this thing about the courage of the first man who ate an oyster.

We would respectfully suggest that he had nothing on the first guy who strapped himself to a pair of oak staves and headed for the nearest mountain.

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A dramatic development.

Over the last 10 years, a new method of ski instruction has been developed and perfected at Killington.

We call it the Accelerated Ski Method™ (formerly known as GLM). If you have even a shred of desire, plus enough coordination to pick up this magazine, you can learn to ski the Accelerated way.

Guts is no longer the pivotal requirement.

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Instead of strapping you onto a pair of 6 or 7 foot skis and sending you onto the hill, the Accelerated Ski Method works you up to full-size gradually.

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Some fabulous plans.

Learning to ski is *not* impossible.

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Foster (he's our marketing director) Chandler will send you the facts.

Foster Chandler
495 Killington Road
Killington, Vermont 05751

If we know old Foster, he'll absolutely bombard you with brochures, pamphlets and all that.

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all. I am very lonely. I never go to parties. I never go out. I am working all the time.

So people who see only the glamor are missing what it's really all about. There's terrible tension all the time. My work hours destroy any kind of family life. I can't get off the phone unless I shut it off and get away. And the business itself is one of constant rejection. Constant rejection of bright people, people who are friends, who've put whole careers into films and who genuinely believe in what they want to do. My job is to reject them. Our company is offered 1000 projects a year and we make 12 to 15. By nature, I'm compassionate to people's problems, and I'll tell you, I haven't grown any calluses. It becomes more painful, not less painful, to turn people down.

The other problem is that power can be stifling. It can demand so much of you that you don't grow. You become a boring person. It makes you egoistic, self-concerned and a bore, and I've felt that happening to me. I haven't really opened my brain to the world outside my own business. I've been consumed by motion pictures. I see almost every picture that's made and that takes an awful lot of time. I haven't been interested in other people. I've been selfish, by which I mean totally involved in my own work, for my own benefit and the benefit of the corporation.

Maybe you caught me on a melancholy morning, but I'm ready for freedom rather than power. I could be satisfied just going on doing what I've already done, trying to top myself, but I want to explore some other interests. Sometimes I think I'd love to go away for a year and be really private. I could do that today. I couldn't have last year. I'd enjoy traveling to places I haven't seen, perhaps living anonymously in the French countryside, experiencing things I haven't experienced. In a way, my experience has been limited and narrow. I've been constantly motivated by ambition since I was 16 years old. But I've been through some personal crises in the last six months, and I realize that ambition and power don't matter that much. You've got to find happiness outside that. I've seen too many men enthralled by their own power who were basically unhappy. Sometimes it takes a personal awakening, a crisis or maybe a tragedy, to make them realize there's more in life.

When my contract with Paramount, which has five years to go, is completed, I'd like to go into independent production. I had the power trip very young in my life, and now it just does not excite me very much anymore. I'd like to use whatever talents I have in a much more unselfish manner. I don't mean politics. I'm really not involved with politics. To me, it's become like show business—a performance, and I've lived through too many performances already. But nothing would give me greater pleasure than if someone like Dr. Salk, who I think is one of the heroic figures of the 20th Century, said to me: "Bob, come and devote as much time as you can to helping me." I'm no scientist, but maybe I could raise funds and publicize his work.

Really, I want to begin taking back my own life, which I haven't had much of in the last decade. Though I'm twice their age and it's taken me a long time to get there, I'm very sympathetic to the youth of the country who feel that gaining power over their own lives is most important. They may not have the ambition of my generation, but I think they have a lesson for us all. There are very few powerful, influential men I've met who have peace of mind. I don't think there's any reason you can't have both, but if power starts to take your peace of mind and your human feelings away from you, it's not worth it. Power is a trip. I've taken the trip. I've enjoyed the trip. I've learned from the trip. Now to use what I've learned to be a better man and I hope that I can help others.

ABLUTION REVOLUTION

(continued from page 227)

stirred up considerable ruckus. Bathing, anointing and massaging, however, have long been celebrated in the arts and institutions of other cultures. The Bible abounds with references to ointments and potions, both sacred and sensual. "Thou anointest my head with oils; my cup runneth over," wrote the best songwriter of ancient Israel. And his son, who inherited his father's penchant for secular dalliance, picked up his Shulamite in a litter that came up from the desert "like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant." The athletes who competed in the original Greek Olympiads laved their nude bodies with olive oil. The Finns invented the sauna and the Japanese their public baths, at which patrons cleanse themselves by sudsing in one tub, then soaking in another. (It's no accident that Nippon has the world's most uninhibited legacy of erotic art.) Europeans of a few generations ago believed in the healing powers of mineral baths, and their "spas" sent American travelers home with the desire to enjoy similar luxuries on this continent.

Not only is that possible today but—to return to our premise—you can put it all together right at home, in your own lave/love ritual. Set the scene as you'd like it set, with whatever accessories you favor—candles, perhaps, or incense, and a radio tuned to some velveteen rock station. It's not a bad idea to follow the Japanese order: first, a connubial cleansing; then a quiescent interlude in the tub, with bubbles, scented crystals or fizzers; and, lastly, massage.

There are all sorts of products designed to make it easier—and more satisfying—for you to plunge into the bath-and-massage experience. Two scented, liquid soaps to enhance your shower are Vitabath Green Gelée ($16 for 21 ozs.) and Head to Toe Shower Shampoo by Braggi ($3.25 for 6 ozs.), which is particularly light and easy to use. If you prefer a bar, the RK men's bar (Redken, $1.25) is worth investigating; it's an acid-balanced, all-purpose organic cleanser with a wood-spice scent. At tub-time, Braggi's Bath Crystals ($10 for 20 ozs.) will invigorate, while Aramis Muscle Soothing Soak ($6.50 for 16 ozs.) will relax. Additional sensory stimulation can be gotten from Jean Naté's Bath Bubbles ($1 for 16 ozs.) and Max Factor's Imported British Bath Fizzers ($4.75 for 32 fizzers), which come in several "flavors" (we favor lemon). For the massage, Alpha Keri Bath Oil (about $3.25 for 8 ozs.) is a neutral lubricator; if you prefer fragrance, it can be mixed with Etherea's Biologically Correct Oils ($12.50 for 2 ozs.), which features a special scent created by Charles Revson of Revlon. Nivea (about $3 for 32 ozs.) is a relatively thick substance; most people prefer it mixed about half and half with baby oil. A potion that's less oily than the others is Ritual Body Lotion (Charles of the Ritz, $5 for 8 ozs.). For comfort and/or fragrance after washing off the materials used in the massage, we'd suggest Jean Naté's Friction Pour le Bain ($3.50 for 16 ozs.), or, if you prefer powder, Old Spice Talcum ($1.25 for 3 ozs.).

Those are just a select few of the many excellent products available to help you and your lady enjoy an evening of intimacy and ease.

"Gee, Louise . . . I'm afraid you caught me at a bad time."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 118)

but in meditation. So my life will definitely change. I'll have to give up my appearances on the stage, I'll have to stop traveling around—and I'll have to refuse interviews like this, because they can be very tormenting. What I'll have to do is interview myself: the most difficult interview of my life, because *I'll* be the journalist, and no one knows this subject as well as I do.

PLAYBOY: What specific projects do you have in mind?

YEVTUSHENKO: Primarily, I want to write a big novel. I've already been working on it. For me, doing something like this is like flying blind—a very delicate operation. Even when everything is working well, disaster still lurks all around. One little mechanical failure can threaten the whole structure. An incidental sentence at the beginning can alter everything that follows. This book is far from complete, but I'm in no hurry to finish it. I'm happy with parts of it; other parts don't please me. I still have much to learn, very much. If you think of literature as theft, then poets are pickpockets; small-timers. Short-story writers and playwrights are petty thieves—perhaps shoplifters or housebreakers. But a major novel is grand larceny—a big bank robbery, planned and executed down to the finest detail. So I want to grow up to this gradually. What I see directly ahead is a book of short stories, three plays, a collection of critical essays and then a novel. That's my personal Five-Year Plan.

There are other things I'd like to do, too. I'd like to play a role in a movie: Hamlet or Jesus or some other role. I'd like to direct a film. And I'd like to publish a volume of photographs. The human personality is so amazing that you don't complete a man's face no matter what kind of poetry you write, or how much of it. And so as not to forget poetry, I want to do some translations.

PLAYBOY: Up to this point in your life, do you have any regrets?

YEVTUSHENKO: Every man has his regrets. I have many. Primarily, I wish more than one edition of myself had been printed, because I want to be everywhere and do everything. If I had been printed in two editions, one of them would surely live in the United States. I love your country. If there were a third edition, he would go to South America. A fourth would go to Australia. Truthfully, I'd like to be printed in as many editions as there are nations in the world. But that would be quite a large circulation of Yevtushenkos.

PLAYBOY: And if they ever got together, there would probably be a fight.

YEVTUSHENKO: You're right.

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slices with a little of the marinade and onion, separated into rings. Cover with Canadian-bacon slices. Slather top half of bread with Dijon mustard–mayonnaise dressing (equal parts of each) and cover. Plant skewer every 6 or 8 ins., going all the way through to bottom slice of bread, to hold sandwich in place. Alternate cherry tomatoes and gherkins on top of skewers for decoration.

CRANBERRY-CHUTNEY RELISH

1-lb. can whole-cranberry sauce
9-oz. jar chutney

Place cranberries in blender and blend at chopping speed until berries are in small pieces. Pour into saucepan. Place chutney in blender and blend until smooth. Pour into saucepan with cranberries. Simmer, uncovered, stirring occasionally for 1 hour. (Even at a bare simmer, there's a certain amount of spattering. A larger pot will cut that down somewhat.) Chill.

TIPSY PARSON
(Serves 12)

1 quart dairy eggnog
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 large chiffon cake (from bakery or supermarket)
Dark rum
Apricot or seedless raspberry preserves
Slivered almonds, toasted
1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened

Combine eggnog and cornstarch in a saucepan and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and cool, stirring occasionally. Cover surface with plastic wrap and refrigerate. Cut cake into 3 layers. Place bottom layer on a large serving platter. Sprinkle lightly and evenly with a mixture of 2 parts rum, 1 part water. Spread with preserves, sprinkle with almonds. Spread generously with chilled eggnog custard. Cover with second layer; repeat rum mixture, preserves, almonds, custard. Cover with top layer. Sprinkle again with rum mixture; spread with preserves; top with custard. Spread top and sides of cake with whipped cream, sprinkle with almonds. Serve remaining custard separately to spoon over individual servings.

CHRISTMAS-TREE PLUM PUDDING FLAMBÉ

1 prepared plum pudding
1 small jar each red and green maraschino cherries, drained
Bourbon, 100-proof bonded or 101-proof Wild Turkey

Heat plum pudding according to the directions on the package. Remove a thin slice from top of pudding, if necessary, to make a flat surface. Empty about 12 each red and green cherries into a small saucepan. Add just enough bourbon to cover and heat just until warm. Now sprinkle some of the warm bourbon over the pudding. Spear each cherry on a half toothpick and build a small pyramid of alternating circles of red and green cherries on the plum pudding. The simplest is a layer of red, a layer of green, topped with a red cherry. Warm bourbon in a ladle. Ignite and pour over the cherry "tree." Allow flames to die. Serve with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE

Cream ½ lb. sweet butter with 2 cups confectioners' sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 jigger cognac.

STRAWBERRY SLOSH

Fresh ripe strawberries
Sour cream
Granulated brown sugar

Rinse strawberries quickly, in a strainer. Gently pat dry. Do not hull. Pile into serving bowl. Serve with a bowl of sour cream and a dish of granulated brown sugar. The procedure is to slosh berry in cream, dip it in sugar, then pop it into mouth.

Now that you and your host of friends have hailed the conquering heroes—and other yuletide goodies—there's little left to say but merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.

"See that group? None of them was guilty of any overt acts, but we got the whole bunch on a conspiracy rap."

GREAT MOMENTS

(continued from page 162)

Peacock Tavern and "beguiled their time chiefly with such amusements as the Peacock afforded, which were limited to a bagatelle board on the first floor."

Until the Depression, bagatelle remained a beguiling but obscure parlor game, whose interest was limited by its flat playing surface (which produced little action) and its requirement that balls be shot with bats or cue sticks (which required a large playing surface and lots of space).

The first mass-marketed coin-operated bagatelle board with tilted playing surface and plunger-shot balls took America by storm in 1930, compliments of an entrepreneur named David Gottlieb, who got his insights into coin-operated entertainment while running a string of test-your-grip machines in Texas during the late Twenties. His creation was a tabloid-sized box called Baffle Ball, lovingly fabricated out of honest walnut and brass, today a cherished collector's item. In less than a year, Gottlieb sold 50,000 of them—at $17.50 apiece. Depression-haggard Americans were all too happy to purchase the ephemeral escape of seven clinking steel ball bearings for just one cent.

Competition erupted quickly. A young Chicago businessman named Raymond Moloney played a few games of Baffle Ball, got the fever and designed his own machine, Bally-Hoo. The manufacture was first done by Gottlieb, but as sales approached the 70,000 mark, Moloney began making them on his own. His firm (now the Bally Manufacturing Corporation) and Gottlieb's (D. Gottlieb and Company) are still giants in the industry.

As it turned out, one of the few economic successes of the early Thirties was the emergence of the coin-operated entertainment business. Pinball machines were to the Thirties what fast-food franchises were to the Sixties. The business was to prove disastrous to many who entered it, but it made money in an area where none had been made before. Coin-operated machines had existed for decades—jukeboxes, movie machines, all sorts of vending devices—but their rewards were either random or predictable. Skill was never a factor.

From the first, pinball changed all that. Even at Baffle Ball or Bally-Hoo, skillful ejection of the ball was rewarded appropriately. Ultimately, a player's success—as recorded in his final score—hinged on his ability to shoot the ball well and then nudge it around the playfield ("gunch it" is the pinballer's phrase) to his advantage.

Besides the psychological rewards they offered to skillful players (not to mention the money they could make hustling pigeons), pinball machines proved a bonanza to those who owned or operated them. A typical early machine cost under $20 and paid for itself in a week. Everything after that was gravy. A few years after the appearance of Baffle Ball, every other saloon and gas station in America had its seven-balls-for-a-penny amusement machine and no lack of players. In fact, by 1932, the market was so saturated that most observers thought it could go no further. Gottlieb himself produced a machine called Five Star Final, so named because he figured it would be the last pinball machine ever produced.

He was wrong. The use of electrical circuitry, one year later, added a whole new dimension of play. The early electric machines incorporated four dry cells that powered lights and rang an occasional bell; 24 volts is still the standard pinball current. The first solenoid was used in the playfield of Fleet in 1935, adding an essential element of action. Other innovations shortly followed: electronic tilt devices, automatic scoring, free games, thumper-bumpers, roll-overs, you name it. Then, just after World War Two, a legendary pinball designer named Harry Mabs joined a solenoid to a rubber bat, added a button so that the player could control the action and gave the world the flipper. This device is so fundamental to pinball that not a single machine has been produced without it since. (Bingo machines are the exception, but these are hardly more than gambling devices, where skill is not a factor.) In France and elsewhere in Europe, pinball machines are generally described as *les flippers*. For the record, the flipper was first used commercially in a Gottlieb machine called Humpty Dumpty, a six-flipper model marketed in late 1947, now also a collector's item.

Many innovations were to follow—asymmetrical playfields, drum scoring counters, multiple-player games, messenger balls, captive balls, free balls, extra balls—but all these were refinements, rather than breakthroughs. Manufacturers and designers would probably disagree, but there hasn't been a real

A TRUE BELIEVER

high scores in the life of a pinball freak

The following poured forth—clackity, clackity—from a free-lance pinball repairman who appeared one day at the PLAYBOY *editorial offices to perform minor surgery on an ailing left flipper:*

"I've been into pin machines in a big way since I was eight or nine years old. I used to stand up on old fruit boxes—remember those old wooden boxes that oranges came in?—so that I could reach the flipper buttons.

"I finished high school in Kansas City, but mostly played pinball. Then I bummed around the country for a year or two, just playing pinball. The South, mostly, is where they gamble a lot on pin machines. I never liked bingo machines much, because they don't have flippers, you know? It's really not a game of skill without flippers. But if you're playing for a living, like I was, you can't be too choosy. Sometimes you got to play the bingo machines to eat. The operators pay off down there—especially in Louisiana. I bet there's more bingo machines in Louisiana than anywhere else in the world. And there's a place at the New Orleans airport—an arcade—where the manufacturers test their newest flipper models. It's a sort of Las Vegas for pinball players. Big-time players come there from all over. I lived in that place for six weeks, man, six *weeks*. I never left the airport. I'd sleep in the chairs in the waiting room and hustle soldiers at the pin machines.

"Now I got a steady job, fixing pin machines. I'm 25, you know? Time I was settling down. I got my own apartment—just one room, but I got three machines in it. Also a bed. I've got a Four Million B. C.—that's a Bally machine like Fireball, really an earlier version of Fireball. The skill features are mainly the same, but the play isn't as good. Also, I have a Fire Chief, the first pin machine with an electronic backboard, you know? That's a rare machine, from before World War Two. I had to restore it almost from scratch.

"Girls really dig pinball machines, you know? I get girls up to my place, get them into the machines, turn out all the lights, so that all we have is the flickering colors and the clicking relays and the bells from my pins, and then—well, listen to this:

"About a month ago, my girl was playing one of my machines and I was balling her from behind, you know? We sometimes like it that way, while she plays the machines. She was playing Four Million B. C. and she had over 80,000 points on the first ball. The first *ball*, man. Well, on the second ball, she went over 100,000, and then, just as she hit the volcano—that's the big apple on Four Million B. C.—she came. She lost all three balls. They just drained right down; she never even flipped. I think she finished up at 120,000 or so. Not a bad score, but nothing great, either."

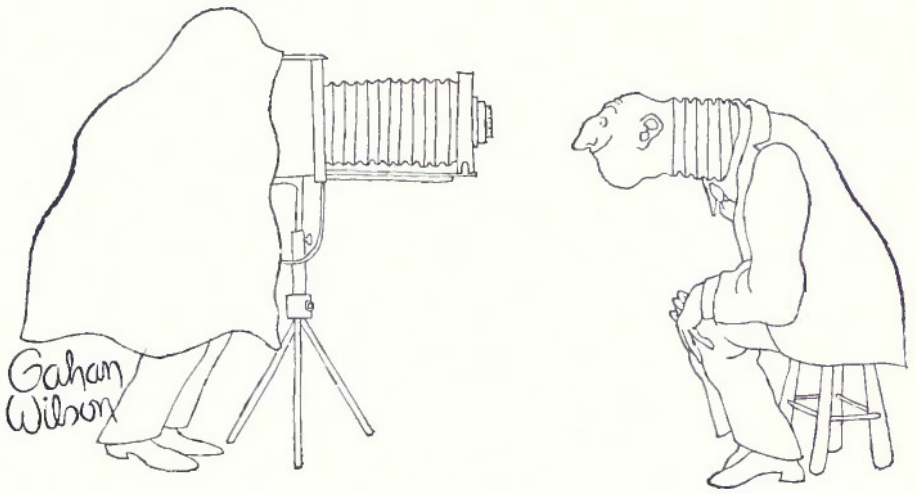
technical breakthrough in pinball machines since the flipper. What we've seen, instead, has been the gradual refinement of existing technology. And in an age of electronics, the result is marvelous to behold.

The absence of recent innovations makes flipper machines especially attractive toys for individuals who want to buy one for their own apartment or game room. A new model might be better looking, but a used one can be just as much fun, and considerably cheaper. New or used, the machine will be adjusted to start play at the touch of a button, no coins required. Play-for-pay machines usually require licenses and are actually illegal in some benighted cities and towns; but a flipper machine set for free play is legal anywhere—as it should be.

Buying a pinball machine for your very own is easy and individuals are buying them as never before. The process is best understood in light of the basic structure of the pinball industry. In production and distribution, one can draw a striking parallel between pinball machines and automobiles. There are the Big Three manufacturers (Bally, Gottlieb and Williams, a division of Seeburg Corporation), a few lesser competitors (Chicago Coin and Allied Leisure) and the increasing threat of import competition—most notably from Sega, a Japanese firm that's actually a division of the Gulf and Western conglomerate. Sega machines clatter all over Asia but have not seriously penetrated these shores.

You can't buy a Dodge directly from Chrysler, and you can't buy a pinball machine directly from the people who make them. Instead, you must go to a distributor, of which there are plenty. These are listed, usually under the heading "Amusement Machines," in Yellow Pages virtually everywhere. Distributors make their living selling or leasing machines to arcade operators. In a well-run arcade, a typical machine won't stay on the floor more than six months, since operators feel that a steady turnover is necessary for continuing profits. Thus, distributors stock a vast number of different models, both new and used, any of which they will sell outright to individuals. They also accept trade-ins.

The choice of what machine to buy is as personal as choosing an automobile. If you're going to put the thing in your living room—many folks do—you'll want a color that fits your decor. Happily, you'll find a broad spectrum from which to pick. If this is your first machine, you'll do well to confine your search to products of the Big Three manufacturers, whose technology is basically identical. Within this stricture, your choice is your own. Williams seems to have a talent for producing especially challenging one-player devices. Arcade operators tend to prefer Gottlieb machines, because, on location, they apparently make the most money. And serious pinballers tend to favor Bally machines, whose complex playfields and huge scoring possibilities whet their insatiable appetite for action.



"I don't understand why I can't keep you in focus!"

Whatever the manufacturer, the purchase of a four-player machine is recommended. These are far and away the most versatile, since they can be played by one, two, three or four persons. More to the point, they represent the top of the manufacturer's flipper line—manifested in jazzy artwork, innovative features, complex play action and over-all manufacturing quality. A single four-player machine can transform a dull party into a memorable all-nighter. On a more serious level, competitive play, where different players vie for top score in the same game, tends to bring out quintessential pinball skills. Experienced pinballers always achieve their best scores under the pressure of competition, rather than solitaire. To a lesser extent, this same competitive edge can be achieved on a two-player machine. And for those souls who best excel in competition with themselves, a one-player model should suffice. Just as Chevrolets used to catch tail fins from Cadillacs, four-player models still tend to spawn two-player and one-player variations. So if you look hard enough, you can probably find precisely the machine that suits you.

Distributors are sometimes reluctant to sell them, but even brand-new models are surprisingly cheap. Prices vary from one distributor to another, so comparison shopping is always rewarded. As a general rule, a new four-player machine sells for around $900. Two-player models are around $725 and one-player machines go for $650 or so. Good used machines, say between four and eight years old, are plentifully available for between $150 and $300. More recent used models are somewhat scarcer and proportionately more expensive.

One of the minor headaches of pinball ownership is getting service for breakdowns. In the pantheon of electronic devices, flipper machines are extremely well made. They have to be, considering the punishment they take. Still, occasional malfunctions are to be expected. Players with a smattering of electronic know-how can actually fix about 90 percent of these failures, most of which involve lubricating bearings, replacing blown-out bulbs and fuses or realigning faulty contacts. (A maintenance packet accompanies every machine; insist on receiving it.) More serious difficulties—burned-out coils or broken wires are the commonest of these—will probably require a house call. Here the owner is best off if he has purchased his toy from a distributor who services machines as well as sells them. These are a fast-growing minority and the would-be buyer is advised to seek them out. Free-lance repair service is also available, but it's relatively expensive: perhaps $25 (plus parts) for a brief house call. Rather steep, but worth it, because an imperfect pinball machine is as frustrating and as dissonant as an untuned piano. Big-time players actually have their personal machines "tuned" periodically, even when nothing seems wrong with them—the way a Ferrari owner might send his 250GT to the shop periodically for an admiring checkup. Pinballing excellence demands perfection from machine as well as from player. And in pursuit of the perfectly played game—a goal as illusory and as compelling as the quest for the Holy Grail—no one should settle for less.

BALD EAGLE IN A PLUM TREE

(continued from page 128)

bottle of my special-occasion Gallo rosé, and I'm still not sure I can control myself.

I got home late this evening and there was a note on the door from Susan that was really *nasty*, saying she was breaking her lease and that I could have her apartment, since it was already fully occupied anyway. She also suggested something about a giant bird barbecue. I walked in and you won't believe this, Harold, but *disaster*! Her apartment is even smaller than mine, but somehow they had jammed in two more of those damned kumquat trees, something like 20 birds (including eight more foul parrots), plus 12 geese and seven nervous swans swimming around in little plastic wading pools.

Well, I certainly don't blame her for splitting. I *hate* geese, Harold. Geese are noisy, filthy and *mean*. They go around honking and crapping and laying eggs in the rug and pecking at the other birds. As for my own apartment, Harold, I haven't the heart to describe it. HAROLD, THERE ARE 30 BIRDS IN MY BATHROOM! The quail (or are they baby penguins?) broke my Eau de Love on the sink and took a bath in it. The droppings are so thick I can hardly push the door open to feed them. They've eaten 20 pounds of birdseed, a box of Ivory soap and two rolls of toilet paper in just three days.

As far as Neiman-Marcus goes, I've decided to give up. I got the recording again and the beeper, and just as I prepared to give them a short, terse message, I looked around the apartment and broke down. I don't know *what's* happened to my stage presence, but I haven't the heart to call back and admit that I was the one who left the message—30 seconds of muffled sobs and a Lenny Bruce routine from the parrots in the background.

Incidentally, I found ten rings—just like mine—on the dressing table in Susan's bedroom. I didn't even know you two were *friends*.

Melissa

P. S. Solly fibbed—just a little. His mother wasn't there at all. The poor dear died a month ago, leaving him her entire estate. I did my very, very best to console him. I told him about the birds and he thinks he can use them in the play—background and all of that.

Thursday, December 21

Dear Harold:

Returning from rehearsal this afternoon, I came out of the elevator and you'd be surprised what I slipped on. I mean, there are some things you don't expect to squish through your sandals on the 18th floor of what used to be the finest apartment hotel in town. I recognized the odor, Harold—I was raised in the country—but when I rounded the corner and saw them, I just couldn't believe it.

I hope you won't think I'm an ingrate, Harold, but since the apartment lease says no pets allowed, I'm sure it means cows as well. There were eight—count them, eight—Guernsey cows, each of them being milked like crazy by a young girl dressed in gingham and sitting on a stool. The hallway was lined with big aluminum milk cans. I asked one of the girls where they came from, but her brogue was so thick I could hardly understand her. Is there another potato famine on? The super, who's been wandering around with a glazed look in his eye, said something about stabling the cows in the basement and then went off to lean against a wall. It wasn't difficult to find rooms for the girls—you'd be surprised how many people have left the building on my floor alone.

Of course, the cows weren't all that the men delivered. Seven more neurotic swans (who splash so furiously that the water from their pools has seeped through to the floor below) and six more geese, plus all the rest—rings, parrots, chickens, pigeons, quail (or is it a weird bald eagle?) and another of those damn avocado trees. I think there's a pattern developing.

Sincerely,
Melissa

P. S. It could be worse. Solly thinks there may be roles for the birds *and* the cows.

Saturday, December 23

Dear Harold:

I didn't write yesterday because things were too hectic. Solly was here when the Neiman-Marcus truck pulled up. Eight more cows and eight more cowgirls with accents that would warm Mayor Daley's heart, parading down the lobby, splattering the carpet. Plus all the rest.

Then, just when we'd caught our breath (I'm *not* being funny), up drove the bus with the dancing girls. Bless Solly! He immediately decided to add a chorus line to the show, working them into a June Taylor routine. As for the farm girls, Solly mentioned that they *do* have rather nice figures and they could sit next to their cows in the background, not wearing too much. (Solly joked that we could call it the Tri-Tit Follies and, strangely enough, for girls fresh off the farm, they seemed rather excited about it—I get the impression they've been around.)

And, incidentally, the script has gone through some changes—Solly's original idea was fine until those guttermouthed parrots opened up and Solly discovered, after wading around with his pants rolled up, that cows are hard to housebreak. We'll probably retitle it *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm Revisited*, with—guess *who*?—in the lead role. We'll need some more actors and animals and maybe another guava tree or two (you'd be surprised what Solly suggested should be going on in the orchard!). I told Solly we could count on you.

Meanwhile, it's *really* crowded in my apartment. You have to slush your way through bird shit and egg yolk and sunflower seeds and panty hose, but the girls are simply loves, taking care of the cows and helping me clean the droppings off the dining-room table. We've now got *three* apartments stuffed to the transoms with trees and chickens and hung-up swans. That nice hairdresser a couple of doors down was out in the hallway naked—a spat with his roommate, I guess—and started giggling when one of the chickens started pecking at his you-know-what. But then three geese cornered him and he ran shrieking out the building.

Have to run—the super's in a coma and I've got to feed him.

In haste,
Melissa

Christmas Morning, December 25

Harold:

I've just lost a day—a complete, entire day has disappeared and I have no idea what I did with it. I mean, I *do* have an idea, but I'm trying not to remember it.

Those far-out acrobats showed up Saturday afternoon, just after I wrote you. They're very aristocratic-looking, and at first I thought they might be—you know—*sissies*, the way they minced around. But when I saw how and where they balanced their bowler hats and how they leaped over the girls, I knew they were normal. They were followed by another load of lady dancers, plus the cows and the birds and everything, and I knew Solly would be *thrilled*. The acrobats are perfect gentlemen and I just *adore* their British accents. They're from Burke's Peerage, wherever that is.

But it was the piccolo players who really started everything. They arrived late yesterday, decked out in bell-bottoms and long hair. After we got the new cast members squared away (the cows, swans, etc.), these hippies stuffed their piccolos with some strange green stuff and passed them around for us to puff on. Everybody went out of their *gourd*—I'm still floating and I'm one of the few who are awake. We must have

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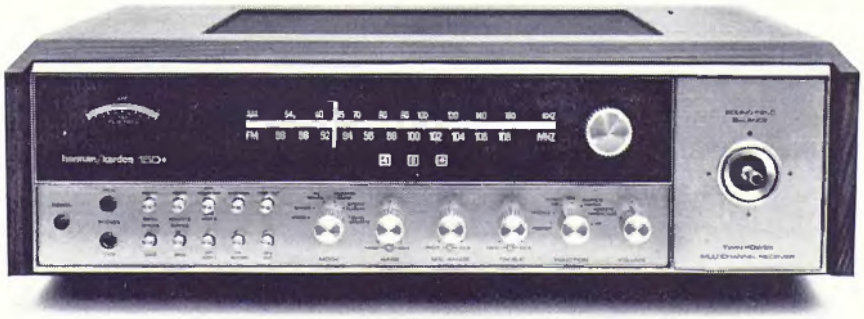

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"Either you start taking your tricks across the street to the hotel, Sally, or I start getting a piece of the action."

smoked for two or three hours and everybody *really* hit it off!

I woke up an hour ago totally wiped out. And, in a way, I'm glad I can't remember much. The apartment looks like something that might have shattered Fellini. Somebody booted the swans out of their pools and the girls are still sleeping in them—not alone. (I was right about the farm girls; they really *have* been around.) I vaguely remember one of the acrobats trying to milk one of the cowgirls. I think we played a game called Leda and I dimly recollect some scenes between the musicians and the chickens that I wish I could forget. I'm sure I was hallucinating.

As far as the show goes, Solly's delighted. He now thinks we have enough cast members for a resident *and* a touring troupe. Got to go—I must still be high from last night, 'cause I keep imagining I hear the sound of drums.

Write me,
Melissa

Christmas Night, December 25

Dear, sweet, wonderful Harold:

I finished writing you this morning just as those cute little drummer boys came rat-a-tat-tatting up the hall. And, of course, following them were more musicians, cows, dancing girls and pools and birds and rings, just as I'd promised Solly there would be! Now we have enough for *two* road shows. And, listen: Solly has booked the Astrodome for a telecast of the play on New Year's Eve (eat your heart out, Guy Lombardo)! The Astrodome is where they filmed *Brewster McCloud*, so they can handle birds.

I can't wait to tell you where I come in: In the finale, while the piccolo players and drummer boys are playing *God Bless America*, the dancing ladies form a high-kicking cancan line, and on stage right and left, the cowgirls (*devastating* in their Dale Evans see-through chaps) squirt milk while they sing the *Hallelujah Chorus*. The British acrobats go through their leaping routine while reciting the Magna Charta. Then the spotlight focuses stage front—on me! I emerge from this enormous vat of milk with the quail (or are they teeny ostriches?) perched on my shoulders. The geese honk past overhead in V formation, the cows moo in syncopated rhythm, with their tails wagging in unison, and stage rear, the birds cluck and chirp their way through a gay refrain. (We'll gag the goddamn parrots.) When the drum roll begins, the birds cluster around me and then fly off—with my costume. It'll be the *real me*, Harold, coast to coast, in living color! My big chance!

Love you forever, Harold. Solly and I will always think of you as the one who gave us our first big break. Sorry about this writing paper. The glob in the middle is either goose or pigeon.

Melissa

Tuesday, December 26

You Indian Giver:

I can't believe you would stoop so low. It's midnight now and—nothing. Not only did the new cast people fail to show up (we were counting on them!) but the old ones all left. They said their contract ran only 12 days.

All that's left are empty wading pools, a few cans of curdled milk, an odd egg or three, a broken piccolo, feathers everywhere and, God, Harold, just *tons* of manure. Also the rings. Solly finally found out what they were supposed to fit, but they turned his you-know-what green. I should have known.

We're leaving for Solly's farm tomorrow, and we plan to shoot every animal on it. I don't think anyone has ever raised my hopes so high, only to dash them so cruelly. I was going to write a poem, maybe a song, about all this, but dear Solly says it may already have been done. It will take me a long time to forget you, Harold, but I intend to devote the rest of my life to trying.

Melissa (Mrs. Solly) Greenburg

IN FRONT OF GOD

(continued from page 200)

section was always filled by the lover boys. Very few of them had ever known any of those women out in the free world, although one of them was married to the second saxophone in the band. She was pregnant. Month after month, the prison population watched her swell and swell, until she was finally paroled just in time. The others knew one another only by sight and by distance. Some managed to write to each other by illegal letters called kites. Most of them only imagined recognition from their paramours. But they all sat there in the back row, pretending to sing, pretending to pray and pretending they were in love. Each one lay his forearm on top of the armrest of the seat. Hidden inside his cupped hand was a small, broken fragment of mirror. Surreptitiously, he could look in the glass and see under his armpit and through the space between the backs of the seats and there catch a dim, fragmentary reflection of his own beloved.

And every Sunday, without fail, right in the middle of the devotions and the dedications and the sermons and the prayers, interrupting the solo hymns, the ogling and the romances, someone would have to go to the john. And it would almost always be a chain man, one of the bad ones, always fighting or running away from a work squad, one of those with his ankles shackled together as a disciplinary action. Very slowly, carefully, pigeon-toed and tippy-toed, he would try to sneak down the far aisle along the wall. Passing the murals of gigantic postcards, he would hold up the center links of his chain with a piece of string while, with the other hand, he would try to keep the tin cup and spoon he wore hooked to his belt from clanging together. Yet there would still be a clink, a squeak, a clatter. All eyes would roll as we piously intoned the proper inflections—who art in heaven—forgive us—fear no evil——

There would be a muffled flush, a momentary loudness as a door opened and closed, a slow and painful clinking of steel links against ankle rings, the clatter of an old soupspoon hitting a tin-can cup. There was the squeak of a seat. The congregation sighed.

• • •

I built my time.

The table of the printing press dug into my thighs as I leaned forward, picking up a blank sheet of paper with my right hand and placing it in the platen pins. At the same time, I took out the printed sheet with my left hand, my index finger covered with a strip of sandpaper fastened by a rubber band. The press banged and rumbled. Bending at the hips, I rocked back and forth, my hands shuffling a fast blur of pages, my mind riffling and dealing, searching among those other rectangles, the drunken walls and rolling bulkheads, the flat faces, billboards and calendars, sifting through the shadows for some trace of substance while the press tried to bite off my hands.

When the last ream was finished, I pushed the button on the wall. I carried the material to a shelf and, with rags and gasoline, I cleaned off the type locked in the chase. I washed off the ink pan and the rollers. And then, at the sink, I scrubbed the heavy black stains off my fingers.

Or I would set type. Sitting on a high stool, I would hold a composing stick in my left hand, my right deftly digging into the small bins of the job case, my fingers picking up those little letters of lead and dropping them into place with a click. Each letter was upside down. Every word was in reverse.

(Em quad) capital O-n-c-e- (space) u-p-o-n (space) a (space) t-i-m-e-,

The words were tightened up with smaller spaces. A lead was put on top. Another line was begun. Those words of lead grew heavier and heavier in my hand as silently I tried to sing them, to arrange them into a ballad of my life, some lilting celebration of how it all happened. And why, most especially why.

Then it was beantime. Time to walk around the circle of sand in the yard. Time to get into my hole. Time for lights-out. Time to shake 'em. There was first bell and last bell and the blast of the steam whistle on the power plant exactly at noon. It was time for a shower, a shit, a haircut, a letter. Time to realize that I was hopelessly trapped in that huge square of triple fences, the searchlights glistening on the knitted steel webs that had ensnared a whole tribe of haunted, demented beings.

So the days passed. Some days were of broken glass. Some were of tin foil. Certain days were but extensions of the dream, remaining translucent tulips in which I dawdled, taking my ease.

In order to get out of my cell for a couple of hours in the evening and in order to keep a good record, I attended every meeting of the sea scouts, the Forum of Faith and even Alcoholics Anonymous.

We recited the Lord's Prayer. We saluted the flag. We gave the scout oath and recited the scout law. We discussed those projects we had discussed at the previous meeting: the toy-repair shop for poor kids, the Christmas pageant, the amateur night, the leather class and the Spanish class and the woodworking class. But there were no tools and there were no shops and there were no books and the teachers didn't have time. Then the chaplain told us all about his days as a quarterback on his college team.

After a silent prayer, the meetings

"I always keep my door double-locked, because I'm scared of being raped by someone unattractive."

were closed while we stood at attention. The chaplain would be in his tweeds and his whipcord and his leather boots. His face and bald head would glow with the redness of a divine warmth. Since we had no bugle with which to blow taps, the chaplain imitated one. With all solemnity, he stood there with the back of his fist against his mouth. Not an eye blinked. Not a lip twitched. Every jaw was knotted tight and hard as we listened to the slow, sentimental phrases of guttural hum spaced with exquisite timing, the mellifluous tones and the soft dimness of a certain echo.

After the Sunday movie in the auditorium, we could sometimes see the women being taken back to their ward in a far corner of the fences, surrounded by yet another fence and a thick hedge. The sun would already have set, the air a thickening blue, the women's figures silhouetted against the plastered white of the hospital wall. Led by the crippled old freeman hunched over and hobbling with his cane, the women slowly sauntered along in a double column, their high heels clicking on the sidewalk. Some of them were swinging lighted cigarettes in their fingers. Others dangled handkerchiefs as a distant signal to some anonymous lover cells and cells away. Another flicked her cigarette lighter on and off, the flame a distant purple against the blue of her uniformed bosom. In front of the rock, several trustees stood in the prison road. One of them flicked his own lighter on and off, the flame dancing in the breeze, nervous, dim and very, very small.

The days were squeezed out. They were chopped, poured, welded. They went by like that squad of Negroes who combed the footprints out of the bed of sand directly in front of the rock. They worked their way backward in a wavering line of iron rakes, small geysers of gray sand sprouting from every prong.

And the nights. The framework of my upper bunk shuddered with a sly vibration in response to my cunning movements. I could hear the snores of thieves, of murderers. I could hear the padding footsteps of the cell walker, the caterwauling of the huge black cat who lived in the Newcock Court below.

And then there was a sudden, fantastic scream that echoed out of the depths of the rock, reverberating from floor to floor, from cell to cell. Abruptly, it stopped. There were pounding heels, rattling keys. Flashlights probed among the bars.

Then Christmas, the most forlorn of prison holidays, the celebration of a birth that only reminded us of our own death, the festivity that brought us little presents of brightly colored, ribbon-decorated misery.

The pageant. A re-enactment of innocence, a pantomime of faith. We performed three times, first for the freemen and their families, then for the white convicts and then for the black convicts. There had never been a dress rehearsal and we were made up at the rear of the auditorium. Only then did the old drapery material become available for fashioning turbans. Glue was smeared on our faces and scratchy excelsior slapped on to simulate beards. Wrinkled, striped bathrobes were issued, vaguely suggesting the deserts of the Middle East, sour with the reminiscences of tooth paste and shaving cream. They came down to our knees, more or less, which left our shoes, our pants legs and our prison stripes fully exposed.

We fiddled and scratched, desperately checking our lines, scared by the lights and the sets and the live audience that kept turning their heads to stare back at the rear of the room. The band was up front, solemn and pious. We white males had never seen them before, but now there had suddenly materialized a large choir of black women singing the *Hallelujah Chorus*.

It was hallelujah, all right. Those black gals were having a ball, screeching and yowling as loud as they could. The band was as high as the angels, the chaplain standing there in vestments indicating the patriarchy of a supra-Coptic bishop, his face solemn and red, concentrating on something far away and benign.

Then it was quiet. Lights were trained on the stage curtain. The big voice came over the P. A. system. It was the storyteller describing that night in Bethlehem. It was the voice of history and of prophecy. It was the dignified, stentorian voice of the Lord himself. But it was also the tremulous, slightly palsied voice of the judge. He was a nice old guy, a former justice of the peace sent up for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The curtain was drawn to reveal the Nativity scene. And there was the Virgin Mary with the Christ child. The choir in the back of the auditorium cut loose, Jones prancing and cavorting, his expression emoting his fantastic need for a drink.

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar

I was the first king up. With regal dignity, I stepped down the aisle, that baritone of mine really raising hell, those stretch exercises finally paying off, that rapid and exaggerated and silent pronunciation of the letters Q and X, that pulling of my tongue out as far as it would go, grasping it with a wad of toilet paper while relaxing my diaphragm and taking deep sighs. I could feel the vibration of narrow and clever breath striking a disciplined surface of membrane and muscle. The phrasing was right, the vowels open, the consonants clear. A piece of drapery material was dangling loose around my ear. One side of my mustache kept sticking into my mouth. The belt of my bathrobe was up around my lower ribs. But just the same, I was a real copacetic king.

Down the aisle. Faces turned up to look at me, to wonder. Faces turned away, dazzled by that fierce spark of contradiction. Convicts aren't objects of reverence. They don't sing. They don't walk gracefully and they never smile.

Make it to the railing. Turn. Do not stick a finger into the mouth of the clarinet. Do not fart. Keep your head high and shoulders back, but do not trip going up the steps. Kneel in front of the Virgin Mary. This part had never been rehearsed, but play it cool. Oh, man. What a chance to eyeball! It was one of the inmates from the women's ward, one of the hookers, the shills, the molls or the Lesbians. Or one of those who had knocked off her old man. She was dressed in a cloak of recut potato sacks, sitting in a celestial beam of light; the infant Jesus a toy doll, the face cracked and one foot missing. Its wig was gone and I could see the casting hole right in the top of its head. And I could see that Mary was pretty old, her face made up, the wrinkles filled with powder and rouge.

After putting down my empty box with the ribbon around it, I didn't know what to do. My knees got stiff. My own free-world shoes were obvious and awkward, specially shined for the occasion, the heels badly run down. I still had to wait for Gaspar and then for Balthasar to catch up, two ordinary scraps of prison trash suddenly ennobled by their own ponderous song.

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb:

And then the chorus howling behind each one:

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,

Trying to assume an expression of adoration, I eyeballed Mary. Mary eyeballed me. As each of us wondered about the other's time, the other's fall and the other's masturbations, something was beginning to come alive under that wrinkled old bathrobe. But then I saw a guard standing behind a backdrop. It was one of the cracker gunracks, the one whose specialty was breaking up weekend crap games and benny parties and putting Satchel Ass out of business; old Peeping Tom himself.

His face was alert, his mouth hard, his lips twitching, his sweaty cowboy hat with the hair-oil stains pulled low over his forehead. I realized that his posture was very tense and prepared and ready to spring at the first sign of any sin. The judge droned on, his voice all echo

"It's true I'm only a duck, Leda, but I'm sure I could make you happy."

and dignity, vibrant with implications of the hereafter and the absolute. It was my big chance. In one mad moment of supreme glory, I could have died a martyred king. With the most appropriate musical accompaniment and in full view of the free world, I could have immortalized myself. All I had to do was revolt in the sacred name of reality. All I had to do was lean forward and grab the Virgin Mary right by the tit. Peeping Tom would have beaten me to death with a blackjack then and there, the audience of freemen howling with prayer and triumph as he kicked and trampled my poor, dedicated, mutilated body.

But humility prevented me from designing so grand a fate. I tried to spit the piece of mustache out of my mouth and flip the dangling end of my turban away from my ear. I knelt in the manger and tried to do penance, praying for absolution for being such a loser, such a lonely, miserable, frightened kid. So arrogant, furious, depressed. Rejecter of family, God and country. Unrequited lover. Strangled by ambition. Buried alive in boredom.

Bless me, O Holy Mother. I know not what I did. Sway me so that I might fuck not those who have fucked over me.

But the hymn was coming to an end. The last line was approaching. The Virgin Mary blinked. There was a smile on the painted-porcelain face of the Christ child. The saxophones were cleaning up. Something was dying, in spite of everything. And already I knew that people would forever shrink from me, awed by those many ghosts, all angry and squinting, still vibrating with the intensity of my many former lives.

Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

The free world:

Faces red, wrinkled, freckled, eyes so blue they imitated bullet holes in a stop sign that shrieked its protest against a clear sky. Kids blond. Women scared. Evil in striped pants was imitating holiness. There was rape in that room. They could smell it.

The nigger rock:

Eyeballs and teeth like the stormy froth on a black sea of nappy wool and shaved heads. A 12-year-old boy sitting in the front row wearing extra-small, custom-made white trustee pants. He lived outside with the family of one of the freemen. He had killed his sister and had been sentenced to the state prison for 20 years.

Each time, the music would die, the curtain was drawn, Mary immediately hustled behind the backdrop by Peeping Tom. But again and again, I knelt before the Virgin, realizing how little I knew of humility, of suffering, of achieving a spirituality that went eons beyond simply knowing that I was a rotten, stupid son of a bitch. Even as a villain, I was a flop. Even most of my punishment had been suspended. And there I was. The bungling burglar. Cracker of 26 safes with nothing in them but petty cash, groveling there on a lighted stage for the mercy of parole. Insomnia? Nightmares? With two years? All around me were men doing 20, 30, men doing All of It, men finally allowed into the rock and out onto the yard after a flat ten years on death row. To them, my pitiful state of imprisonment represented the purest freedom. Two years? I had driven up with a parole in my pocket. I was short the very day I arrived. And yet—I was dying of the black ass.

King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

• • •

In your hole. Last bell. Lights out. I had built another day. The silhouetted bars on the far window were blessed with an ethereal glow by the spotlights outside. The yellow plastic eye of a radio glared at me from among the double bunks set up frame to frame in the corridor. There was a soft murmur of Christmas carols being broadcast across those wide, dry deserts of belief and belonging that would forever separate me from the free world. A cigarette brightened. A cupped hand and a gaunt criminal mask became shadow-red in the darkness. A slow and steady measure of heels approached up the corridor. The radio was clicked off. The black cat in the Newcock Court sang his litany of anger and sorrow. From the alcove I could hear the peaceful snores of the judge.

gourmet hunt

(continued from page 190)

passed along the discouraging information that the search party had been reduced to nine. The hot-tempered Laird of Forth, it seemed, had been insulted in Assisi because of his kilt and, as a result of the ensuing imbroglio, had been escorted to the nearest frontier.

Further evidence of Montguise's route was laboriously gleaned during the following week. He had passed through Siena, Perugia and Viterbo in mid-April (the crestfallen chefs in restaurants there vividly remembered his blistering denunciations), zigzagging his way down the peninsula. In an attempt to cut him off in the south, Saint-Just-Robespierre sent Prince Hapsburg-Hohenzollern speeding down the *autostrada* to Naples, but the unfortunate prince was disabled shortly after his arrival, when an overindulgence in *anguilla* revived an old liver complaint—and the very next day, in Urbino, the Grand Duke of Smolensk consumed four piquant portions of *porchetta* at one sitting and was borne away howling from gout.

The seven survivors pressed on—and they soon became six; for in Rome, the delicate nerves of the Chevalier Dessoix broke completely when a careless waiter served him an American hamburger instead of the *saltimbocca* he had ordered, and he was led off to a rest home, sobbing and twitching by turns.

Bypassing the Eternal City, O'Hara of Cork sped south in the Duesenberg. Of the remaining searchers, he was hottest on the duke's trail. Every day he discovered fresh proof of Montguise's vain attempts to obtain an Italian meal equal to his standards. In each case, the young Irishman ordered, was served and ate the same dish that had been rejected by the great gourmet. He did this because he was hungry and had to eat something, but it was also an act of homage to the duke. "I will suffer as he suffered," O'Hara would tell himself as he munched his *costata alla pizzaiola* or devoured his *fiori di latte*. But, much to his shame, he didn't suffer. He found everything delicious, in fact, and often requested second helpings. "I'm unworthy of that great man," the earl reproved himself, as he tucked zestfully into his *vermicelli alle vongole*. "I've obviously got a second-rate palate and hardly any standards at all." And he would glance guiltily about at the steaming and aromatic plates being served at other tables in the place and make mental notes that at his next meal, he would try this dish or that one. At times he so forgot himself as to go back to the kitchen and congratulate the chef. His only problem, indeed, was financial, and this he solved by selling certain of the Duesenberg's accessories, such as the klaxon, lap robe and Von Goethe-Weimar's alligator racing gloves, meticulously noting down the prices, so that he could later make repayment in peat futures.

From Potenza, as prearranged, O'Hara once more telephoned General Saint-Just-Robespierre, who had arrived, as scheduled, at Foggia. One of the general's valets was called to the phone and it was from this servant that O'Hara learned of the fate of three more comrades. The fiery Comte DeSalles had broken a waiter's nose in a dispute over his bill at Bari and had been forcibly repatriated; while at Caserta, Colonel Mendoza de Cordoba's allergic susceptibilities had been so galvanized by a garlicky *spezzatino* that he, too, had withdrawn. The Baron of Battipaglia, meanwhile, had been trapped in a Rome traffic jam and was not expected to be freed for at least a month.

"What about the general?" O'Hara inquired.

"Ah, monsieur. . . ." The valet, struggling against his emotion, told the terrible story. That very day, in the hotel dining room, Saint-Just-Robespierre had so gorged himself on *ravioli* that his corsets had split, subjecting his uniform to such a sudden pressure of flesh that his buttons and war medals had gone whizzing like bullets through the room, winging two guests and the wine steward. The general himself had been the most cruelly wounded. His own *Croix de guerre*, ricocheting off the chandelier, had struck him in the mouth, breaking his dentures. The two valets now had no choice but to stuff the old warrior into the back of the staff car and return posthaste to Paris to his orthodontist.

O'Hara's hand trembled as he replaced the telephone receiver. One by one, the gallant had fallen. Of that bright band that had so bravely set forth from Paris a few short weeks ago, only he and Lord Harmsby remained. But where was Harmsby? Nothing had been heard of him since May 15, when he had reached Gubbio in time for tea. Probably Harmsby, too, had been claimed by misfortune—and, if so, then he, O'Hara of Cork, was the only one left, and the responsibility of finding and saving the duke was wholly his. Apprehensive and shaken, O'Hara hurried on his way.

He arrived at the toe of the Italian peninsula on June first. There, at the water's edge, he saw a familiar and heartening sight. It was the lean figure of Lord Harmsby, pacing back and forth beside his parked Rolls, casting nervous glances out at the Strait of Messina from time to time. The Briton greeted O'Hara gloomily. "They told me at a restaurant in town that Montguise passed through two weeks ago," he said. "They served him *mostaccioli alla calabrese*."

"Well?"

"He refused it. He told them they'd cooked it five seconds too long." Lord Harmsby hesitated. "Well, it's supposedly their specialty, so I tried it myself."

"How was it?"

Lord Harmsby averted his gaze. "Magnificent," he muttered unwillingly. "It was absolutely magnificent." O'Hara noticed that he was not nearly so lean as he had been before and that, in fact, his midsection was now graced by a mild paunch. "But, in God's name," the peer added, "don't breathe a word about it to the duke, if you find him."

"If *I* find him?"

"He's in Sicily now, you see." Harmsby gestured out at the strait, where ferries undulated on the choppy waters. "You must follow him alone, O'Hara, for I cannot. I'm no sailor," he explained. "The mere sight of the sea sometimes——" He said no more but turned away unsteadily and climbed back into the Rolls. "Good luck," he called out queasily. Then he backed and turned the car and sped away.

Thus, through Sicily, Earl O'Hara of Cork searched alone.

He pursued his noble quarry first through the restaurants of the leading cities, where he discovered many a delectable dish and a rich variety of invigorating wines but no word of the duke. Pausing in Palermo only long enough to market the Duesenberg's hubcaps, radiator ornament, spare tire and, indeed, everything else that could be profitably pried loose, O'Hara directed his attention to the towns and villages. He drove through lush valleys and up sun-baked coastal hills, his eye alert for every rustic establishment where Montguise might have stopped. But his inquiries were in vain. It was as though Sicily itself, which had absorbed so many foreign conquerors, had digested the invading duke as well, leaving not a trace of him.

On June tenth, a tire went flat. Since he had sold the spare, O'Hara could do no more than pull over to the side of the road. There he locked the car, pocketed the keys and went on by foot, comforting himself with the reflection that he soon would have had to do so in any event, for his explorations had carried him into primitive zones, where only the mules could travel with ease. The road had, in fact, become little more than a haphazard assemblage of stones. Farther on, it narrowed to a track, then to a path, and finally to a mere rut before it vanished altogether, leaving the earl bemused, footsore and hungry—but not without hope of some lunch, for he perceived a village some few hundred yards ahead, not far from the sea.

He hastened toward it. On the outskirts, he encountered a peasant, whose redolent respirations vividly answered at a distance of ten full paces the question O'Hara had been about to ask—

namely, whether there was, in that hamlet, a place where food might be obtained. The earl strode eagerly ahead. What the peasant's exhalations had so clearly promised was ever more unmistakably proclaimed with every step. From the kitchen of that lowly country *osteria* he was approaching, there wafted such fragrant and enticing aromas that O'Hara fairly panted in the anticipation of tasting the foods that produced them.

He passed through the open doorway, salivating heavily. Inside, he was momentarily shaken by a terrible thought —was it possible that he was too late for the midday *pranzo*?

Praise God, he was not. The proprietor, a jovial countryman, ushered him to a rough table and set before him a basket of fresh bread, the mere feel of which gave him goose flesh.

Then the pasta course was served. It was, to all appearances, an ordinary *maccheroncini con le sarde*. The earl addressed himself to it hungrily and popped the first forkful into his mouth. He chewed, he swallowed—and sat as though poleaxed in his chair. It wasn't simply good. It wasn't just excellent. Nor was it merely superb. It was miraculous. Having recovered from the shock of that first mouthful, he took a second, a third, a fourth. Each ingredient, potent in itself, had been deftly counterbalanced by another, and the whole dish altogether was a masterly orchestration of flavors that made his palate ring with delight. He ate on in mounting wonder. It seemed to him that he had discovered what it was to eat well for the first time in his life. Tears of rejoicing rose to his eyes. He carefully wiped them away, not wanting them to fall onto his plate and adulterate that marvelous sauce.

After that, he was served a *farsumagru*, followed by *arancine* and a country salad so fresh it fairly glowed on his plate, and then, for dessert, a *cassata* of such delectability that the first taste made his head swim. Each course seemed better than the one before, raising the earl to barely tolerable heights of gustation. Despite his youth, he had supped at the finest restaurants in the Western world, but never before had he tasted such magnificent fare. What stunning luck he'd had! Here in a remote corner of Sicily that was untouched by the modern world (and, indeed, only superficially affected by the medieval one), he had stumbled onto a cookery that in its ancient and unspoiled purity was nothing short of divine!

When he had finished, he sat tranquilly digesting for a while. In but a few hours, he reflected, dreamily picking his teeth, it would be time for supper! And why not? He deserved some time off, he decided. He really ought to stay the night and then leave the next day—after lunch!

It was purely from habit that the earl

WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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made his customary inquiry about Montguise, and he was startled when his host returned an affirmative answer.

"Yes, *signore*. The French lord was with us for several days." The proprietor sighed, his expression clouded by the same gloom O'Hara had seen on the faces of others who had fallen short of the duke's discriminating standards.

"But surely he ate *your* dishes!"

The proprietor sighed again, deeply. "We tried everything, *signore*. But always there was something not to his liking. A pinch of salt too much, an onion too finely chopped, the *brodo* served a fraction of a degree too cool. . . ." He winced at the memory of the duke's meticulous requirements.

O'Hara sank back marveling in his chair. Had the duke scorned the offerings of even this greatest of kitchens? Here was an extreme demonstration of the grandeur of his taste!

"I tried to persuade him to return to France, *signore*," the proprietor continued, "but he was horrified at the very thought. He told me that it was impossible to eat in that country any longer. In fact, he confided to me that he had fled to Italy in the hope of obtaining a decent meal."

"Tell me," asked the earl, "how long was he here?"

"He departed, *signore*, a week ago."

"In which direction?"

"Ah, that I cannot say."

"Perhaps someone else witnessed his departure?"

"Yes, *signore*. Let me take you to him."

The proprietor escorted O'Hara through the village to the church, where they found the priest.

"The French lord? Ah, yes," said the priest, and his features, too, bore that same rueful look that was by now familiar to the earl. "I confessed him shortly after he arrived. There was a rather unusual problem."

"A problem?"

"Well, he took Communion, you see—or, rather, he didn't take it. He refused to accept the wafer. He said it was overdone."

"I see."

"And when I saw him the following week," the priest went on, "he objected most strenuously to the quality of the holy oil when I sought to anoint his lips."

O'Hara stared at him, aghast. "You mean you administered the last rites?"

The priest bowed wordlessly and led the shaken earl around the church to the cemetery. "You can examine the medical certificate, if you like," he said, as they approached the final resting place of the great gourmet. "It was most extraordinary. The doctor was absolutely flabbergasted."

O'Hara looked at him inquiringly.

"He died of starvation, you see."

For a long time, the earl remained at the graveside, praying for Montguise's soul (which probably needed it, he reflected, for it might well be argued that the duke was a suicide). Then he glanced surreptitiously at his watch and departed at once in the direction of the *osteria*, not wanting to be late for supper.

"Don't feel bad, I missed my period, too—I should have been around in ancient Rome."

POWER! / ROBERT TOWNSEND

(continued from page 189)

your troops and asking the two critical questions that few leaders ever ask of their troops: What should we be doing that makes sense? What should we stop doing that doesn't make sense?

When you get through doing that, you have a pretty good picture of what the people in the organization would like it to be, and you'll find some enthusiasm in getting them to help you make it that way. Let them know that everyone will get what he deserves in proportion to how resourceful and ingenious he is in helping the organization. But if you're sitting in a fancy penthouse suite, separated from your people by private elevators, private dining rooms, private limousines and private aircraft, you'll end up with an organization where the only goal is to get inside that magic inner circle where the goodies are distributed. What sort of an organizational goal is that? The Zeppelin pilots who run this country have never realized that the effective use of power requires that it be forced down and out, that people become accustomed to using it.

But operating this way is a pain in the ass. You have to give up all those goodies. You have to work like hell in a menial way. You have to learn to listen to people who aren't powerful, who aren't "important." In working their way into that charmed circle, either by brownnosing or by being the least offensive to various power blocs, our nation's leaders lose their appetite for discomfort. They are so much more comfortable sitting in their suites, having lunch with James Reston or Andre Meyer or their board of directors, who don't know anything about the business but who do know a lot about salmon fishing, golf, tennis and yachting—fun things like that. That's merely using your power to reward yourself with luxury while destroying your own effectiveness, your *real* power.

If you're mayor of New York, it's easy to rationalize that you are more efficient in that limousine; when, in truth, unless you expose yourself to a subway ride every morning, or a walk, or a bicycle ride, you really don't feel the pressures of simply getting around. A friend of mine was running for county executive in Nassau County and I told him that one of the things he should promise to do if he won was to drive a Datsun pickup truck to work. His opponent had a whole fleet of limousines, which was hardly the way to inspire his constituency or to find out what it really needed. Incidentally, I also told the guy he should promise to issue a report every 100 days on how badly he had fucked up. All our leaders stress the good news until everyone is so cynical he believes

nothing. Wouldn't it be delightful to have leaders come before you, admit their fuck-ups and ask your help in solving them? Now, *that* would generate some real power for a guy. He could start working for some real change, instead of merely presiding over the oncoming wreck, perhaps altering the speed a little here and there, of this leviathan we're all riding. The disastrous course it's on was set 25 years ago, so until people come along who can develop enough loyalty and enthusiasm to alter that course significantly, our leaders are merely riding events into the crash.

These trappings of power, though, pull the ambitious out of the woodwork, and often they're the wrong people to lead us. They're not the best people. They're just the most aggressive, the biggest self-promoters, not the most intelligent nor the most humane. Part of the problem is that these self-aggrandizing types have misused, or failed to use, power so much that it's become a dirty word to the kind of people who *would* exercise their power in behalf of the people in the organization or the country. Maybe we should coin a new word for power so that another type of person would seek it.

Maybe we have to make power unfun. As it is, it's a ball. If you want to escape all the hassles of daily life, or of corporate drudgery, the way to do it is to get a top executive position. So exactly the people who should be most sensitive to those hassles are the ones who no longer need to concern themselves about them.

I don't know how you make power unfun, which would mean that those who sought it had motives other than to reward themselves. But once I was asked to run the Bedford-Stuyvesant community organization, whose financiers were a white group that met on Wall Street, supposedly to figure out how to spend the money in the best way for the Bedford-Stuyvesant area. It was a bunch of fat cats. I turned down the job, but I made two suggestions to them: First, that the board meetings be held in Bed-Stuy. I figured that when their limousines got overturned or burned, it would be a valuable lesson for them in judging the community's feelings, a lesson they wouldn't learn on Wall Street. It would also lead, I'm sure, to an incredible turnover of chauffeurs. Anyway, I also suggested that they hire no one, including the "expert" lawyers and accountants they used, unless the person were prepared to move his family into Bed-Stuy. Bed-Stuy had a lot of vacant buildings and needed people to buy or rent those homes who would fix them up and put pressure on the local supermarkets not to overcharge, that sort of thing. They didn't accept my suggestions.

Another idea might be to immediately make it a law that detailed expense accounts of the top three officers in each corporation be filed each month with the SEC, so the employees and the public would have access to this information. That sounds frivolous, but it would be a large step toward making corporate power responsive. If the Learjet flies to Paris with the chairman's wife on board, that would have to be included. Everything. This would be a source of hysterically funny information for writers, but the ultimate result would be to alert people to what's going on up there and make it a little harder for the fat cats to do all the outrageous things they do that not only waste a lot of money but separate leaders from their troops. If the guy knew that when he flew the company plane out to Aspen for conferences it would be public information, maybe he wouldn't go. Maybe he'd stay around the office and find out what he ought to be doing.

Personally, I've done my time in the struggle-for-power scene, and I now consider myself one of the hard-core unemployables. But if we had the right man in the White House, I'd like to be the director of the FBI. That's a helluva powerful position, and one that would be easy to turn to intelligent use. The first thing I'd do is to lobby to take that monument of a building that's being put up for the FBI and turn it into the headquarters of a combined Anti-Trust Division and Federal Trade Commission. They're the arms of the free-enterprise system designed to keep corporations honest, and the free-enterprise system doesn't work unless you keep it honest. The fact that the present combined budgets of the FTC and the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department are equal to one fifth the advertising budget of Procter & Gamble gives you some idea of how serious recent Administrations have been about seeing that power is exercised honestly. It would take a building about the size of the FBI building to house all the lawyers I'd hire to file all the suits it would take.

And then, of course, I'd move my FBI into some small Quonset hut somewhere and begin a series of nationally televised file burnings in front of the Washington Monument. See how easy it would be to begin using power intelligently?

"Good heavens, child, if your boyfriend wants oral sex, give it to him! Most men aren't satisfied just talking about it!"

THE SILVER CROWN

(continued from page 122)

"What is the crown?" he asked, at first haughtily, then again gently. "It's a crown, nothing else. There are crowns in Mishnah, Proverbs, Kabbalah; the holy scrolls of the Torah are often protected by crowns. But this one is different, this you will understand when it does the work. It's a miracle. A sample doesn't exist. The crown has to be made individual for your father. Then his health will be restored. There are two prices——"

"Kindly explain what's supposed to cure the sickness," Albert said. "Does it work like sympathetic magic? I'm not naysaying, you understand. I just happen to be interested in all kinds of phenomena. Is the crown supposed to draw off the illness like some kind of poultice, or what?"

"The crown is not a medicine, it is the health of your father. We offer the crown to God and God returns to your father his health. But first we got to make it the way it must be made—this I will do with my assistant, a retired jeweler. He has helped me to make a thousand crowns. Believe me, he knows silver—the right amount to the ounce, according to the size you wish. Then I will say the blessings. Without the right blessings, exact to each word, the crown don't work. I don't have to tell you why. When the crown is finished, your father will get better. This I will guarantee you. Let me read you some words from the mystic book."

"The Kabbalah?" the teacher asked respectfully.

"Like the Kabbalah."

The rabbi rose, went to his armchair, got slowly down on his hands and knees and withdrew the book he had shoved under the misshapen chair, a thick small volume with faded purple covers, not a word imprinted on it. The rabbi kissed the book and murmured a prayer.

"I hid it for a minute," he explained, "when you came in the room. It's a terrible thing nowadays, goyim come in your house in the middle of the day and take away that which belongs to you, if not your life itself."

"I told you right away that your daughter had let me in," Albert said in embarrassment.

"Once you mentioned I knew."

The teacher then asked, "Suppose I am a nonbeliever? Will the crown work if it's ordered by a person who has his doubts?"

"Doubts we all got. We doubt God and God doubts us. This is natural on account of the nature of existence. Of this kind doubts I am not afraid so long as you love your father."

"You're sort of putting it in terms of a paradox."

"Who's afraid of a paradox?"

"My father wasn't the easiest man in the world to get along with, and neither am I, for that matter, but he has been generous to me and I'd like to repay him in some way."

"God respects a grateful son. If you love your father, this will go in the crown and help him to recover his health. Do you understand Hebrew?"

"Unfortunately not."

The rabbi flipped a few pages of his thick tome, peered at one closely and read aloud in Hebrew, which he then translated into English. "'The crown is the fruit of God's grace. His grace is love of creation.' These words I will read seven times over the silver crown. This is the most important blessing."

"Fine. But what about those two prices you mentioned a minute ago?"

"This depends how quick you wish the cure."

"I want the cure to be immediate, otherwise there's no sense to the whole deal," Albert said, controlling anger. "If you're questioning my sincerity, I've already told you I'm considering this recourse even though it goes against the grain of some of my strongest convictions. I've gone out of my way to make my pros and cons absolutely clear."

"Who says no?"

The teacher became aware of Rifkele standing at the door, eating a slice of bread with lumps of butter on it. She beheld him in mild stupefaction, as though seeing him for the first time.

"*Shpeter*, Rifkele," the rabbi said patiently.

The girl shoved the bread into her mouth and ran ponderously down the passageway.

"Anyway, what about those two prices?" Albert asked, annoyed by the interruption. Every time Rifkele appeared, his doubts of the enterprise rose before him like warriors with spears.

"We got two kinds crowns," said the rabbi. "One is for 401 and the other is for 986."

"Dollars, you mean, for God's sake?—that's fantastic."

"The crown is pure silver. The client pays in silver dollars. So the silver dollars we melt—more for the large-size crown, less for the medium."

"What about the small?"

"There is no small. What good is a small crown?"

"I wouldn't know, but the assumption seems to be the bigger the better. Tell me, please, what can a 986 crown do that a 401 can't? Does the patient get better faster with the larger one? It hastens the reaction?"

The rabbi, five fingers hidden in his limp beard, assented.

"Are there any other costs?"

"Costs?"

"Over and above the quoted prices?"

"The price is the price, there is no extra. The price is for the silver and for the work and for the blessings."

"Now, would you kindly tell me, assuming I decide to get involved in this, where am I supposed to lay my hands on 401 silver dollars in a hurry? Or if I should opt for the 986 job, where can I get a pile of cart wheels of that amount? I don't suppose that any bank in the whole Bronx would keep that many silver dollars on hand nowadays. The Bronx is no longer the wild West, Rabbi Lifschitz. Will I have to go to the U. S. Mint? Also, that many silver dollars must weigh half a ton."

"So if you will leave with me the cash I will order the silver from a wholesaler, and we will save you the trouble to go to the bank. It will be the same amount of silver, only in small bars. I will weigh them on a scale in front of your eyes."

"One other question. Would you take my personal check in payment? I could give it to you right away, once I've made my final decision."

"I wish I could, Mr. Gans," said the rabbi, his veined hand still nervously exploring his beard, "but it's better cash when the patient is so sick, so I can start the work right away. A check sometimes comes back, or gets lost in the bank, and this interferes with the crown."

Albert did not ask how, suspecting that a bounced check, or a lost one, wasn't the problem. No doubt some customers for crowns had stopped their checks on afterthought.

As the teacher reflected concerning his next move—should he, shouldn't he?—weighing a rational thought against a sentimental, the old rabbi sat in his chair, reading quickly in his small mystic book, his lips hastening along silently.

Albert at last got up.

"I'll decide the question once and for all tonight. If I go ahead and commit myself on the crown, I'll bring you the cash after work tomorrow."

"Go in good health," said the rabbi. Removing his glasses, he wiped both eyes with his handkerchief.

Wet or dry? thought the teacher.

As he let himself out of the downstairs door, more inclined than not toward trying the crown, he felt relieved, almost euphoric.

But by the next morning, after a difficult night, Albert's mood had about-faced. He fought gloom, irritation, felt flashes of hot and cold anger. It's throwing money away, pure and simple. I'm dealing with a clever confidence man, that's plain to me, but for some reason I am not resisting strongly. Maybe my subconscious mind is telling me to go along with a blowing wind and have the crown made. After that, we'll see what happens—whether it rains, snows, or spring comes. Not much will happen, I suppose, but whatever does, my conscience will be clear.

But when he visited Rabbi Lifschitz that afternoon in the same room full of empty chairs, though the teacher carried the required cash in his wallet, he was still uncomfortable about parting with it.

"Where do the crowns go after they are used and the patient recovers his health?" he cleverly asked the rabbi.

"I'm glad you asked me this question," said the rabbi alertly, his thick lid drooping. "They are melted and the silver we give to the poor. A *mitzvah* for one makes a *mitzvah* for another."

"To the poor, you say?"

"There are plenty poor people, Mr. Gans. Sometimes they need a crown for a sick wife or a sick child. Where will they get the silver?"

"I see what you mean—recycled, sort of—but can't a crown be reused as it is? I mean, do you permit a period of time to go by before you melt them down? Suppose a dying man who recovers gets seriously ill again at a future date?"

"For a new sickness you will need a new crown. Tomorrow the world is not the same as today, though God listens with the same ear."

"Look, Rabbi Lifschitz," Albert said impatiently, "I'll tell you frankly that I am inching toward ordering the crown, but it would make my decision a whole lot easier all around if you would let me have a quick look at one of them—it wouldn't have to be for more than five seconds—at a crown-in-progress for some other client."

"What will you see in five seconds?"

"Enough—whether the object is believable, worth the fuss, and not inconsequential investment."

"Mr. Gans," replied the rabbi, "this is not a showcase business. You are not buying from me a new Chevrolet automobile. Your father lays now dying in the hospital. Do you love him? Do you wish me to make a crown that will cure him?"

The teacher's anger flared. "Don't be stupid, Rabbi, I've answered that. Please don't sidetrack the real issue. You're working on my guilt so I'll suspend my perfectly reasonable doubts of the whole freaking business. I won't fall for that."

They glared at each other. The rabbi's beard quivered. Albert ground his teeth.

Rifkele, in a nearby room, moaned.

The rabbi, breathing emotionally, after a moment relented.

"I will show you the crown," he sighed.

"Accept my apologies for losing my temper."

The rabbi accepted. "Now tell me please what kind of sickness your father has got."

"Ah," said Albert, "nobody is certain for sure. One day he got into bed, turned to the wall and said, 'I'm sick.' They suspected leukemia at first, but the lab tests didn't confirm it."

"How about establishing your alibi again, Lefty?"

"You talked to the doctors?"

"In droves. Till I was blue in the face. A bunch of ignoramuses," said the teacher hoarsely. "Anyway, nobody knows exactly what he has wrong with him. The theories include rare blood diseases, also a possible carcinoma of certain endocrine glands. You name it, I've heard it, with complications suggested, like Parkinson's or Addison's disease, multiple sclerosis, or something similar, alone or in combination with other diseases. It's a mysterious case, all in all."

"This means you will need a special crown," said the rabbi.

The teacher bridled. "What do you mean special? What will it cost?"

"The cost will be the same," the rabbi answered dryly, "but the design and the kind of blessings will be different. When you are dealing with such a mystery you got to make another one, but it must be bigger."

"How would that work?"

"Like two winds that they meet in the sky. A white and a blue. The blue says, 'Not only I am blue but inside I am also purple and orange.' So the white goes away."

"If you can work it up for the same price, that's up to you."

Rabbi Lifschitz then drew down the two green window shades and shut the door, darkening the room.

"Sit," he said in the heavy dark. "I will show you the crown."

"I'm sitting."

"So sit where you are, but turn your head to the wall where is the mirror."

"But why so dark?"

"You will see better the light."

He heard the rabbi strike a match and it flared momentarily, casting shadows of candles and chairs amid the empty chairs in the room.

"Look now in the mirror."

"I'm looking."

"What do you see?"

"Nothing."

"Look with your eyes."

A silver candelabrum, first with three, then five, then seven burning bony candlesticks, appeared like ghostly hands with flaming finger tips in the oval mirror. The heat of it hit Albert in the face and for a moment he was stunned.

But recalling the games of his childhood, he thought, who's kidding whom? It's one of those illusion things I remember from when I was a kid. In that case, I'm getting the hell out of here. I can stand maybe mystery, but not magic tricks or dealing with a rabbinical magician.

The candelabrum had vanished, although not its light, and he now saw the rabbi's somber face in the glass, his gaze addressing him. Albert glanced quickly around to see if anyone was standing by his shoulder, but nobody was. Where the rabbi was hiding at the moment the teacher did not know; but in the lit glass appeared his old man's lined and shrunken face, his sad eyes, compelling, inquisitive, weary, perhaps even frightened, as though they had seen more than they had cared to but were still looking.

What's this, slides or home movies? Albert sought some source of projection but saw no ray of light from wall or ceiling, nor object or image that might be reflected by the mirror.

The rabbi's eyes glowed like sun-filled clouds. A moon rose in the blue sky. The teacher dared not move, afraid to

discover he was unable to. He then beheld a shining crown on the rabbi's head.

It had appeared at first like a braided mother-of-pearl turban, then had luminously become—like a star appearing out of nowhere in the night sky—a silver crown, constructed of bars, triangles, half-moons and crescents, spires, turrets, trees, points of spears; as though a wild storm had swept them up from the earth and flung them together in its vortex, twisted into a single glowing, interlocked sculpture, a forest of disparate objects.

The sight in the ghostly mirror, a crown of rare beauty—very impressive, Albert thought—lasted no longer than five short seconds, then the reflecting glass, by degrees, turned dark and empty.

The shades were up. The single bulb in a frosted lily fixture on the ceiling shone harshly in the room. It was night.

The old rabbi sat, exhausted, on the broken sofa.

"So you saw it?"

"I saw something."

"You believe what you saw—the crown?"

"I believe I saw. Anyway, I'll take it."

The rabbi gazed at him blankly.

"I mean I agree to have the crown made," Albert said, having to clear his throat.

"Which size?"

"Which size was the one I saw?"

"Both sizes. This is the same design for both sizes, but there is more silver and also more blessings for the $986 size."

"But didn't you say that the design for my father's crown, because of the special nature of his illness, would have a different style, plus some special blessings?"

The rabbi nodded. "This comes also in two sizes—the $401 and the $986."

The teacher hesitated a split second. "Make it the big one," he said decisively.

He had his wallet in his hand and counted out 15 new bills—nine 100s, four 20s, a five and a single—adding to $986.

Putting on his glasses, the rabbi hastily counted the money, snapping with thumb and forefinger each crisp bill to make sure none had stuck together. He folded the stiff paper and thrust the wad into his pants pocket.

"Could I have a receipt?"

"I would like to give you a receipt," said Rabbi Lifschitz earnestly, "but for the crowns there are no receipts. Some things are not a business."

"If money is exchanged, why not?"

"God will not allow. My father did not give receipts and also my grandfather."

"How can I prove I paid you if something goes wrong?"

"You have my word, nothing will go wrong."

"Yes, but suppose something unforeseen did," Albert insisted, "would you return the cash?"

"Here is your cash," said the rabbi, handing the teacher the packet of folded bills.

"Never mind," said Albert hastily. "Could you tell me when the crown will be ready?"

"Tomorrow night before Shabbos, the latest."

"So soon?"

"Your father is dying."

"That's right, but the crown looks like a pretty intricate piece of work to put together out of all those odd pieces."

"We will hurry."

"I wouldn't want you to rush the job in any way that would—let's say—prejudice the potency of the crown or, for that matter, in any way impair the quality of it as I saw it in the mirror—or however I saw it."

Down came the rabbi's eyelid, quickly raised without a sign of self-consciousness.

"Mr. Gans, all my crowns are first-class jobs. About this you got nothing to worry about."

They then shook hands. Albert, still assailed by various doubts, stepped into the corridor. He felt he did not, in essence, trust the rabbi; and suspected that Rabbi Lifschitz knew it and did not, in essence, trust him.

Rifkele, panting like a cow for a bull, let him out the front door, perfectly.

In the subway, Albert figured he would call it an investment in experience and see what came of it. Education costs money, but how else can you get it? He pictured the crown as he had seen it ensconced on the rabbi's head and then seemed to remember that as he had stared at the man's shifty face in the mirror, the thickened lid of his right eye had slowly dropped into a full wink. Did he recall this, in truth, or was he seeing in his mind's eye and transposing into the past something that had happened just before he left the house? What does he mean by his wink—not only is he a fake but he kids you? Uneasy once more, the teacher clearly remembered, when he was staring into the rabbi's fisheyes in the glass, after which they had lit in visionary light, that he had fought a hunger to sleep; and the next thing, there's the sight of the old boy, as though on the TV screen, wearing this high-hat magic crown.

Albert, rising, cried, "Hypnosis! The bastard magician hypnotized me! He never did produce a silver crown, it's out of my imagination—I've been suckered!"

He was outraged by the knavery, hypocrisy, fat nerve of Rabbi Jonas Lifschitz. The concept of a curative crown, if he had ever for a moment believed in it, crumbled in his brain and all he could think of were 986 blackbirds flying in the sky. As three curious passengers watched, Albert bolted out of the car at the next stop, rushed up the stairs, hurried across the street, then cooled his impatient heels for 22 minutes till the next train clattered into the station and he rode back to the stop near the rabbi's house. Though he banged with both fists on the door, kicked at it, "rang" the useless bell until his thumb was blistered, the boxlike wooden house, including dilapidated synagogue store, was dark, monumentally starkly still, like a gigantic slightly tilted tombstone in a vast graveyard; and in the end unable to arouse a soul, the teacher, long after midnight, had to head home.

He awoke next morning cursing the rabbi and his own stupidity for having got involved with a faith healer. This is what happens when a man—even for a minute—surrenders his true beliefs. There are less punishing ways to help the dying. Albert considered calling the cops but had no receipt and did not want to appear that much a fool. He was tempted, for the first time in six years of teaching, to call in sick, then take a cab to the rabbi's house and demand the return of his cash. The thought agitated him. On the other hand, suppose Rabbi Lifschitz were seriously at work assembling the crown with his helper; on which, let's say, after he had bought the silver and paid the retired jeweler for his work, he made, let's say, a hundred bucks clear profit—not so very much; and there really *was* a silver crown, and the rabbi sincerely and religiously believed it would reverse the course of his father's illness? Although nervously disturbed by his suspicions, Albert felt he had better not get the police into the act too soon, because the crown wasn't promised—didn't the old gent say—until before the Sabbath, which gave him till sunset tonight.

If he produces the thing by then, I have no case against him, even if it's a piece of junk. So I better wait. But what a dope I was to order the $986 job instead of the $401. On that decision alone I lost $585.

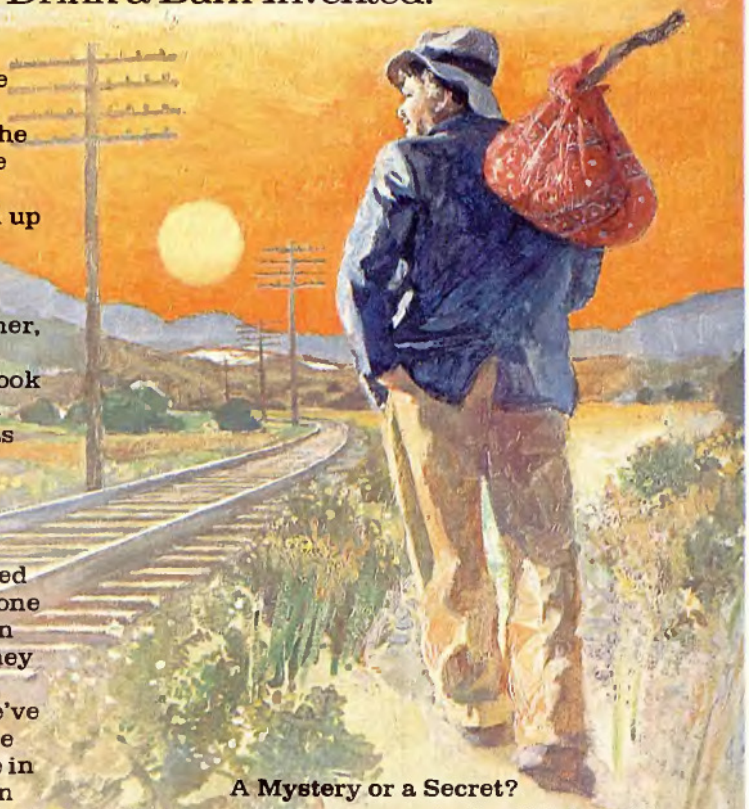
After a distracted day's work, Albert taxied to the rabbi's house and tried to rouse him, even hallooing at the blank windows facing the street; but either nobody was home or they were both hiding, the rabbi under the broken sofa, Rifkele trying to shove her bulk under the bathtub. Albert decided to wait them out. Soon the old boy would have to leave the house to step into the shul on Friday night. He would speak to him, warn him to come clean. But the sun set; dusk settled on the earth; and though the autumn stars and a sliver of moon gleamed in the sky, the house was dark, shades drawn; and no Rabbi Lifschitz emerged. Lights had gone on in the little shul, candles were lit. It occurred to Albert, with chagrin, that the

(concluded on page 278)

Further word on a bit of folklore from Railroading's Golden Age:

MYSTERIES OF THE HOBO'S WIFE.

The Millionaire's Drink a Bum Invented.



A short time back, we introduced a unique and fetching drink called The Hobo's Wife. We recalled the legend of J. B. King, Esq., the millionaire hobo who chalked his signature on railroad cars from Maine to California.

The story goes that King was once picked up by a yard cop for autographing a private car belonging to the president of the Commonwealth and Promontory Railroad. King revealed his real name to the car's owner, and even claimed he owned enough shares of that road to "swing control." Then, King took a bottle from his bindle and poured the man a drink. "The best cocktail I ever tasted" was how the president later described it. The story as told, however, raises a number of questions.

Hobo at Heart?

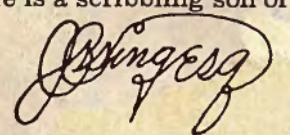
Supposedly King told the magnate he hated the wealth he'd been born to because he'd done nothing to earn it. He said there are few men who decide for themselves who and what they want to be, and he was proud to be one.

But was he really? Maybe, maybe not. We've heard plenty of theories about King. That he was yardmaster for the Kansas City belt line in 1900 and—this is funny—that he was an ex-con from Sing Sing. Old railroad men say he looked like the rest of the 'boes—could walk the top of box cars going 50 miles an hour like a cat. Had cat eyes too, that could see in the dark. But the big mystery remains unsolved. Did King actually give up millions for the freedom of the road? Or was it all a myth he created to fulfill a fantasy?

More Than One King?

There's not much tangible evidence except for King's signature. An old brakeman once said, "First thing I expect to see when I get to heaven is J. B. King, Esq., scrawled across them pearly gates." Thousands of railroad cars were inscribed with his autograph. Even used to be a poem about it:

Who is this fellow J. B. King,
Who writes his name on everything?
J. B. King on every wall,
On flat cars low and box cars tall.
Whether he does it for money or fun,
He sure is a scribbling son of a gun.



The strange thing is the handwriting's identical in all the signatures. Which raises another question. Could one man have accomplished all that? Or is it possible there was more than one King?

A Mystery or a Secret?

Finally, mystery surrounds the drink itself. Presumably King told the president of the C&P that whenever he got lonesome, he'd hang up his hat somewhere, call it home, and then drink a Hobo's Wife—a cocktail made to a secret formula. The tycoon persuaded King to share the formula with him. But what sort of persuasion did he use? Blackmail? Was King just being friendly? Or had the tycoon invented the drink himself and credited King with the recipe just to give it a dash of romance?

We can't give you the answer. But we can give you the Hobo's Wife. A drink so delicious you won't find yourself worrying about whether the legend is fact or fancy.

What is the Hobo's Wife?

A unique blend of liquors with a tang that reminds you of apples and an aroma redolent of spices. Whether you like unsolved riddles or not, The Hobo's Wife is sure to whet your curiosity.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

HOBO'S WIFE COCKTAIL. MADE WITH SMIRNOFF® VODKA, APPLE BRANDY AND OTHER NATURAL FLAVORS. © 1972 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. ALLEN PARK, MICH. AND MENLO PARK, CAL. 48 PROOF.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

PHILEAS FOGG NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

It's the answer to a jaded globe-trotter's prayers—an 80-day, $6000 Lost Worlds tour, offered by Travcoa, that wings 25 peripatetic types to some mighty faraway places with strange-sounding names. Would you believe the island of Gozo, near Malta? That's only the second day. From there you fly to Leptis Magna, in Libya, and then on to Turkey for a look at Istanbul, Bursa, Troy, Pergamum and Izmir. Following seven more madcap days and nights in Ephesus, Ankara and the hidden city of Kaymakli, it's back to the sky for a flight to Yerevan, Armenia; Tbilisi, Georgia; Baku, the capital of the Azerbaidzhan Republic; and Pahlevi, Ramsar and Tehran in Iran. Your 33rd and 34th days will be spent in Kuwait, where you'll be bunked at the local Hilton—possibly because you'll need plenty of sleep for what's ahead: five more days of Iran and four days in Kabul, Afghanistan, followed by those legendary cities in the U. S. S. R., Tashkent, Samarkand, Bukhara and Alma-Ata. But you ain't seen nothing yet, for coming up next is Novosibirsk, Siberia, and a two-day ride on the Trans-Siberian railway, Ulan Bator in Outer Mongolia, a night in the Gobi desert (where Travcoa says you'll sleep in a "comfortable Mongolian yurt") and Karakorum, the ancient capital of Genghis Khan. Finally, it's Siberia again (Yes! Siberia twice in one trip!), and then—Japan. Golly, Blanche, if it's the 80th day, this must be the Sounkyo Gorge!

MOONSTONED

Lock the doors, all you lovers of a Victorian mystery; on December 10, the Public Broadcasting Service's "Masterpiece Theater" will air the first of five one-hour episodes dramatizing Wilkie Collins' famous whodunit *The Moonstone*. The plot begins to thicken when the Moonstone, a cursed multicarat diamond (pilfered from a Hindu temple, of course), is inherited by Rachel Verinder on her 18th birthday. The heroine's subsequent adventures quickly disprove the adage that diamonds are a girl's best friend and bring to the scene Sergeant Cuff (played by John Welsh, left)—a detective who gets as high on roses as Holmes did on cocaine. Now, nearby, there's a pit of quicksand and late one afternoon while out for a stroll. . . .

SOS TO THE RESCUE

You say you just lost your credit cards *and* your best girl—because you forgot her birthday? Is that what's troubling you, bunkie? Well, next time spend ten dollars and get the numbers and dates registered with SOS Services (Box 17-2326, West Hartford, Connecticut 06117). It's their business to notify charge accounts pronto when credit-card catastrophe strikes and to keep you posted on important dates. Relax!

SHELL GAME

Item: Shortly after Verne Hayes invented Oystamins—a unique pill 96 percent of which is made of the stuff found in oysters during the mating season—he got a divorce and married a younger woman. *Item:* During the mating season, Mr. Oyster turns out over a billion sperm cells. *Item:* In Hong Kong, the first 10,000 boxes of Oystamins sold out faster than powdered rhino horn. *Item: You* can buy a month's supply of Oystamins for $12.50 sent to Oystamins, 109 T Street, Eureka, California 95501. *Item:* No guarantees, of course.

NEXT!

Today's corner barbershops may be in trouble, but those funky old chairs haven't seen their last customer. Alan Forster, who owns the Great American Chair Company in Coconut Grove, Florida, will refurbish an antique model for you in any metal finish and fabric you desire, starting at $495 plus shipping. Write to him at P. O. Box 832. You won't be clipped.

MONSTER RALLY

Believers in Bigfoot and the Loch Ness monster can now put their money where their heads are: Four dollars gets you full membership in the North American Wildlife Research Association in Eugene, Oregon; and five dollars entitles you to join the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau in Inverness-shire, Scotland. So you don't meet the big guys—at least you'll get newsletters *and* some mighty freaky pen pals.

GOLD FINGER

In a time when tokens of one's esteem are becoming increasingly stereotyped, what could be more unusual than to give your beloved an 18-kt. gold cast of your very own thumbprint to remind her that you're truly unique? Cartier's, at 653 Fifth Ave. in Manhattan, is selling this bauble for only $250—plus another $110 for a 26-inch 18-kt. gold-bead chain from which to hang it. From print to pendant, the whole operation (accomplished by a special wax process that's performed on the premises) takes about two weeks. And in case you're wondering, the thumbprint cast pictured here is that of Cartier's president, Michael H. Thomas—a gentleman who, you might say, turns everything he touches into gold..

SAINTS PRESERVE US! IT'S NORMAN ROCKWELL!

Remember a year ago October, when we told you about Don Celender's baseball cards? The ones with the face of some famous artist where the likes of Hank Aaron should be? Well, now Don has done it again, only this time he's canonized a number of contemporaries by putting them into traditional religious scenes. This new collection, called Holy Holy Art Cards, is sold only at the O. K. Harris Gallery in Manhattan—50 cards for a mere five dollars. "On each card," Celender tells us, "is a statement by or about the artist and his religiosity, followed by the phrase 'Season's Greetings.' " Same to you, fella.

FOR BUBBLE HEADS

It was during France's halcyon *belle époque* that the *art nouveau* movement reached its greatest heights of meandering audaciousness. Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde were doing their kinky things, and Emile Gallé was decorating glassware with somnambulistic flowers right out of Baudelaire. With all this decadence in bloom, the champagne firm of Perrier-Jouët commissioned Gallé to create a stained-glass design, and now the company is reissuing his creation in a rare, hand-painted bottle that's a fitting container for its new vintage 1966 champagne. The price? About $20. Now, *that's* decadence!

THE SILVER CROWN

(continued from page 274)

rabbi might be already worshiping; he might all this time have been in the synagogue.

The teacher entered the long, brightly lit store. On yellow folding chairs scattered around the room sat a dozen men wearing shawls, holding worn prayer books, praying. The Rabbi M. Marcus, a middle-aged man with a high voice and a short reddish beard, was davening at the ark, his back to the congregation.

As Albert entered and embarrassedly searched from face to face, the congregants stared at him. The old rabbi was not among them. Disappointed, the teacher withdrew.

A man sitting by the door touched his sleeve.

"Stay awhile and read with us."

"Excuse me, I'd like to, but I'm looking for a friend."

"Look," said the man, "maybe you'll find him."

Albert waited across the street under a chestnut tree losing its leaves. He waited patiently—till tomorrow, if he had to.

Shortly after nine, the lights went out in the synagogue and the last of the worshipers left for home. The red-bearded rabbi then emerged with his key in his hand to lock the store door.

"Excuse me, Rabbi," said Albert, approaching. "Are you acquainted with Rabbi Jonas Lifschitz, who lives upstairs with his daughter Rifkele—if she is his daughter?"

"He used to come here," said the rabbi with a small smile, "but since he retired, he prefers a big synagogue on Moshula Parkway, a palace."

"Will he be home soon, do you think?"

"Maybe in an hour. It's Shabbos, he must walk."

"Do you—ah—happen to know anything about his work on silver crowns?"

"What kind of silver crowns?"

"To assist the sick, the dying?"

"No," said the rabbi, locking the shul door, pocketing the key and hurrying away.

The teacher, eating his heart, waiting under the chestnut tree till past midnight, all the while urging himself to give up and go home, but unable to unstick the glue of his frustration and rage. Then shortly before one A.M., he saw some shadows moving and two people drifting up the shadow-encrusted street. One was the old rabbi, in a new caftan and snappy black homburg, walking tiredly. Rifkele, in sexy yellow mini, exposing to above the big-bone knees her legs like poles, walked lightly behind him, stopping to strike her ears with her hands. A long white shawl, pulled short on the right shoulder, hung down to her left shoe.

"On my income their glad rags."

Rifkele chanted a long "Boooo" and slapped both ears with her pudgy hands to keep from hearing it.

They toiled up the ill-lit narrow staircase, the teacher tailing them.

"I came to see my crown," he told the pale, astonished rabbi, in the front room.

"The crown," the rabbi said haughtily, "is already finished. Go home and wait, your father will soon get better."

"I called the hospital before leaving my apartment, there's been no improvement."

"How can you expect so soon improvement if the doctors themselves don't know what is the sickness? You must give the crown a little more time. God Himself has trouble to understand human sickness."

"I came to see the thing I paid for."

"I showed you already, you saw before you ordered."

"That was an image of a facsimile, maybe, or something of the sort. I insist on seeing the real thing, for which I paid close to one thousand smackers."

"Listen, Mr. Gans," said the rabbi patiently, "there are some things we are allowed to see which He lets us see them. Sometimes I wish He didn't let us. There are other things we are not allowed to see—Moses knew this—and one is God's face, and another is the real crown that He makes and blesses it. A miracle is a miracle, this is God's business."

"Don't you see it?"

"Not with my eyes."

"I don't believe a word of it, you faker, two-bit magician."

"The crown is a real crown. If you think there is magic, it is on account those people that they insist to see it—we try to give them an idea. For those who believe, there is no magic."

"Rifkele," the rabbi said hurriedly, "bring to Poppa my book of letters."

She left the room, after a while, a little in fright, her eyes evasive, and returned in ten minutes, after flushing the toilet, in a shapeless long flannel nightgown, carrying a large yellowed notebook whose loose pages were thickly interleaved with old correspondence.

"Testimonials," said the rabbi.

Turning several loose pages, with trembling hand he extracted a letter and read it aloud, his voice husky with emotion.

" 'Dear Rabbi Lifschitz: Since the miraculous recovery of my mother, Mrs. Max Cohen, from her recent serious illness, my impulse is to cover your bare feet with kisses. Your crown worked wonders and I am recommending it to all my friends. Yours truly and sincerely, Mrs. Esther Polatnik.'

"This is a college teacher."

He read another. " 'Dear Rabbi Lifschitz: Your $986 crown totally and completely cured my father of cancer of the pancreas, with serious complications of the lungs, after nothing else had worked. Never before have I believed in miraculous occurrences, but from now on, I will have less doubts. My thanks to you and God. Most sincerely, Daniel Schwartz.'

"A lawyer," said the rabbi.

He offered the book to Albert. "Look yourself, Mr. Gans, hundreds of letters."

Albert wouldn't touch it.

"There's only one thing I want to look at, Rabbi Lifschitz, and it isn't a book of useless testimonials. I want to see my father's silver crown."

"This is impossible. I already explained to you why I can't do this. God's word is God's law."

"So if it's the law you're citing, either I see the crown in the next five minutes or the first thing tomorrow morning I'm reporting you and your activities to the Bronx County district attorney."

"Booo-ooo," sang Rifkele, banging her ears.

"Shut up!" Albert said.

"Have respect," cried the rabbi. "*Grubber yung.*"

"I will swear out a complaint and the D. A. will shut you down, the whole freaking plant, if you don't at once return the $986 you swindled me out of."

The rabbi wavered in his tracks. "Is this the way to talk to a rabbi of God?"

"A thief is a thief."

Rifkele blubbered, squealed.

"*Sha,*" the rabbi thickly whispered to Albert, clasping and unclasping his gray hands. "You'll frighten the neighbors. Listen to me, Mr. Gans, you saw with your eyes what it looks like the real crown. I give you my word that nobody of my whole clientele ever saw this before. I showed you for your father's sake so you would tell me to make the crown which will save him. Don't spoil now the miracle."

"Miracle," Albert bellowed, "it's a freaking fake magic, with an idiot girl for a come-on and hypnotic mirrors. I was mesmerized, suckered by you."

"Be kind," begged the rabbi, tottering as he wandered amid empty chairs. "Be merciful to an old man. Think of my poor child. Think of your father who loves you."

"He hates me, the son of a bitch, I hope he croaks."

In an explosion of silence, the girl slobbered in fright.

"Aha," cried the wild-eyed rabbi, pointing a finger to God in heaven.

"Murderer," he cried, aghast.

Moaning, father and daughter rushed into each other's arms, as Albert, wearing a massive, spike-laden headache, rushed down the booming stairs.

An hour later, the elder Gans shut his eyes and expired.

Be sure to let your insurance man know it's a Toyota.

The Celica ST may look like high rate material.

But beneath it all sits a practical Toyota.

Very practical. (It even has a back seat behind the front seat.)

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The engine has a fluid coupled fan that freewheels at cruising speeds. To save horsepower and cut down fan noise.

Very practical.

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The rear axle is suspended by 4 links, a track bar and the coil springs. A sophisticated suspension system if there ever was one.

The Celica ST has an aerodynamic shape. A good shape to have on a windy day.

Very practical.

Every Celica ST comes with radial tires. Plus a wood-grain-like steering wheel and dash. Gauges instead of warning lights. A tach. Reclining bucket seats. 4-speed synchromesh transmission. A clock. Nylon carpets. Power brakes with front discs. Even an AM radio.

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SEX STARS OF 1972

(continued from page 226)

Institute to continue his studies, with some vague idea of becoming an art director. To further this interest, he also enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. A year later, he was an actor, making his Broadway debut in *Tall Story*. With Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park*, he became the theater's most sought-after light-comedy leading man. It was the movie version of *Barefoot in the Park*, in which he played a squarish lawyer momentarily converted to Jane Fonda's blithe bohemia, that established Redford as a negotiable film personality. His personal magnetism was reaffirmed in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, which many critics felt Redford stole completely away from his affable partner, Paul Newman. Next on his agenda: *The Way We Were*, based on Arthur Laurents' semiautobiographical novel about the personal toll of black-listing on a successful Hollywood writer. Barbra Streisand will co-star.

Another actor who, like Redford, insists on choosing his roles less for their box-office appeal than for their meaningfulness to himself is Jon Voight. After rocketing to stardom as the rangy Texan who expected to make it in Manhattan as a prize stud in 1969's *Midnight Cowboy*, Voight had seemingly plummeted right back to oblivion. Now, as Burt Reynolds' tall blond co-star in *Deliverance*, he's back in the public eye. In the first half of the picture, he is a calm, pipe-smoking fellow, totally shadowed by the powerful Reynolds character. But when his friend breaks a leg shooting the rapids, Voight takes over—becoming infinitely more interesting, complex and energetic.

Voight's time during the past two years has been principally swallowed up by his fight for what he considers the integrity of his other current film, *The All American Boy*. Shot in 1970, it was written and directed by novelist Charles Eastman, whose first cut was almost three and a half hours long; Warner Bros. eliminated its ideological points and trimmed it to a tidier 90 minutes. Voight interceded and—some say at the cost of making future picture commitments to Warner's—got the negative back to Eastman, who turned in a third version. Whichever print the public sees, it's a good bet that Voight's stripping for the boxing ring—and for a steamy, all-nude bedroom and shower sequence with blonde E. J. Peaker—will demonstrate a sex appeal not too apparent in his previous pictures.

If sex were not so clearly topic A in his fertile brain, and if he had not cast himself in two roguish roles this year, Woody Allen would hardly qualify as a sex star. But it is, and he did: In *Play It Again, Sam*, he's a horny divorcee, and in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*—a title guaranteed to overtax every marquee in the country except that at Radio City Music Hall, where it will never play—he portrays a ubiquitous inquiring reporter. Allen has behind him a solid record of successes in films, theater, recordings, night clubs, books and magazines. In all of them, the character he plays is identical—the cringing, frustrated inmate of a body that is inadequate to the superb erotic imaginings of his mind. Allen's the antithesis of the tough-guy image of Eastwood and Bronson—the cerebral as opposed to the purely physical. But his special appeal is that he makes it all hilariously funny.

The fact that you don't have to be a pretty boy to be a sex star was first demonstrated in the Thirties, when actors like Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Spencer Tracy and even Victor McLaglen emerged as superstars despite their obvious lack of pulchritude. They were essentially character actors, but since the characters they played were generally more dynamic, more complex and more human than those essayed by such collarad types as Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power, their following was prodigious. In recent years, the not-so-handsome-hero category has been inhabited mainly by Lee Marvin and James Coburn; lately, Bronson, Gene Hackman and George C. Scott (and, on television, Peter Falk as well) are climbing aboard. Certainly, Bronson's detective in *Rider on the Rain* was strikingly reminiscent of Bogey—trench coat, slouch hat and all. Similarly, the characters so vigorously portrayed by Scott—the doctor who fears he might be impotent in *The Hospital* and the tough cop who can't face retirement in *The New Centurions*—are roles that might easily have fallen to Cagney or Tracy during the Thirties.

For Scott, the film that transformed him from character actor into star was *Patton*—a unique achievement. His well-publicized refusal of an Oscar for *Patton*, his equally well-publicized on-again, off-again marriage to actress Colleen Dewhurst and his even more widely publicized fourth wedding, to Trish Van Devere, with whom he'd been playing house ever since they appeared together in *The Last Run*—all have served to transform a craggy-faced middle-aged actor into one of the most intriguing top stars of the day.

The same twist of fate—one big role—served to propel Hackman into the upper echelons of stardom, although with far fewer previous credits than Scott. His work in *Bonnie and Clyde* and *I Never Sang for My Father* established Hackman as an actor of considerable range and ability (he received Academy nominations for both), but neither performance prepared audiences for his explosive "Popeye" Doyle in *The French Connection*, which did earn him the Oscar. As the edgy, implacable detective, he brought back to the screen a kind of larger-than-life energy and intensity not seen since the palmiest days of Jimmy Cagney. By the time this appears, he should also be visible as a tough, determined priest in *The Poseidon Adventure*, which details the last hours of a doomed ocean liner. Of the younger generation, James Caan, the quick-tempered, muscular Sonny of *The Godfather*, and Malcolm McDowell, the mainspring of Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, have both managed to establish their star quality with a single film, despite the fact that each had appeared in a good many pictures and television shows before the right role came along.

Among the several who made it big last year, only that ebullient Adonis Ryan O'Neal managed to retain his status—and that primarily because director Peter Bogdanovich had the insight to remove him from the lachrymose languors of *Love Story* and recast his image in the shape of that able *farceur* of yore, Cary Grant. *What's Up, Doc?* was a frank, freewheeling adaptation of those screwball comedies of the Thirties (with a special nod toward Howard Hawks's memorable *Bringing Up Baby*) and, while no one was ready to claim that the youthful O'Neal had assumed the mantle of the old master, the change of pace (especially coming after the calamitous *Wild Rovers*) did his career a world of good. It was a popular film; and if most of its patrons had come to worship at the Streisand shrine, many of them remained to praise O'Neal. A volatile, hedonistic young man who talks volubly of balling and getting high, drives expensive cars and likes to keep in condition for athletic movie stunts, O'Neal is a bundle of contradictions. But not an untalented bundle. Before the year is over, he will have had another chance to prove his comedic gifts in *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*, followed by a Hawks-*cum*-Bogdanovich Western, *Paper Moon*.

"A year ago," begins the studio bio on Richard Roundtree, with more than usual candor, "few people outside Richard Roundtree's family knew he existed." The reason was simple. Whenever a black actor was needed for a major role in a picture, the call automatically went out for Sidney Poitier. Roundtree himself—a former linebacker for Southern Illinois, fashion model for black magazines and actor in New York's Negro Ensemble Company—had never made a movie before he tried out for MGM's *Shaft*. Nevertheless, he was selected from more than 200 men who turned up for the auditions, and the film immediately established him as one of the most

"Is nothing sacred?"

promising of the new faces of 1971. Again, it was a matter of being in the right place at the right time. Somehow, the black audience—which surely had been there all along—began to assert itself. A year earlier, black director Gordon Parks had missed the mark with his sensitive—perhaps too sensitive—*The Learning Tree*. In *Shaft*, he gave that same audience a hard-hitting, no-holds-barred melodrama in which the central character, a private eye (Roundtree), took no crap from anybody, black or white—especially white. And the black audiences around the country ate it up. This year, in *Shaft's Big Score*, Roundtree has resoundingly reaffirmed his popularity, with *Embassy* and *Charlie One-Eye* yet to come.

Big Jim Brown, back in the Sixties the number-two Negro star (after Poitier), had been virtually invisible during the black-movie boom of the past two years—because, he says, he was black-listed. "I've seen the letter that was circulated among the producers in Hollywood, telling them why I ought to be kept out of pictures," Brown told one interviewer. The football Hall of Famer's offscreen brawls and womanizing had won him headlines, but lost him script lines, and he was forced to go to Mexico, enlist outside financing and shoot *Slaughter* before American International could be convinced to market it. *Slaughter*, in which Brown co-stars with Playmate Stella Stevens, was followed by *Black Gunn*, pairing the muscular ex-gridiron hero with Brenda Sykes. Both films are doing well, and it looks as if Brown's long dry spell at the box office is ended.

There are some actors—but not many—who don't have to make a film for an entire year or more to retain their eminence. Warren Beatty, for example, prided himself when he was working on *Bonnie and Clyde* as being "the only really bankable star in the business who is under 30." Five years later, Beatty is considerably over 30; but his presence in a film—as in Richard Brooks's $—makes it "bankable." So does Dustin Hoffman's, as demonstrated when he played the introspective mathematical genius of Sam Peckinpah's hugely successful *Straw Dogs*. A question arises, though. When the crowds show up, as they definitely did for *Little Big Man* and *Straw Dogs*, is it for Hoffman or for the vehicle? And where were they when he needed them for *Who Is Harry Kellerman, etc?* The question remains problematical in the case of *Straw Dogs*, but perhaps an answer will be reached with the forthcoming *Until Divorce Separates Us*.

There was a time when the name Marlon Brando was a fiscal guarantee far more potent than that of either Beatty or Hoffman. But the veteran Brando's career seemed inexplicably on the decline right through the Sixties. *Mutiny on the Bounty* lost MGM a fortune; *Bedtime Story* occupied the second half of double bills from the moment of its release; *Morituri* was such a disaster that 20th Century-Fox promptly changed its title so that unwary moviegoers wouldn't link it to any picture they might have read about. Some critics admired his work in *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and *The Nightcomers*, but audiences stayed away in droves. To win the title role in *The Godfather*, Brando did what, for a major star, was unthinkable. He went into the full make-up of Don Vito Corleone and submitted to a screen test so that Paramount's executives might be convinced he was right for the role. He *was* right (to the tune of more than $1,000,000 in his percentage of the picture), and so were they. Brando's presence lent the film a stature and a solidity that could not have come from a lesser actor.

Although Sidney Poitier's remarkable career never quite hit Brando's heights, neither did it sink to Brando's depths. Even so, for every *Lilies of the Field*, *To Sir, with Love* and *In the Heat of the Night*, there was a *Bedford Incident*, a *Duel at Diablo* and a *Brother John*. Like any hardy perennial, Poitier needed a sprinkling of successes to resuscitate his wilting reputation. This year has been a fairly good one for him. *The Organization*, coming early, cast him as a clever, compassionate cop working to save the members of a youth gang being framed by the San Francisco Syndicate. *Buck and the Preacher*, in which he co-starred with Harry Belafonte, presented Poitier as a former Union cavalryman dedicated to leading ex-slaves to freedom just after the Civil War. Poitier also assumed the directorial reins on *Buck* after he and his director had "artistic differences" on its progress. Its progress at the box office has been eminently satisfactory, according to Columbia executives. Still to come before the year is out is *A Warm December*. Poitier, who makes no secret of his attachment to actress Joanna Shimkus, possibly chose the London locations for togetherness.

This was also the year that brought to the United States one of the hardiest perennials—and also one of the shrinkingest violets—of them all, Jean-Louis Trintignant. A veteran of more than 50 pictures since starting in films in 1955—including such international successes as *And God Created Woman*, *A Man and a Woman*, *The Conformist*, *Z* and *My Night at Maud's*—Trintignant has gained a reputation as a kind of "little man who wasn't there." So completely does he submerge himself in whatever role he's playing that only terribly alert moviegoers are apt to make the connection between, say, the romantic race-car driver of *A Man and a Woman* and the withdrawn, introverted intellectual of *My Night at Maud's*. Shortly before arriving here to co-star with Ann-Margret and Angie Dickinson in *The Outside Man*, the self-effacing Trintignant completed *The Assassination* in France. Both should be appearing soon—and, as usual, Trintignant will probably build a new following who realize that the face is familiar, though they can't recall quite from where.

But the screen does have an indisputable need for readily identifiable faces. Since most plots, even in this age of the supposedly sophisticated cinema, tend to fall into rather obvious patterns, the faces that fit the formulas remain in enviable demand. A producer with a big Western on his hands doesn't say, "Get me a John Wayne type." He says, "Get me John Wayne"—even though Duke is now well into his 60s. Missing out on Wayne, he may settle for Gregory Peck or Henry Fonda. Should he need a younger version, the first candidate today is Steve McQueen, with James Garner an acceptable alternate. And for Biblical or historical spectaculars, Charlton Heston and Kirk Douglas are still eminently available. All of these actors have sought—and often successfully—to switch types from time to time; but the quintessential reason for their impressive longevity is the fact that, when the need arises, they can always slip back comfortably into Hollywood's most popular standardized genres.

There are a good many actors—top stars who seemed virtually unquenchable a year or so ago—who are slipping away simply because they never found a safe, comfortable niche. The hirsute Elliott Gould, for example, scored heavily when campus radicals seemed to dominate the screen. The vogue for such films proved short-lived, however, and matters weren't improved for him when reports began to circulate about his temper tantrums while making *A Glimpse of Tiger*, resulting in the shutting down of that production. Last year, Gould mumbled through a role as the loutish American archaeologist who temporarily steals Bibi Andersson from her somewhat stodgy husband, Max von Sydow, in Ingmar Bergman's *The Touch*. Still to come is *The Long Goodbye*, co-starring Clifford Irving's great and good friend, Nina van Pallandt, and reuniting Gould with Robert Altman, the director of *M*A*S*H*. It may be his last chance.

Again, because their careers were routed along a narrow and very special track, Peter Fonda and Donald Sutherland—both hot properties only two years ago—also seem to be slipping, although each has a new picture (for Fonda, *Two People*, with Lindsay Wagner; for Sutherland, *The Master*, with Jennifer O'Neill) due before the year is out. Sutherland has already appeared in

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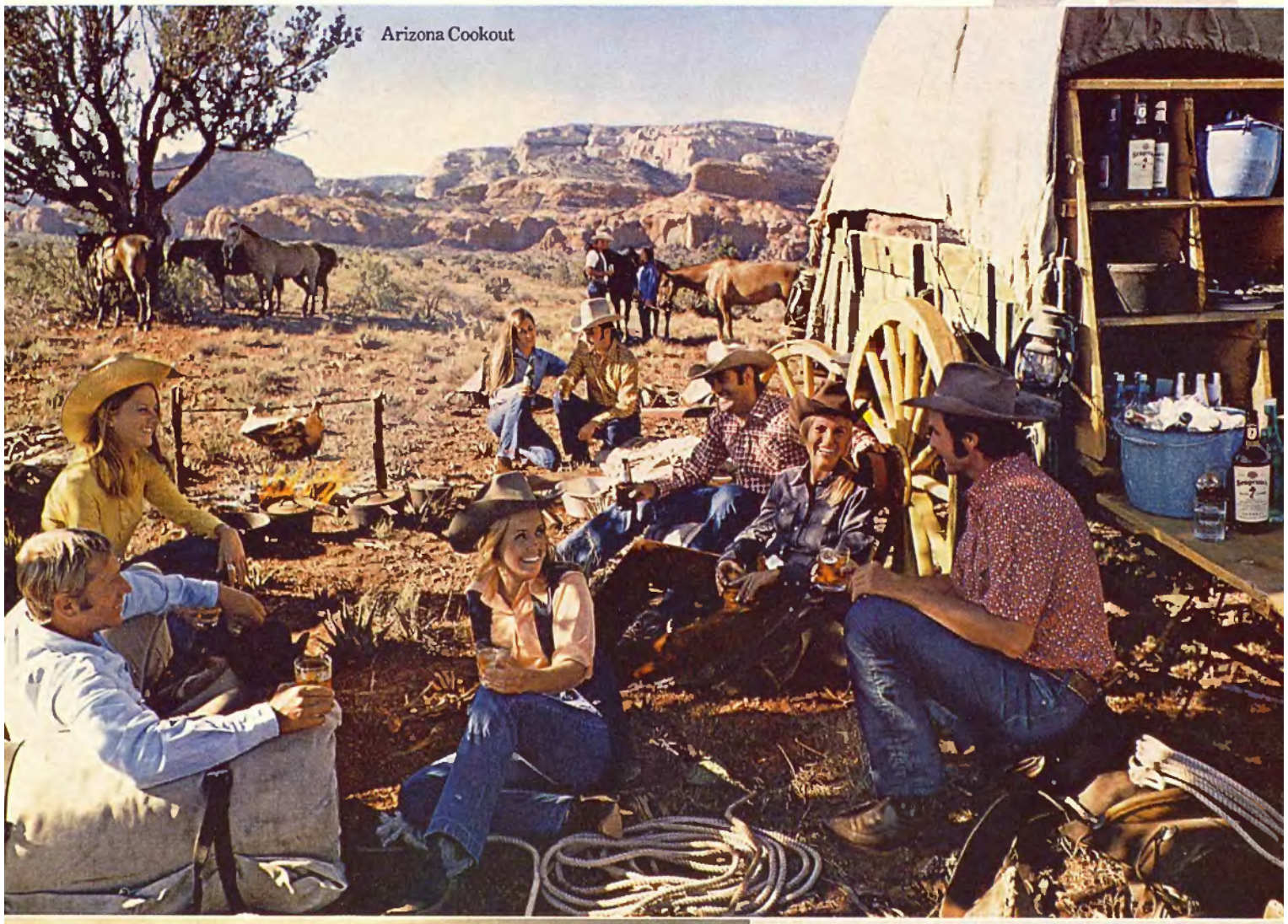

Arizona Cookout

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California Coast

"You've no objection to Joey joining in the fun, I hope?"

1972 in a picture called *F. T. A.*—known alternately as *Free the Army* and *Fuck the Army*—a documentary based on the traveling antiwar show that he and Jane Fonda carried to base camps here and in the Pacific back in 1971. Revealing him as wild-eyed, bearded, shaggy-haired, messianic and opinionated, the film did little to advance Sutherland's cause, even less to advance his career. In fact, within a few weeks of its midsummer release, American International prudently withdrew it from circulation, declaring vaguely that it had "other plans for it" later in the year. Dennis Hopper, who is Peter Fonda's and Sutherland's close friend and fellow freewheeler, has dropped out of sight since his disastrous *The Last Movie*—a title that, for him, might prove all too apt.

There is a particularly fine line between those actors who are holding their own and those who have begun to slip—a line that can often be moved one way or the other by a single performance in a single film. Last year, for example, Jack Nicholson was unequivocally hailed as the top-ranking male star after appearing in *Carnal Knowledge*. But *Drive, He Said*, which he directed, performed disappointingly at the box office; and *A Safe Place*, in which he co-starred with Tuesday Weld and Orson Welles, did even worse. This year, Nicholson's hopes are pinned on *The King of Marvin Gardens*, another wild, excitingly original film from Bob Rafelson, the director of *Five Easy Pieces*. But meanwhile, is Nicholson holding or sliding? Only your box office knows.

What the box office is saying right now about people like Richard Burton, James Coburn and Paul Newman must be more than discouraging for these still-illustrious names. These three stars earned their astronomical salaries because their very presence on the marquee was supposed to be lure enough for the millions. Not anymore. Richard Burton—even *the* Burtons—wasn't enough to save *Hammersmith Is Out*. Advance reports from abroad on *The Assassination of Leon Trotsky* have been equally unprepossessing. *Bluebeard*, teaming Burton with such international beauties as Raquel Welch, Nathalie Delon and Virna Lisi, was essentially a cheap exploitation picture—and looked it. Early in August, shortly before he sustained a serious injury while shooting a picture in Yugoslavia, Burton announced that he was retiring from the screen to devote himself to teaching and the theater. Perhaps he had already glimpsed some handwriting on a wall.

Burton's story is hardly unique; it's just that he has had a longer string of unpopular pictures than most. Unless *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean* bails him out, Paul Newman—astoundingly—is in deep trouble. Neither *Sometimes a Great Notion* nor *Pocket Money* set any wickets awhirling. Lee Marvin is in the same position after co-starring with Newman in *Pocket Money* and with Gene Hackman in *Prime Cut*; Hackman can afford a failure at this point, but Marvin can't. Michael Caine, after *Kidnapped* and *X, Y & Zee*, is at best marking time, although he has an exceptionally strong role in the upcoming *Sleuth*, based on the hit play. Sean Connery, fresh from his triumphant return to Bondage in *Diamonds Are Forever*, has once more announced that he has no intention ever of playing 007 again. (Roger Moore has already been selected as his replacement.) But when Connery gave up on Ian Fleming's suave spy once before, his vast following promptly gave up on *him*. It became a matter of Bond or bust—and this may well happen again.

And yet. And yet. Happily, every year turns up a fresh supply of—well, not exactly *new* faces, but young people who, having served their apprenticeships, seem ready to rocket. Some will sizzle, some will fizzle, but at least they have made it to the launching pad. Hottest at the moment is the versatile Stacy Keach, visible this year in two prominent and contrasting roles—as the worn-out, over-the-hill pugilist in John Huston's *Fat City* and as the dedicated rookie cop in *The New Centurions*, more than holding his own opposite George C. Scott. A fairly recent recruit from the New York stage, Keach made his first screen appearance in 1968 as a drunken wayfarer in *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*. But audience acceptance came a bit more slowly. Although Keach is six feet tall, lean and muscular (as *Fat City* amply reveals), he also has a harelip, an affliction shared by no top stars. It may have helped his characterization in *Fat City*, in which he played a battle-scarred boxer; but, more important, it proved no hindrance whatsoever in *The New Centurions*, based on Sergeant Joseph Wambaugh's best-selling slice-of-life novel as witnessed by the Los Angeles Police Department. In it, he uncorked the kind of dynamism that spells true stardom.

This year has also been good to Beau and Jeff Bridges, the handsome, talented sons of the veteran Lloyd Bridges. Beau was particularly effective as the greedy, amoral hospital attendant who played a modern Faust to Richard Burton's Mephistopheles in *Hammersmith Is Out*—not to mention his several steamy scenes with the zaftig Mrs. Burton as his impassioned Marguerite. Still to come from the blond, husky Beau (who first impressed as the youthful, incredibly naïve cub reporter in *Gaily, Gaily*) are *Child's Play* and *Your Three Minutes Are Up*. Jeff, Beau's younger brother, after a couple of fairly obscure false starts, suddenly hit it big last year as the pugnacious young Texan who impulsively joins the Marines in Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show*. This year, he more than reaffirmed that

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good impression as the heavyweight hopeful befriended by Stacy Keach in *Fat City*. Jeff seemed to sum up the attitude of both members of the second generation of Bridges toward the industry when he stated, "Nobody's going to make it in front of a camera just because of who he's related to." For his role as the *Fat City* fighter, Jeff spent six weeks before shooting began boxing with veteran trainer Al Silvani. Timothy Bottoms, his somewhat ingenuous buddy in *The Last Picture Show*, scored again in *Johnny Got His Gun*—even though he played much of the film swathed in bandages on a hospital cot. But Bogdanovich has publicly berated Bottoms several times for his lack of discipline as an actor, so the cue to Timothy's future career may well lie in *The Romantics*, in which he plays opposite the cool, precise Maggie Smith. A casting opposite the delectably kookie Goldie Hawn in *Butterflies Are Free*, now on the cinema circuit around the country, bodes well for another newcomer, Edward Albert.

Perhaps the most promising of the offbeat young actors edging toward stardom is the versatile Ron Leibman, who came to the screen only two years ago as George Segal's staid, beleaguered older brother in *Where's Poppa?* Before that, driving a taxi in Manhattan to support himself, Leibman worked in summer stock and college repertory until his performance in the off-Broadway trio of one-act plays, *Transfers*, won him both attention and acclaim. He moved on to Broadway with *We Bombed in New Haven* (a rather prophetically titled play written by *Catch-22*'s Joseph Heller) and a manic revival of *Room Service*. When Hollywood claimed him, it was for the role of Paul Lazzaro, Billy Pilgrim's cosmic, implacable enemy in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Playing off of Billy's passivity, Leibman's fanatic, concentrated hating marked him as a comer. He registered strongly again soon after as one of the inept jewel thieves in *Hot Rock*, despite competition from such seasoned—and formidable—co-stars as Redford, Segal and Zero Mostel.

Inevitably, the studios' discovery of a vast black audience has prompted a search for new black stars, actors younger than Poitier and more versatile than Richard Roundtree or the rugged Jim Brown. Most promising at the moment are Christopher St. John, Ron O'Neal and Yaphet Kotto, each of them bringing to the screen not only an impressive theatrical background but his own special black charisma. St. John scored last year as the militant leader in *Shaft* who joined forces with Roundtree to foil a kidnaping; this year, he took top billing in *Top of the Heap*. Even hotter is Ron O'Neal, the winner of all sorts of theater awards for his work in the 1971 Pulitzer Prize play *No Place to Be Somebody*. After only two previous supporting roles (with Elliott Gould in *Move* and with Sidney Poitier in *The Organization*), O'Neal's name went above the title in Warner Bros.' *Super Fly*, a movie that buzzed close to the top of the weekly box-office charts. Kotto, who took over the James Earl Jones role in *The Great White Hope* on Broadway, moved up this year as Jo Van Fleet's burly but tenderhearted rapist in *Bone*.

Among the year's imports, perhaps the most exciting debut was made by England's debonair Jon Finch, first in the title role of Roman Polanski's (and Playboy's) bold adaptation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, then as the harassed, down-on-his-luck ex–R.A.F. officer Blaney in Alfred Hitchcock's enormously successful *Frenzy*. Another Britisher, Michael York, had been called promising at the time of his screen debut as Tybalt in Franco Zeffirelli's production of *Romeo and Juliet*. As Liza Minnelli's homosexual boyfriend in *Cabaret*, he remains—promising. Of the Continentals, only Alain Delon, a star in his own right in France and Italy, seemed to be moving up on the American scene, thanks primarily to his co-starring role (with Charles Bronson and Toshiro Mifune) in the *paella* Western *Red Sun*.

This was a year for the men to reap and the women to weep—at least those women who took their careers at all seriously. Of all the beautiful new faces presented to the American public in 1972, just one—that of blonde, cool-eyed, smoldering Dominique Sanda—seemed to radiate that ineffable aura that marks the superstar. Only 21, *Mlle*. Sanda has already appeared, to ever-increasing advantage, in no fewer than seven movies. A model at 15, she was discovered on the pages of *Vogue* by the austere French director Robert Bresson, who promptly cast her in his adaptation of Dostoievsky's *Une Femme Douce*—an experience that she later admitted she didn't altogether cherish. "In the Bresson film," she told an interviewer in Paris, "I had to be an object—just a bare outline, without color and shadow." The colors began to appear in her next picture, when she played a porcelainlike Russian noblewoman opposite Maximilian Schell in his own adaptation of Turgenev's *First Love*. Last year, both colors and shadows were impressively evident in her portrait of the slightly tainted wife of an exiled anti-Fascist in *The Conformist*, and even more noticeable in her portrayal of the patrician young Jewess in Vittorio de Sica's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. This year, she has already been seen in a superior suspense film, *Without Apparent Motive*; and with any kind of luck, John Frankenheimer's *Impossible Object*, starring *Mlle*. Sanda, should also be on view here before the year is over.

A serious actress, Sanda has been repeatedly likened to Garbo. "I think that's because of the shape of my face and the fact that my eyebrows are rather low," is Dominique's explanation; but, physical resemblances apart, she also projects a hauntingly Garboesque vision of a vulnerable yet strong-willed woman who knows what she wants and is willing to pay the price for it. Nor is this too far from her own way of life. Born in Paris, she left home at 15, married briefly and entered films at 17. After her first successes, she remained off the screen for almost two years, taking up residence with French director Christian Marquand. Last May she presented him with a boy, Yanne, out of wedlock (a circumstance, incidentally, that cost her an enviable role in Bernardo Bertolucci's forthcoming *Last Tango in Paris*, with Marlon Brando; she was pregnant when the shooting began). Frankenheimer calls *Mlle*. Sanda "the most exciting young actress I've seen in years," and American publications have begun to devote considerable space to "*la magnifique Dominique*" (as per PLAYBOY's feature in March 1972).

The nearest thing Hollywood has to a new star of equivalent magnitude is the mercurial, golden-haired Karen Black, whose steady rise over the past few years was crowned with what must have seemed, at least at the time of casting, the plum role of the Monkey in Ernest Lehman's production of *Portnoy's Complaint*. As the sexy and knowledgeable fashion model, most of whose brains are between her hips, the curvaceous Miss Black wrung considerable pathos from the part. But the Monkey wasn't actually that different from her Rayette in *Five Easy Pieces*, her adulterous wife in *Drive, He Said* or her acid-dropping prostitute in *Easy Rider*. One can't help remarking that in the old days, if a studio had a property as original and exciting as Karen, it would have developed her very carefully and cast her in a diversity of roles. Miss Black really is capable of this diversity. With her classic profile (startlingly reminiscent of Dolores Costello, a great star of silent days), she could easily play in romantic costume pieces. There is also more than a suggestion of the kind of *soignée* kookiness that was Carole Lombard's main stock in trade.

One of Karen's closest competitors is tall, leggy Sally Kellerman, who zoomed to fame with her ten-minute bit in *M*A*S*H*, reprised this year as Robert Shaw's mistress in *Labyrinth*, a mystery film, and as the first of Alan Arkin's disappointing inamoratas in *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, in which she showed that the comedic flair revealed in the Hot Lips Houlihan character was

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no mere fluke. And her deep, throaty voice was surely not irrelevant to her selection for a lead role in Ross Hunter's forthcoming musical adaptation of *Lost Horizon*. But while Hot Lips remains torrid, her career seems to have fallen into a rut. Furthermore, she has the distinct disadvantage of not having gotten it under way in the first place until she was past 30.

No such disadvantage is suffered by the fresh-faced and willowy Jennifer O'Neill, a top fashion model since the age of 15. After a few roles that required little more than her presence, she suddenly acquired stature as the young widow who sought a single night's solace from a teenager in *Summer of '42*—but just as promptly, she reverted to supporting-player status in Otto Preminger's feeble and tasteless *Such Good Friends*. *Glass Houses*, shot two years ago and released in 1972, revealed Miss O'Neill as a more-than-capable actress—with a more-than-agreeable body to go with it; but her roles in *The Carey Treatment* and *The Master* merely indicated that she was still around.

The youthful, British Susan George scored heavily as Dustin Hoffman's self-consciously sexy wife in *Straw Dogs* and is currently high on the studios' "most wanted" lists. Similarly, Cybill Shepherd's slim, blonde good looks in *The Last Picture Show* were enough to win her a prized role in *The Heartbreak Kid* (not to mention the flattering attentions of Peter Bogdanovich, her *Picture Show* director). Cybill is hot at the moment—but is there enough heat to keep her going up? Barbara Hershey remains very much in demand, and PLAYBOY's *Boxcar Bertha* layout of August 1972 reveals a couple of good reasons why. The bouncy Barbara has, however, never become a star in the old-fashioned sense of the word.

There are, in fact, astonishingly few female stars of the first magnitude in *any* sense of the word. Ann-Margret keeps hanging in there by sheer dint, her career expertly manipulated for her by her husband-manager, Roger Smith. This year, between her electrifying night-club appearances and her TV specials, she managed to film *The Train Robbers* with John Wayne, and *The Outside Man*, with Jean-Louis Trintignant (making his American debut). These, plus another, *Lenny*, should be released in 1973—by which time, we hope, Ann-Margret will be fully recovered from the injuries she sustained in a backstage fall at Lake Tahoe this September. Jane Fonda, who virtually dominated the lists last year with her Academy Award–winning performance in *Klute*, is still a major contender; *Steelyard Blues*, with Donald Sutherland, is now onscreen, with *Tout Va Bien* and *Whose Heaven—Whose Earth* awaiting release at the moment of writing. On the other hand, the film version of her *F. T. A.* show was virtually stillborn; and a broadcast over Radio Hanoi, bitterly attacked by Administration supporters as traitorous, was hardly calculated to win her friends or influence people in some circles Stateside. Liza Minnelli, striving hard to walk in her mother's hallowed footsteps, came remarkably close in *Cabaret*.

The need for something resembling a big name persists; every studio seeks an established female who is sufficiently well known to carry her own weight on the marquees when paired with a male star of equal wattage. Many of them, like Jill St. John, Elke Sommer, Stella Stevens, Ursula Andress and Claudia Cardinale, have long since established themselves as very sexy girls, with very sexy bodies that they are not at all averse to revealing for the camera. Their very appearance in a picture seems to promise an R rating; and producers who have that kind of show in mind unhesitatingly seek them out. If perchance they need someone who can act as well, chances are they will call upon the talented *and* sexy Angie Dickinson. Since Angie is also Mrs. Burt Bacharach, however, she can afford to pick and choose among the scripts offered to her—such as the upcoming *The Outside Man*, in which she completes the triangle initiated by Jean-Louis Trintignant and Ann-Margret. Sheer persistence would seem to account for the staying power of such foreign beauties as Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and perhaps Virna Lisi (who most recently lost her head to Richard Burton's *Bluebeard*). But a sex symbol who seeks to project the same sexual image for a decade and more sooner or later tends to become a travesty of herself, like a miniature Mae West.

Because the ideal sexual image is in a constant state of flux—and, let's face it, because a lot of these sexual images aren't getting any younger—a number of the hotter stars and starlets of only a year or two ago are already starting to fade. Faye Dunaway, who began to put more into her offscreen romances than her onscreen characterizations, is a case in point. After a notable screen debut in *Bonnie and Clyde*, she was hotter than the proverbial pistol. But then came the entangling alliances—with Marcello Mastroianni during the filming of the flaccid *Where Lovers Meet*, with Jerry Schatzberg while making the disastrous *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*, possibly with her old mentor, Elia Kazan, while filming his adaptation of his own novel, *The Arrangement*. *Doc*, in which her chic good looks were almost maliciously effaced by great gobs of dirty gray make-up, was hardly a leg upward. Still to come is a prize role opposite George C. Scott in Stanley Kramer's *Oklahoma Crude*, and another in an adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's *The Plumed Serpent*. At this point, however, Dunaway's fate is very much in the balance.

Even more so is Julie Christie's, as she continues her long-term, international romance with Warren Beatty. Julie has not only been absent from the screen in 1972—she hasn't even announced the starting date for a picture. Concern about not taking an unsuitable role is one thing, but for any actress intent on consolidating her grasp on stardom, this is ridiculous. Candice Bergen, too, has withdrawn from the public eye since her appearances in *T. R. Baskin* and *Carnal Knowledge*. A woman of many parts (not all of them in films), she writes, photographs and makes a hobby of sports. Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, both of whom were coming on strong only a year or so ago, seem to have settled for character roles.

As we observed earlier about the men in movies, it's often difficult to diagnose whether a star is fading or holding his—or her—own. Raquel Welch hopes that a single film, *Kansas City Bomber*, will make all the difference. Twelve months ago, Raquel's prospects were less than promising. After years of edging toward the big time, she had pinned all of her expectations on the success of *Myra Breckinridge*, a triumph that for any number of reasons (the least of which was Raquel herself) never happened. After that debacle, her then husband and manager, Patrick Curtis, took her to Europe and, on the strength of her name, promoted funds for a brace of films that ultimately proved an acute embarrassment to everyone concerned. *Hannie Caulder* had her loping across the lone prairie in a loose-fitting poncho riddled with almost as many holes as the plot; *The Beloved* was pronounced unreleasable. Her role in *Fuzz*, that of a female cop, was little more than a walk-on. But as the gum-chewing, hard-driving, roller-skating pro in *Kansas City Bomber*, Raquel displayed once again (generally via form-hugging costumes) one of the most spectacular shapes in show business, and also a clean, robust vitality that was immensely appealing.

Barbra Streisand, ever canny in her choice of material, started the year with *What's Up, Doc?*, which harked back agreeably to the zany comedies of the Thirties, paired her (for a time, romantically as well) with Ryan O'Neal and newly revealed her talent for farce—and enough of the old Barbra to remind us that she may still be the leading song stylist of our time. Another comedy, *Up the Sandbox*, with fantasy overtones, may be along before the year is out.

Lovely Catherine Deneuve, off the screen for several months while carrying Marcello Mastroianni's child, was represented this year by a tearjerker called *It*

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Only Happens to Others and by a *Cinderella*-like fairy tale, *Peau d'Ane* (*Donkey Skin*), which, for all its charm, is still awaiting distribution in this country. Perhaps the forthcoming *Lizzie-Ann*, with Michael Caine, will prove the restorative that she clearly needs. After her triumph in *Love Story*, dark-eyed Ali MacGraw, like Deneuve, was forced off the screen by imminent maternity. Ali married Paramount executive Robert Evans, bore him a child and returned to work in *The Getaway* (unreleased at the time of writing), during the shooting of which she provided reams of copy for the gossip columns because of her obvious attachment to co-star Steve McQueen. In July, the Evanses announced that they were calling it quits. Sexy Dyan Cannon, Cary Grant's ex, is apparently of the persuasion that an actress should act in anything that comes along, just to remain in the public eye; and this year she has been seen in such dillies as *The Burglars* and *Such Good Friends*, with *Shamus* still to come. Since this is obviously Burt Reynolds' year, Dyan might just possibly ride in on his trench-coat tails. Elizabeth Taylor (and husband Richard Burton, too, for that matter) would seem to agree with Dyan, for how else can one explain her appearances in *X, Y & Zee* and *Hammersmith Is Out*? Surely, she can't plead poverty.

Jacqueline Bisset, Goldie Hawn, Tuesday Weld and Susannah York, along with such lesser luminaries as Britt Ekland and Paula Prentiss, are the typecast girls, the ones who are invariably summoned when the part calls for a young, with-it chick with few hang-ups. The fact that most of them are also very accomplished actresses is obviously a secondary consideration—and no doubt a source of considerable frustration for all of them. Veteran Shirley MacLaine has chosen the opposite approach. After years of playing the brash girl about town who has been everywhere and knows everything, after having been one of the "in" people of Frank Sinatra's old "rat pack," she took the reins of her career firmly in hand and, this year, registered effectively as a dramatic star in *Desperate Characters* and *The Possession of Joel Delaney*. Although both roles represented a complete about-face for her, they won her the critical kudos that she so badly needed, and wanted. Now in her late 30s, Miss MacLaine is more than holding her own—and, speculation has it, may be carving herself a niche in politics.

But the earth turns, and with each turning it uncovers new young hopefuls, new potential stars. In 1972, perhaps the most promising is wide-eyed Diane Keaton, who had a brief, sunny role as Al Pacino's second wife in *The Godfather*, then scored strongly as Woody Allen's all-too-understanding ladyfriend in *Play It Again, Sam*. (She had played the same role for better than two years on Broadway, but still managed to look as if she were hearing Allen's wacky dialog for the first time.) Also up and coming is Valerie Perrine (pronounced Purr-Rhine), especially since her appearance as Montana Wildhack in *Slaughterhouse-Five*. After an interlude in Europe, financed by work as a Las Vegas nude showgirl, Valerie ventured out to Hollywood and, in a sequence of events that supposedly happens only in fiction, she met an agent who hustled her over to Universal to test for *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Out of some 200 contenders, she won the role—and a PLAYBOY feature. The offers have been coming in ever since.

But the woods are full of girls who catch the right eye at the right time. Diana Rigg, from Britain via Broadway, made an impressive American film debut as the girl who allayed for all time George C. Scott's fears of impotence in *The Hospital*. Susan Tyrrell, from off-Broadway, was no less impressive as the sodden, misogynistic dame with whom Stacy Keach shacks up in *Fat City*. From the London stage came Francesca Annis, Polanski's youthful Lady Macbeth in the Playboy production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Shapely, sensuous Paula Pritchett, twice a subject of PLAYBOY pictorials, was a top model with the Eileen Ford Agency until director Jan Kadar, seeing one of her commercials, cast her in his film *Adrift*—which was immediately followed by a larger, more demanding role in Ralph Nelson's *Wrath of God*, opposite Robert Mitchum. Other models following the same route include Maude Adams, Candy Clark, Samantha Jones and Gwen Welles (featured in our pages last month). Among the many Playmates who have moved from centerfold to center screen are Sue Bernard, the Collinson twins, Claudia Jennings, Liv Lindeland, Cynthia Myers, Dolly Read, Anne Randall and Victoria Vetri (known as Angela Dorian when she braved the great stapler in September 1967). The gorgeous Victoria Principal, described by some as a second Ava Gardner, has had a career that sounds as if it had been discovered in a fortune cookie. Although she had taken acting lessons in all parts of the world, she had never appeared professionally on any stage when she was summoned to read for *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, opposite Paul Newman. She got the part (as his Mexican mistress) and immediately thereafter was cast for an even more important role in Playboy's forthcoming production of *The Naked Ape*.

Because of the vast upswing in black-oriented pictures this year, there has been a corresponding increase in plum roles for black actresses—and a heartening supply of beautiful and talented

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ladies to fill them. Perhaps in the lead at the moment is Rosalind Cash, who made a strong impression last year with her supporting roles in *Klute* and *The Omega Man*, this year as Stacy Keach's sympathetic nurse in *The New Centurions*, and attained full stardom in MGM's *Melinda*. Tiny, electric Jouelle Allen moved from a principal role in the Broadway hit *Two Gentlemen of Verona* to the romantic lead in *Come Back Charleston Blue*. Kathy Imrie, a fashion model and veteran of TV commercials, moved this year into the big time as Richard Roundtree's girlfriend in *Shaft's Big Score*. Judy Pace, Marsha McBroom and Brenda Sykes, all of whom have been around Hollywood for the past several seasons, have suddenly found themselves in constant demand. But the greatest find of 1972 is the tiny, dynamic Cicely Tyson, with a head like a Malvina Hoffman sculpture. Miss Tyson stood out as the smoldering, resentful black girl in her only previous film performance, in *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, some time back. This year, as the brave young mother in Martin Ritt's moving portrait of a black family, *Sounder*, she has won unanimous raves, and many are convinced that she's headed for an Academy nomination.

The year's most unconventional entry into motion pictures, hands down, was made by blonde, statuesque Nina van Pallandt, currently at work with Elliott Gould, as mentioned, on Robert Altman's *The Long Goodbye*. Plunged into the headlines because of her not-so-clandestine Mexican holiday with literary hornswoggler Clifford Irving, the baroness (by a former marriage) seized opportunity by its golden forelock and was soon being seen—and heard—on talk shows everywhere. Nina had been a moderately successful folk singer in European night clubs; her sudden notoriety promptly won her an engagement in the swank Maisonette room of New York's St. Regis, a book contract reputed to be in six figures and Altman's movie offer. Not a bad parlay from a single weekend. How long the fair Nina, now pushing 40, can make it stretch is another matter.

There's something different about the films of 1972. The movies are beginning to approach sex more gingerly, to cut circumspectly away from those moments of nudity that less than a year ago would have been boldly flaunted. As a result, these upcoming starlets, who hope one day to be transformed into full-fledged sex stars, are probably going to have to do it the hard way—not by exposing vast quantities of pearly flesh but by implying vast quantities of uncontainable sexuality. For those who have mastered the trick, from Theda Bara to Raquel Welch, the film medium has always reserved its highest honors.

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POWER!/MURRAY KEMPTON

(continued from page 189)

their own, they settled for marrying into it.

Even so, Machiavelli has been deservedly revered ever since as the ancestor of every professional intellectual. *The Prince* is largely unserviceable as a manual for governing; but it has never been improved upon as a handy guide to writing grant applications. Machiavelli almost invented the mass market for intellectual prostitution. For one thing, he had the requisite largeness of soul and breadth of vision, since he was a man who, as he himself said, would be the lackey of anyone who wore a better cloak. For another, he understood that it is less helpful to one's career to tell one's patron how to exercise what little power he has than it is to feed his illusions that he has a great deal of power, indeed. Government had learned to be shameless well before Machiavelli appeared; his true immortality was in teaching government's flatterers to be just as shameless.

Best of all, he invented the language that the servant might most comfortably employ in discourses with his master. Machiavelli was wildly romantic; but he had the misfortune of needing to find work in an age when romance had been destroyed by reality. The spirit of chivalry that had failed the test of experience in Machiavelli's generation was perfectly summarized by Cervantes when he later came to describe the moment when Don Quixote mistook a herd of sheep for a glittering assemblage of armed knights:

"Can you not," Don Quixote asked, "hear the neighing of the horses, the sound of trumpets, the roll of drums?"

"I hear nothing," said Sancho Panza, "except the bleating of sheep."

There is, of course, very little fun for a knight warrior and no profit for a squire in looking at a sheep and calling it a sheep instead of a knight at arms. Fortunately, Machiavelli rescued the intellectuals when he taught them that romance could thenceforth sell itself only in the disguise of realism. Ever since, whenever a statesman is suffering from the intrusion of reality between himself and whatever bright, particular moon he happens to be baying at, there has stood beside him a Machiavellian certifying his romantic delusions as the simplest common sense. History owes to Machiavelli's instruction, as a consequence, hardly a single act of shining statesmanship; yet there is no way to count the numbers of women and children unfortunate enough to depend upon the earnings of poor scholars who have been in his debt for their food and lodging. He did almost nothing to improve the mind, but he packaged it for distribution.

The more populous and democratic a society is, the loftier Machiavelli's position in its academies. Theories of power are the opiate of the impotent and are therefore seldom of interest to the truly powerful. Thus, in real tyrannies, no one talks about power; and if everybody talks about it in countries like this one, that is because nobody visible has any.

When any civilization is as diffuse as our own, it is safe to assume that if you have ever heard a man's name, you can be assured that he has no power at all. Let us observe the case of Dr. Henry Kissinger, who is so universally recognized as a mover and shaker of history that the world must be close to suffocation just from holding its breath over his comings and his goings. And yet this same Dr. Kissinger was recorded a year ago as wailing that the President of the United States was giving him hell every half hour because he couldn't rescue poor Pakistan from the steel talons of India.

Innocent refugees from reality might, of course, argue from such a spectacle that Mr. Nixon must have no mean power if he could thus exercise his range as common scold upon a person as august as Henry Kissinger's. Yet the President was less obviously displaying any real power than he was railing against genuine impotence; at that moment, he was in the process of being beaten down by Madame Gandhi, the prime minister of India, which is very like being overborne by the authority of some chairlady of a chapter of the League of Women Voters. But then, impotence is the habitual companion of majesty: the grander the pretension, the punier the enemy who mocks it. Peking, for example, is unable to manage even Hanoi; and Moscow cannot find in Cairo even the minimal courtesies due the most ordinary guest in anyone's house. Mr. Kissinger's triumphs consist of making peace with nations with which we are not at war; and Mr. Nixon's statesmanship, of easing tensions anywhere they do not exist. Each of them is grateful to go to the Soviet Union and to People's China, and both of those giants are glad to receive them, because nobody else bothers to take seriously either guest or host.

By now, Soviet Russia has lost control of the revolution and America has lost control of the counterrevolution; bemused, we look upon a world where the puppetmasters dance on the strings of the puppets and the only legitimate superpowers are Israel and North Vietnam. So Mr. Nixon is left with every ornament of power and very few of its fundaments, having come down to that place so familiar to the rest of us where property is all credit cards and no capital resources. But, after all, the general fecklessness of government is recognized by pretty much everyone except the professional Machiavellians who peddle the illusions of its majesty for their daily bread.

Otherwise, how to explain the sight of our movie theaters turned into temples of worship for *The Godfather*, that substitution of the myth of a secret government for the fact of a patently feeble official one? For more of us are conformist than anarchist; we long to be governed; and we yearn to believe that there

"Your looks are OK. Run through your orgasm."

might somewhere be a power capable of watching over and protecting us; and, since no such power exists, we have had to invent Don Vito Corleone. And, along with such fictions of the pure imagination, we sustain ourselves with fictions about real persons.

Our need for such nutriment explains the reputation of Howard Hughes as a ruler of everything within his compass. And now *The Wall Street Journal* can estimate that, since Hughes established his seat at Las Vegas, people whose names we have forgotten managed, almost casually, to steal $50,000,000 from him. The more awesome anyone makes himself to the innocent, the more abounding a resource he is to the larcenous.

Or let us take the figure of Frank Sinatra, a legend of power so pervasive that we have no reason to doubt that if the whim seized him to sing in the Sistine Chapel in Easter week, his Holiness the Pope would hasten to the booking. Any such majesty might reasonably be expected to extend to any prince of Sinatra's blood; yet now we learn that Frank Sinatra, Jr., had to kick back five percent of his singing wages to a Las Vegas hotel manager. The author of this effrontery has a name upon which the slightest fame has never breathed; and that condition illustrates the first rule about power: In any struggle for command, the winner is the one closest to being anonymous.

The only enduring power indeed is not the kind that overmasters but the kind that frustrates, not the kind that strides forward but the kind that only squats and blocks the path. If our pantheon has a ruling god, it is not Jove who hurls the thunderbolts but Cerberus, the 50-headed dog—50 heads, you notice, and none with a memorable feature—that stands before the subterranean gate to the nether world and bites any of the living who seek to enter or any of the dead who try to depart. The utilities remind us how powerful they are not when they illuminate our cities but when they black them out. Real power in Congress belongs to those committee chairmen who demonstrate it not by passing laws but by impeding their passage. The committee chairmen are, of course, too smart to endanger themselves by competing with the President in the commission of truly consequential blunders; so they never interfere with him in those Caesarist delusions that distract him into foreign adventures; they are quite ready to free him to be frustrated by the superior power of any alien pygmy with a will to stand in his way.

For the managers of the Congress understand what the President doesn't: The wider its compass, the quicker all power dissipates into the empty air. The trick is to avoid every temptation to the cosmic and to establish one's throne on a piece of territory so small that no one notices it until he has to cross it and finds out that he must pay you to pass through.

"It's sweet of you kids, but Daddy doesn't want a vasectomy for Christmas."

That is why the only American tyrants worthy of respect are the petty ones—the secretary who tells her boss whether or not he ought to see you or the union business agent who tells the union member whether or not he can work today. They never have more than 100 people at their mercy; any constituency larger than that is generally beyond control. And they can be recognized only by their drabness; power is a glamorous idea seldom absolutely realized by any but the dowdiest persons. Beautiful women and vaultingly ambitious men do not often achieve real power; they do not stay in the same place long enough.

Who, then, can really be called powerful?

Abbie Hoffman or the police departments he torments? Obviously, Abbie Hoffman. Otherwise, the Miami Police Department would not have spent more money trying to contain his troops than it would have needed to accommodate every demonstrator who came at his call in the splendid misery of the Hotel Fontainebleau.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court or the ordinary citizen? Probably the ordinary citizen, since the more fervently the Chief Justice labors to make their business easier for public prosecutors, the more stubbornly do the ordinary citizens sitting on juries acquit criminal suspects.

The fit or the unfit? Certainly, the unfit, as witness the case of the Lockheed Corporation, which, having exhausted its funds by botching every assignment it has undertaken, is rewarded by Congress with $250,000,000 to botch on into eternity.

The rational or the deranged? Clearly, the deranged: The most significant chapters in the history of the United States for the last decade have been written by assassins. The power to change Presidents, the subject of the incessant and futile schemings of so many sensible men, has essentially been exercised by unknown outcasts totally ineffectual in every other endeavor.

Those who hold title to official power or those who resist them? Neither, I'm afraid. Mr. Nixon cannot win his war, and those who oppose him cannot keep from trying. We are all together on a hopeless voyage—those who think themselves powerful and those who feel themselves powerless alike—each able to stop the other and neither able to move.

POWER!/RALPH NADER

(continued from page 189)

additional nickel a gallon for gas because of the oil-import quota, which U. S. oil companies obtained to keep their domestic price levels high and more secure from the competition of overseas oil supplies, which they mostly operate!

This is a typical example of how power in the Federal Government is used to protect corporate interests rather than the average citizen. Federal agencies are excessively vulnerable to special-interest groups, and so they can't respond to the silent citizen's interest. They respond to the pressures and lures of special claimants and end up carrying out *their* orders about tax legislation, antitrust cases, special subsidies, fat contracts in the defense area, and so on.

In many cases, these private groups have power to write their own laws, and then, when necessary, the power to see that the law is not enforced. That's been important in such areas as pollution, the food-and-drug laws, meat inspection and mine safety, where legislation has been weakened and ignored despite documentary evidence of violations. In last spring's Sunshine Mine disaster in Idaho, in which 91 men were killed, there had been violations of the Metal and Nonmetallic Mines Safety Act of 1966. But the act carries absolutely no penalties for violations of mandatory safety standards.

Our American Revolution was based on the cry "No Taxation Without Representation." A more appropriate cry for today would be "No Victimization Without Representation." People walking down the street breathe contaminated air that causes respiratory diseases. Industry produces that pollution, so industry is, in effect, governing these people, determining what kind of air they shall breathe. But because most people aren't large shareholders or managers, they have no say in such decisions. Maybe a few can afford expensive lawyers to sue, but that's too cumbersome, too elitist, and success is not automatic. There is an old legal doctrine—fortunately, it's fading now—that says that people don't have legal standing to challenge a company before a Federal regulatory agency unless they've been adversely affected economically. That's another way of saying, unless they're in business. If institutional power is going to be made accountable, a legal challenge has to be legitimate for anyone who's been or is about to be injured or cheated, economically or otherwise.

Corporations are insulated from accountability by laws that favor them and because the public doesn't *see* them robbing us the way it can see street criminals. Managers can fix prices in their executive suites, fleecing us of millions of dollars, without our ever knowing it; or they can decide not to include certain safety features on automobiles, and people will be killed or injured without ever knowing why.

Theoretically, power wasn't going to be abused in our system because of "countervailing forces." One industry should curb another industry's excesses by competition. On paper, the insurance industry should have been a major force protecting the consumer against unsafe automobiles. But insurance companies simply chose to pass the high toll in damages and injuries on to the consumer, in the form of higher rates. That was much easier than fighting the auto makers.

Since industry generally prefers to not use its countervailing powers in the public interest, the approach now should be to develop a citizens' force. Not by just placing a lawyer on the other side of the aisle when a Government agency is making a decision but by restructuring the regulatory agencies to see that they are not completely vulnerable to special interests and, if they become vulnerable, to see that the public finds out about it. As it stands, the regulatory agencies are so weak that they have become oppressive to the public by consistently acceding to industry's wishes. The annual budgets of all the agencies put together don't equal three days' gross revenue of General Motors.

In achieving that kind of accountability, you need more than a sense of justice, or injustice, or a sense of ethics and outrage. You must have explicit standards that the corporations and Government agencies have to meet. *Individuals* within institutions are supposed to be exposed to direct sanctions. As it is, the *company* is supposed to comply with the law. What if a particular official were designated as *the* compliance officer? You'd suddenly have a person with a vested interest in seeing that the company didn't ignore or sneak around the law, because he'd be the one who could be fined or demoted or fired or put in jail. You can bet that he'd be a lobby within the company for doing the right thing.

Making power insecure by forcing officials to realize that the law applies directly to them as individuals is terribly important. If power is going to be exer-

"And now, our newly elected leader. A man of courage, the people's choice—the lesser of two evils. . . ."

cised responsibly, it has got to be structured in an insecure manner; and in our system now, there is an excess of security in institutional power. The ultimate tyrant is the person who can't lose anything. While we read all the time about corporate abuses, do we ever read about officials' losing their jobs or being fined? These aren't Draconian sanctions. They're relatively mild. But they would be enormously effective, because they couldn't be transferred from the institution to the public through higher prices, which is what happens with our present system of rare company fines and court injunctions.

I think it's also very important that those who make the decisions *experience the conditions the victims experience.* We should develop a system of law and of business management in which the heads of the automobile companies spend a couple of weeks each year on the assembly line, and the heads of the coal companies spend a couple of weeks a year in the mines. This would rapidly develop some of the sensitivity that is lacking in many management decisions and would immediately divide those people into two groups: the ones who are hopelessly callous and the ones who don't do the right things basically because they don't know or feel what should be done. Most executives never relate to the assembly lines nor to the mines. They just see paper. Balance sheets, income statements, financial reports. So they don't see themselves as indifferent or negligent, and that's part of their problem.

But finally, the public is beginning to understand that corporate crime, corporate pollution and corporate distortion of our laws take more lives, destroy more property and deplete more consumer income than all the street crimes put together. For the first time, the public is on the threshold of really facing the question of power. The old struggle between communism and capitalism was about whether power corrupts in private industry or in the state. There's a lot of hard experience to prove that it corrupts in both places. You simply can't put total faith in the box you place your power in. Look at the unions. On paper, they're an ideal structure for democratic power. Workers get together, assess themselves dues and elect leaders to fight for them. But even that structure has often been abused, turned into a bureaucratic tyranny. So people are becoming aware that no institution will serve them unless they maintain both a systematic and an *ad hoc* way of controlling it.

By systematic I mean, for example, through real elections, with real issues represented by opposing candidates who aren't in debt to special-interest groups for campaign funds. By *ad hoc* I mean that access to the Executive Branch agencies, to local, state and Federal governments, to the courts, to the legislatures and to executive suites is made easier, so that citizen movements can actually implement their rights. Our system recognizes a tremendous number of rights, but often it's a fraud. It's no good to tell a ghetto resident that he can sue if he's defrauded, then not provide him with free legal service. It's important that the public have *initiatory* power, individually or collectively, to mobilize *ad hoc* groups and achieve practical remedies simply because they *are* citizens.

The first step is the whole disclosure process—as in the consumer-environmental movement of the last decade—building up a credible body of knowledge to show the public how it's being victimized. Some people come to me and say, "See, the news is out, everyone knows what's happening, and nothing changes." Nonsense! Whoever said disclosure was the final step? It's the first step.

Now you've got to show people that it is within their power to prevail over the institutions. If citizen groups can win small victories, then they'll try for bigger ones. In this citizens' force, reliance should not be placed exclusively on a strengthened Federal Government. We've already got enough huge and oppressive institutions. Strength at local and state governments should carry much of the burden—I'd like to see state attorneys general from around the country move with antitrust suits to restore competition at a local level. There should be more emphasis on local consumer class actions and on improving the effectiveness of such devices as small-claims courts. People who can't afford a lawyer for a $300 problem should have access to legal aid at the small-claims level. Basically, this whole process is nothing more than getting people interested once again in self-government. Until now, we've looked at citizenship as a privilege or as the efforts of citizen mavericks. It's got to be looked at as an obligation. It's got to be professionalized, so that people begin feeling they can develop citizenship techniques that will reduce their powerlessness; so they realize they'll be more expert as citizens if they work at it. We have careers in this country for practically everything, but no career as full-time citizen. We've looked at citizenship as forever amateur. But there aren't any amateurs in those executive suites.

In legitimizing these full-time citizen efforts, we've got to redefine work and patriotism. Work has been considered something done in return for a wage or a salary. There's a lot of work to be done in the citizen area that doesn't return a wage. It returns a better standard of living and a more just society. And patriotism isn't military adventures overseas. It should be defined as citizenship at home.

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THE MISSISSIPPI

(continued from page 180)

built them on the river itself. German prisoners of war built the most comprehensive of the river models at Jackson during World War Two. Good duty, the colonel in charge of the Vicksburg station says today. The Germans still hold reunions from time to time to admire their giant toy. Another model, now defunct but serviceable in its time, occupies an area the size of a football field at the Vicksburg station. You can step across the river on the model as easily as you would step across a ditch. The Mississippi lady who guides you on the tour must call up first and ask the pump house to turn the river on. Here is Vicksburg, a short hike down the model is Natchez, and down farther the Atchafalaya flows in from the west. Trees of green wire tower above the river on concrete islands and along the *batture*, the land riverward of the levees. The levees themselves are scaled disproportionately high. They look like the walls of medieval forts. The model is a moment in the river's life and it serves its purpose, but more subtle models await us indoors.

Today, to model the river, the station works on a larger scale along shorter sections. Inside buildings whose tin roofs cover an acre of land, garden bulldozers gouge out buff clay. To known measurements of the river, tinsmiths make templates that guide workers who build up the river bed by hand, flooring it with sand or powdered coal that duplicates the silt on the bottom. City water from Vicksburg pulses up over head bays and flows downstream, meandering, changing course as the real river does, and into this model river the engineers insert locks and dams and jetties and watch the water flow. Engineers in rubber waders walk the river, clipboards in hand, or negotiate miniature barges through model locks with radio controls. It is reasonably accurate work and it has saved American taxpayers millions of dollars among the billions that the Corps's work on the river has cost, but it catches the imp of fancy. It left me fancying that all our military men might live at stations mapped with giant games and that the station compounds might be fenced with high Cyclone fencing, the barbed top wires facing in. The Waterways engineers have modeled Asian rivers in their time and may model the Mekong Delta one of these days, if there is any delta left to model. Models cannot reproduce bomb craters, nor the tiny corpses of the Asian dead, no matter how many might litter the banks. There are degrees of madness: Playing with models would be one of the lesser degrees if the models were not expanded again outward into the real world.

In one of Waterways' buildings stands a model of Niagara Falls. "We used this model to save the falls," says the lady guide. Upriver from the falls stretches a power dam. "They shut off the falls at night"—she means the real ones, not the model—"and store up water in the reservoir above the dam. They turn the falls back on during the day for the honeymooners. Oh, and leave them on until the lights go out about ten o'clock. They don't want to spoil the scenery for the tourists." She would be certifiable if her statement weren't true. The engineers shut off Niagara Falls at night and turn them on by day for tourists. To generate electric power.

They would shut off the Mississippi if they could. Since they can't, they have set out to pave it. Dams on its upper reaches and tributaries, levees and diversion channels on its lower stream contain it from all but the most enormous of floods. That work is nearly complete and it cost us far more than it cost to go to the moon. But the Mississippi *meanders*, to its own whim, and a shifting channel threatens the expensive levee works and complicates shipping, so the Corps means to hold the Mississippi to its present bed. To that end, in low water, boats leave stations along the lower river laden with asphalt and concrete mats and fit them against the banks of the river where it works to cut those banks away, on the outside curves of its meanders. And mile after mile on the lower river, jetties jut out into the water, their ends marked with red buoys, deflecting the flow back within the channel. The channel still shifts, but its shifting is at least partly controlled, and river pilots who once rememorized the river every trip now have some assurance that it will flow approximately where it flowed before. But the process of adjustment goes on: Engineering is a matter of adjustment and of adjustments then upon adjustments; the tolerances are coarse and the adjusting must go on, ensuring a future for the Corps.

Men who turn Niagara Falls on and off like a tap aren't likely to leave the Mississippi River alone. A massive challenge elicits from such men a massive response. Is it perverse to imagine that the Corps would bomb hell out of the river if it thought it would do any good? It planned as much for the successor to the Panama Canal until the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty scotched its plans. It was going to blast out a new canal with atomic bombs. Hell of a lot easier than dredging. Sorcerer's apprentices, the Corps, with more funds available to it from Congress over the years than to NASA, and seldom a sorcerer nearby to call a halt.

Here is a model of New York, Long Island, the coasts of Connecticut and New Jersey, and over there is a tide generator and fans to imitate the freshening wind blowing in from the Atlantic that mixes the salt with the less than sweet. Here is Los Angeles–Long Beach, there the Arkansas and the Red and the Rio Grande. They are modeling artificial harbors to be built up and down the California coast to accommodate supertankers. They are planning a navigable waterway into the heart of Texas. They never modeled Florida, more's the pity. The scale of that beleaguered shallow peninsula is too subtle to duplicate on less than the original itself. But from building to building, indoors and out of doors, the Mississippi lady returns you again and again to sections of the river. It has been the Corps's greatest challenge and its greatest reward. more dams, more jetties, more and more asphalt mats, higher and higher levees, and still today not controlled, still evading the turn of the magic tap. For that, at least, we may be thankful.

"One who knows the Mississippi," wrote Samuel Clemens more than 100 years ago:

> will promptly aver—not aloud but to himself—that 10,000 River Commissions, with the mines of the world at their back, cannot tame that lawless stream, cannot curb it or confine it, cannot say to it, "Go here," or "Go there," and make it obey; cannot save a shore which it has sentenced; cannot bar its path with an obstruction which it will not tear down, dance over, and laugh at. But a discreet man will not put these things into spoken words; for the West Point engineers have not their superiors anywhere; they know all that can be known of their abstruse science; and so, since they conceive that they can fetter and handcuff that river and boss him, it is but wisdom for the unscientific man to keep still, lie low, and wait till they do it.

It may once have been wisdom to keep still and lie low, but it is not wisdom anymore. The mentality that fetters and handcuffs rivers is the same mentality that threatens to pollute the ocean and poison the air and salt the land; and the unscientific man finds more science walking beside a creek than the engineers yet teach in all their schools, and he had damned well better not keep still if he and all the others like him want the earth to survive. The day of abstruse science is over, because nature is more abstruse yet and evolved her academies over millions of years, and took short-term calculations of benefit into account and proved them wrong, made lush valleys into deserts and pushed ocean bottoms up into mountaintops and

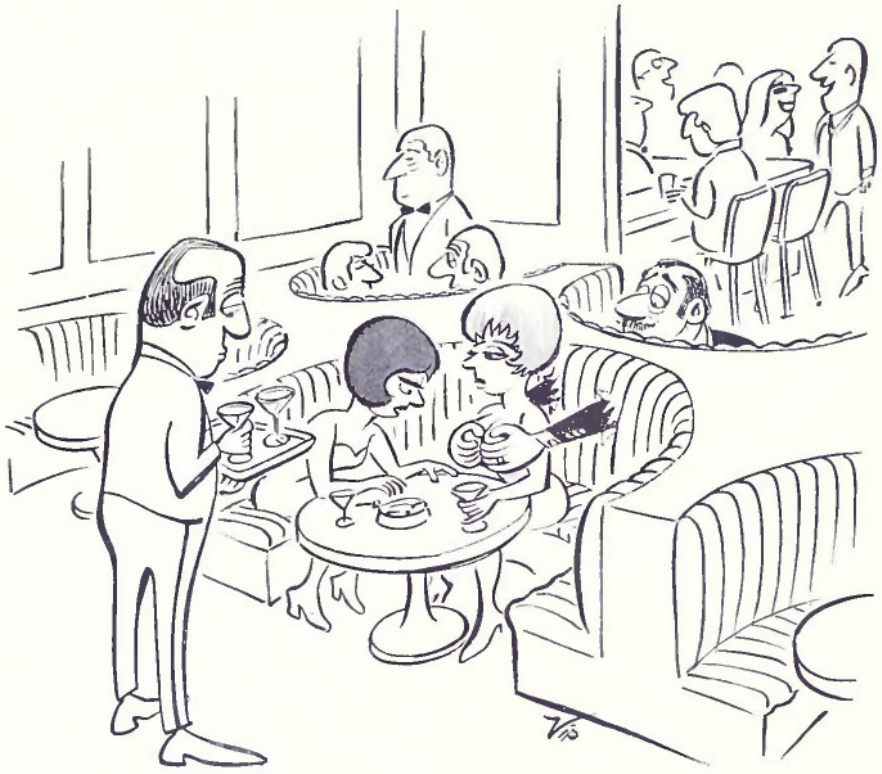
long ago worked her adjustments out. They can be modified, but they cannot be ignored.

Only consider one line of the Corps's work, one of its upriver dams. Silt that once the river carried away to the sea now piles up behind the dam. Imagine the extent of that silt, already one third up on some dams, 100 years from now. When it fills the reservoir, where will the floodwater go? Ah, but the Corps is aware of that problem. It will solve it tidily: It will build another dam upstream. But upstream are not deep-carved canyons suitable for a dam, but prairie and plain, where the water spreads out across four, five, ten times as much land, and good land, too. The new dam is wider, the new lake shallower, and the silting there proceeds faster than it did in the canyon reservoir below. The threat, however, is removed for another generation. Where will the water go then? The Corps builds for today, not for generations unborn. The problem is here, in flooding now, not there, in silt-filled reservoirs 50 years hence. Thus, the Corps's mentality matches the mentality of the industries that refuse to stop polluting because the river or the lake is not yet thoroughly dead, or because their competitors haven't stopped, or because the facts aren't all in, or because the cost is high and the dividends to stockholders correspondingly low, or because it's cheaper to advertise their concern.

There is a limit to adjustment. We are near that limit. We will have to do more than flatten our tin cans and exchange our detergents for soap and carry our bottles back to the store. We will have to do more than lie low. The river leads the way, past battlefields and unnamed graves.

• • •

Behind a bluff overlooking the Mississippi at Vicksburg, trenches and redoubts now softened by green lawn barricade the town, marked with memorials of white marble glaring in the delta sun. The Mississippi ran red with blood, a guide says (it runs red today at Baton Rouge with bauxite waste from an aluminum smelting plant—lead in that waste, and mercury, cyanide, 10 or 20 other poisons—*in trace amounts*, the company environmentalist demurs). At Vicksburg, Grant unleashed the dogs of modern war, siege, trench and mine, espionage and flank attack and blockade, and the citizens of Vicksburg ran to tunnels cut back into the hills of wind-blown loess on which their besieged city was built. At Vicksburg, before he took the city, Grant for once met his match: tried to dig a cutoff across the neck of a Mississippi meander and saw his men dying like flies of snake bite and yellow fever and looked at the river and knew he had been defeated. And turned back the more implacably to the land. The battlefield, now a national military park, is silent today, the enormous delta trees hardly moved even by the wind of summer, silent as a battlefield in the midst of battle when the ears can bear no more of gunshot and cannonade. Here ran a trench; there artillery boomed from behind earthworks guarded by sharpshooters: nothing now but mounds that might be burial mounds and the sod sealed over like skin grafted to hide an ugly scar.



"Ignore him. He's wearing a wedding ring."

With elegant foppery, the generals of the War of the Potomac lined up Union and Confederate opposite each other in open fields and marched them forward in European style, while ladies and gentlemen of Washington carriaged out to picnic and to watch, and men were merely pawns, firing and retreating in line, firing and retreating in line, until the setting sun stalemated the game and battle broke off to wait for picnic weather. That was the old way, the way that believed the world genteel and the dreams of men amusing and the gush of blood a tasteless mistake. Parisian ladies had coupled with imported Osage Indians a few decades earlier with no more concern.

Grant believed otherwise. He knew the smell of fresh loam at plowing time and the rage of pride in a man when he blazed the corner trees of a homestead. He knew the taste of sour mash, too, and the way it seemed to clean away the crust of poverty and shame. He took a nation's dismemberment as seriously as he took a man's and counted the lives of common men precious: but he also bore the stain of technology and could batter Confederate wives and children into tunnels, to make a point. He fought a modern war: The war was won on the battlefields of the West. And the paradox of modern war is the same as the paradox of the engineers' work on the Mississippi, because both think somehow to improve the lives of men with technology, but both are partial technologies that do not take the organism of nature, including man's own nature, sufficiently into account. Replace men with cannon, but pound the enemy's homes. Bind the river with dams and levees, but forget the silting of the reservoirs and the danger of settlement on flood plains and pollute the river and the Gulf with metals and with oil.

Behind the Vicksburg bluff, closest to the river, lies the national cemetery marked with rows and rows of the anonymous dead, each body or fragment of a body celebrated with a numbered brick of marble or a headstone inscribed UNKNOWN. The Army buried the dead together in shallow graves after the battle. They would have moldered there forever, but pigs rooted up the corpses at Shiloh. Country pigs rooted at the

national conscience and the national-cemetery system was hurried into law and at Vicksburg 16,600 corpses were unmatted and laid out in individual plots with no more identity than the earth that covered them. There is something cynical about this green and peaceful cemetery where, between the numbered bricks, the spaces for the bodies seem all too small. The men were buried in common while the war raged on and only later did the rooting pigs call us back to do the anonymous bones some minor honor. Twain found more to respect at Vicksburg than I. "Everything about this cemetery suggests the hand of the national Government. The Government's work is always conspicuous for excellence, solidity, thoroughness, neatness. The Government does its work well in the first place, and then takes care of it." But the dead lay unnamed at Vicksburg, and who in good conscience could repeat Twain's words today?

After Vicksburg I visited another grave, searching for sources, a grave on a bluff like Vicksburg's overlooking the Missouri River, a grave I had not visited for 20 years: my mother's. She died of a gunshot wound, by her own hand, during the despair of the Depression, in 1938, when I was one year old. Hers was a ghost I had never laid to rest, have only begun to lay to rest now, and, like the soldiers' graves, her grave seemed too small to contain the enormity of her loss. I searched for most of an hour before I found it down a hillside, a wilted peony on the stone dropped there by someone who had visited the cemetery earlier that day and wept not only for his own dead but also for the dead whom no one had yet seen fit to mourn with flowers. But the name was carved on the stone, and the word WIFE, and the dates, 1908, 1938, with a hyphen between to call forth to those who mourned her the meaning of her years, if meaning there was. More, at least, than a number. More than the word UNKNOWN. How the families of the Vicksburg dead must have grieved to wander over the freshly sodded earth of the Vicksburg National Cemetery, after the speeches of dedication were done, and find no identification at all, find only a field of corpses conveniently separated and numbered like parts in a warehouse. The Government does its work well in the first place, and then takes care of it.

Of all the Corps's civil works, the Mississippi remains the most recalcitrant, will not be bound, and you must see that engineers do not sleep peacefully with the flood of the river roaring in their ears, must even dream of it sometimes who pride themselves on never dreaming at all, dreams being the very antithesis of order to an engineer, the very stuff of madness, though in truth they serve to keep us sane.

Think of Mark Twain, the public man who intended to make his mark on the world with a machine called the Paige typesetter, a machine with 18,000 moving parts in which he invested $200,000 of Sam Clemens' earnings as a writer. He believed it would revolutionize typesetting; he intended it to make him a Whitney or a Rockefeller. It was a glorious machine, as machines go. It was Twain's mechanical man, and his undoing, which secretly he knew. It bankrupted him and sent him around the world to play the clown at lectures when he might have been home writing books. It was the node of his neurosis, the focus of the division within himself. All his life, he was divided between the rewards of manipulating human beings and the satisfactions of understanding them. Mark Twain worked his machine; Sam Clemens visited the river.

Or think of the hills outside Vicksburg, hills of dense, deep loess cut down vertically 50 feet or more to make room for highways and roads, cut so dramatically that you feel, driving between the cuts, as if you were driving through a battle trench. Above the cuts, the lush delta foliage laps at the edges like the water of the river itself and the vines reach over for root they only barely cannot find. Change the angle of the cuts only a few degrees and the vines would race down the hillside and lock across the road and break it up and carry it away to the river and dump it in. Would do that in the name of an order that has nothing to do with asphalt or the dozer blade. The dead at Vicksburg know, waiting there underground impatient for Judgment Day and the return of their names; and from seeds dropped over their corpses, they have pushed up live oaks and magnolia trees that sometimes encase the stone markers themselves, seizing them within their trunks as the law seizes evidence in a raid. So the river cuts at levees, its 10,000,000 pressures resolved into sine waves as elegant as the paths of missiles, and as unswerving.

. . . Almost forgotten
By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable,
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder
Of what men choose to forget. Unhonored, unpropitiated
By worshipers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.

That is the river T. S. Eliot saw, the real river, the one Sam Clemens could not deny, though Mark Twain urged him to, to pay for his machine.

• • •

Steamboat on the river: the Delta Queen, met at night by one of her stores boats run out from the wharf at Vicksburg. Passing us first as we supplied a diesel tug, lit up like a distant carnival with lights run round her decks, her glorious red paddle wheel slapping the water behind her and her steam whistle tooting twice as she beat on by. Straining up the river at five or six miles an hour, hugging the banks, staying out of the sweep of the channel, the pilot alert in the night to the Corps's jetties buried under high water, his spotlight searching the water and the flooded banks. She is not as elegant as the old steamboats were, but she is the most elegant boat on the river today, a visitor to the Mississippi who made the Mississippi her home.

She was built in California in 1926 for the Sacramento River trade; ran from Sacramento down to San Francisco; then served honorably, painted drab, as a ferry in World War Two; was then crated and towed down the California coast and through the Panama Canal to New Orleans, and then up to Cincinnati and a home berth. Plies the river now on weekend excursions for the young and on one-to-three-week excursions for the old who can afford the passage and the time. Charged with ghosts that enlarge her pacific pleasures of card games and quiet dancing and calliope hikes around the decks into something somber, stately and irredeemably antique: ghosts of ages gone, ghosts of a time in American life when we made choices we must now unmake.

The Civil War ruined the river trade, discovered the uses of rails overland, changed the orientation of the continent from North–South to East–West, prepared us for industrialization. The Civil War put millions of men in ready-made clothes for the first time in their lives, gave them interchangeable rifles, taught them to eat out of cans, forced them to march together who had always before marched separately, to different drums.

We might wish the South had won. The South fought to defend slavery, and in that it was terribly, tragically wrong; but the South also fought to defend the rural and the local, the homemade, and we might wish today it had won that battle, even as we are glad it lost the other. Those today who defend the wilderness, the natural, against technology gone berserk, the Sierra Clubs and the Environmental Defense Funds, are only fighting the battle again, against worsened odds. The Delta Queen struggles to beat upstream where diesel barges laden with oil easily pass her by: The defenders of the environment could do worse than to take her for their standard. She is old and inefficient; her only excuse for being on the river is the excuse that she is scaled to human scale and does not destroy. She may not stay on the river much longer. She is made of wood; wood burns; and a law written for ships at sea has been applied to her. She has received a few years of

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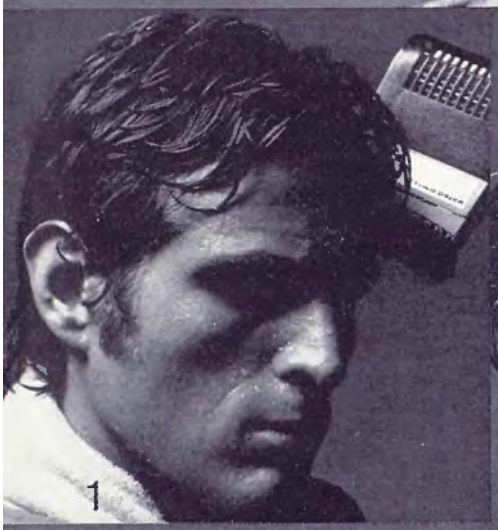

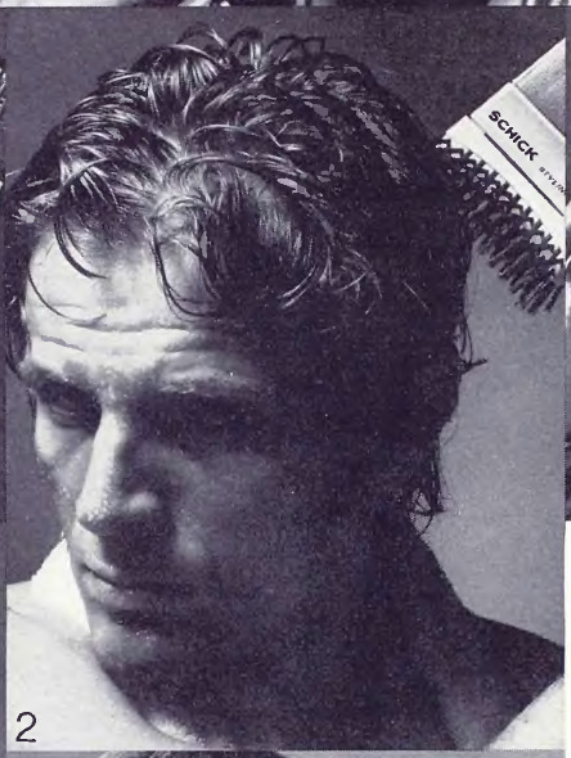

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Congressional exception, but there are those in Congress who do not wish her well.

By daylight, from her deck, because the water is high and the Corps's works submerged, you see the river as De Soto or La Salle must have seen it, brown water and willow-grown banks, and from Vicksburg to Memphis, a passage of two days and nights, hardly any work of man in sight. A single skunk pushing through the brush on shore can fill the boat with its fierce musk. In the early morning, the pilot whistles deer to break across glades at the water's edge. Implacable mosquitoes swarm aboard at dusk as if they have waited like the passengers for the dinner gong. The sun sets red into the green willows as if it were setting into the sea.

If he had poled up the river instead of marching to it overland, De Soto would have thought the continent uninhabited. De Soto brought pigs to America, pigs that would later root up the dead at Shiloh. He fed his men from the river and knew its teeming life, catfish big as a man, paddlefish bigger yet, with snouts like ocean swordfish and mouths baleened to catch river plankton, their white meat fine as sole, their dark meat of a taste like the backwaters of the river under the banks late at night, a taste as yet unnamed.

Indians rowed out to challenge De Soto in 40-foot canoes hollowed from entire cottonwood trees, and since he came not to know the river but to dominate the men who lived on its flanks, he knew how to respond. The river he did not attend: It was only another obstacle. Crossing it must have put him in a fine funk; even on a boat the size of the Delta Queen, you sense its aloofness from the parasites and symbioms it carries on its back. It is as much a wall as Melville's whale, and beyond that wall lurks nature itself. The paddle beats the water into successive vertebrae, peak and trough and peak and trough falling away behind, and you wonder in awe how many forms water can take, has taken, will take in centuries to come before it closes over us for the last time.

The river hardly seems to move, still water running deep. In some lights its brown surface glistens as if it had been greased, and you must work to draw from the flood the sense of its force. The wide channel, wide enough for 50 Delta Queens, helps: No river should be so big. The shuddering of the boat as it works upstream, a shuddering as if it were grinding over granite shoals, helps too, for you have seen the huge cylinders and the massive arms that work the paddle. Debris floats by, logs and branches that might have been torn from a crumbling bank in Montana or in Illinois. This broad channel, this brown water, is the aorta of a continent, the very rush of continental blood, silt like cells and water like plasma, and if sickness is in it, then sickness is in us all.

You think of the dams along the upper tributaries that have drowned valleys where once cattle grazed and graveyards filled through five generations. Half the dams in America have been built with Mississippi flood control for their justification, and here you are, floating on the Mississippi in flood. The willows on the banks and on the towheads, their leaves flashing silver as they turn in the breeze, haven't the look of trees, haven't the patience and the rootedness of trees. They are fragile as grass, are, in fact, the Mississippi's grass, and you remember that once in a Missouri park you saw the kind of trees the Mississippi grows when it is given the chance, a basket oak 20 feet around and 126 feet tall, a bald cypress 22 feet around, its height unmeasured, a sweet gum 17 feet around and 112 feet tall. Those were champion trees and the Mississippi watered them, bubbling by them in slow time like a brook.

And watching the water as the sun sets and it darkens to black, following it with your eyes to the banks and their fragile willows, you realize why the river has evoked such desperate loyalty in the men and women who have worked it over the centuries: because when you are on the river, it widens out wider than the land until it seems to fill all the space below the sky. It is like the sea, this river, but the sea outside its ocean rivers has no direction. Sea winds will carry you where you want to go, but no man can weld his fluids to the wind. On the Mississippi the water itself carries you away, swiftly, in the direction of your destiny; and if that destiny proves false, as it has for most men, then you beat upriver again with the certainty that you are overcoming the most powerful force the land can drive against you. And either way, you win.

James Buchanan Eads, the engineer who bridged the Mississippi at St. Louis in 1874 with a bridge the Corps said could not be built, the engineer who opened up the river's passes below New Orleans so that ocean-going ships might enter it from the sea, walked as a young man on the bottom of the Mississippi under a diving bell of his own construction, walked on the bottom of that rushing river some 200 times. He heard the gravel, gravel big as cannonballs, bouncing off the bottom and arcing up and jetting down to bounce again. He learned the might of the river and what it was made of, learned to control it well enough that his bridge still stands and his passes are still open, but he must have locked the river away in the cellar of his mind, too, and never known the sleep of childhood again. You come back to earth and feel that nothing you do afterward will ever measure up, one

of the astronauts is reported to have said. That is how Eads must have felt. To walk on the bottom of the Mississippi is to have been buried under the waters of half a continent, baptism worthy of a Christ. Merely to work upriver on a boat is to know something of that experience, to feel something of that dread, or else why, in the middle of the night, when the pilot of the Delta Queen abruptly cut the engines and the rhythm of the paddle dropped to a funereal meter half an octave below, did a crowd of passengers appear on deck in their night clothes apprehensively started out of sound sleep?

The pilots know. They have pushed through the wall. Beating up the river through the long day, the view is plain, water and trees, the boat shifting westward or eastward to avoid the channel, the water flowing on. Enlarge the Vicksburg models to full scale and in theory you control the river itself. But up in the pilothouse of the Delta Queen, Captain Howard Tate, the hired pilot, 35 years on the river and not, he says, enamored of it at all, is constantly at work at the two long steering arms that have replaced the big pilot wheel, adjusting them this way and that, as if he were threading an invisible maze. He points to a line of water—that's a jetty—to a bulge of water—that's a shoal—threads behind an island to take advantage of its lee, all but brushes the trees on one bank, stays clear from shore on another. The water is alive with obstacles and dangers, including the works of the Corps. Tate is a pilot and knows them all, runs the boat through the night, in shifts with other pilots, as surely as he runs it through the day. Twain said all there is to say about the skill of Mississippi River pilots. I need only add that they are still there, on the river, doing their extraordinary work: but I must also add, by way of drawing a time line for us all, that there aren't five of them left under 50 years of age. One of them, not yet 30, is captain of the Delta Queen this sailing and was born on a houseboat with a paddle wheel behind. He counts himself one of the chosen, modestly. He ought to: He is. "I wonder," wrote the Trappist monk Thomas Merton, "if there are 20 men alive in the world now who see things as they really are. . . . I don't believe that there are 20 such men alive in the world. But there must be one or two. They are the ones who are holding everything together and keeping the universe from falling apart."

• • •

Of time and the river, William Carlos Williams: "It must be realized that men are driven to their fates by the quality of their beliefs." Long ago, at the turning of the Civil War or perhaps before, we chose money and its technology as the mode of belief with which we would deal with the continent we intended to dominate, at whatever cost to our lives. Our fate today—pollution and decay—is the fate we were driven to by that choice, a choice of abstraction over association, of the mechanical over the living, as at Vicksburg's siege. If the river awes, inspires, even terrifies, it does so because it still runs half-wild, splitting a continent in two; and sometimes, on the river, all the works of our civilization seem to fall away behind the screen of trees, leaving a space of room on a carnival boat to assess those works for what they are.

"'Oh, come, all ye faithful!'"

They are ways we have attempted to cope with a world that overwhelmed us, but coping is no longer enough, nor could it be. The 19th Century did not know it was merely coping. It thought it had the world in hand. Our fate, our threatening fate, has been to suffer the working out of that arrogance.

But the quality of our belief is changing, and today, two by two, we board the carnival boat for other destinations One of the great historical shifts in sensibility is under way: It is what we will be remembered for, not our technology and our wars. The ecology movement is part of it, a vital part. That movement, preoccupied with deadlines, has not yet had time to study its sources, has not yet looked much beyond romantic naturalists such as John Muir and Henry David Thoreau and Aldo Leopold. Eventually it will locate those sources among old gods, in religions older than Christianity that worshiped the incredible and benevolent complexity of the natural world. Humility is the quality of belief our sensibilities today are seeking, the spirit that puts human worth before technological progress, love before manipulation, the local and related before the universal and borrowed. And most of all, reverence for life—reverence for life before pride of domination. Wars call us home: We have fought nature for 500 years, but she has no more yielded to our arrogance than has Vietnam. Cannot be forced to yield, because the field is hers, the weapons and the combatants themselves subject to her laws. Clemens marked the vision at the end of *A Connecticut Yankee*. He choked his Yankee on the poisoned air of the battlefield where lay the dead of the industrial civilization he had created to bring utopia to a world that has never needed utopia, the Garden being already at hand.

Amid the century's carnage it has sometimes seemed too late. It must have seemed too late to men of the Middle Ages, when a third of Europe died of plague. It was not too late then: The light of the Renaissance broke through. It is not too late now: The rivers, the Mississippi River first among them, remain to remind us that, like men, if they have the courage to change, if they can move on from old graves and the rust of old arrogance, rivers run through roots, down to the restoring sea.

I'm wukin' my way back home,
I'm wukin' my way back home,
I'm wukin' my way back home, Baby,
I'm wukin' my way back home.
Timber don't git too heavy fo' me,
An' sacks too heavy to stack,
All that I crave fo' many a long day,
Is yo' lovin' when I git back.

head of the family

(continued from page 140)

settle important Mafia questions when they're not running around sticking knives in each other's backs. To celebrate his ascension to the throne, he attended an opening night at the Copa, a favorite watering hole of the *mafiosi*. Among Mafia men, there are two unbreakable rules about the Copa: Never conduct business on the premises, for Mafia business could threaten the liquor license; Christmas is wives' night out at the Copa, leave your girlfriends home. That night Tramunti was celebrating the debut of a young singer of Italian descent (definitely *not* Frank Sinatra). The singer was "managed" by a vicious Mob captain named Sonny Franzese, who was the *mafioso* of the entertainment industry: he had muscled into several record companies, owned a big slice of the jukebox trade and was beginning to move in on several artists.

Franzese, the singer he owned and a half-dozen high-ranking Mafia men from several families, with women obviously not their wives, were sitting at the table of honor near the stage. Don Carmine Tramunti entered with several of his troops and was escorted to the table. Franzese and the other Mafia Pooh-Bahs immediately leaped to their feet, tripping over themselves to offer Tramunti a seat next to the most stunning woman in the crowd. They bowed and fawned like a pack of headwaiters. Franzese kissed the don on his left cheek. Some of the others tried the same slobbering greeting but were waved away by Tramunti. They finally managed to demonstrate their reverence by bowing over his hand as they shook it and practically kissing his ring.

They never seem to learn that the guys on the other side of the cops-and-Mafia game—FBI men, narcotics agents, local fuzz—stay in business because of such public displays. If the dons didn't demand the ass kissing, the cops would never know who was the boss of a family and who was the chauffeur. One FBI man says he has a recurring nightmare. The dons are wising up and ordering their chauffeurs to act like Godfathers while the real family heads act like flunkies. And all over the country, Mafia watchers are jumping out of windows because they can't figure out how a loser like my friend Frankie Bath Beach suddenly made it to the top. But the FBI man knows his nightmare won't ever become reality; those displays of *macho* are needed by the dons to prove to themselves how important they are and to keep their families at least as civilized as a pack of baboons.

The apelike tribal rites are all part of the game. And although Tramunti insists on the reverence, he doesn't always behave the way a don is expected to. According to Mafia mythology—a vague mystique that helps control the men in the ranks—the Godfather's *office* must be respected, just as the President's office endows its inhabitant with a respect he may not have been able to command as an ordinary politician. Of course, the tradition that requires automatic respect of the office also demands that the officeholder behave within the bounds of that tradition. The Godfather must be just what the name implies: a surrogate father, filling both the physical and the psychic needs of the son. He must be a man of wisdom and tact; a Solomon, settling disputes among his subjects, establishing *détentes* with other dons so there is no conflict over territorial rights and, hopefully, no bullet in the head from a rival. Perhaps most important, the don must never display emotion, never fly off the handle, never show what he is thinking or feeling. Constipated, in other words. That's it: Marlon Brando looked like a man suffering from constipation.

Understand, the Mafia is both myth and reality. There surely is a Mafia. It's an amalgam of 6000 or 7000 hoods working in some 28 families that control a nice piece of all the illicit rackets in the major industrial centers of the country. They own legitimate businesses acquired through muscle or bought with dollars earned in more sleazy rackets. They have corrupted politicians and police forces. But the Mafia is by no means the far-flung invisible government (as the catch-phrase artists like to call it) that is a single step away from taking over our entire economy.

The myth works because the people believe it. Tino DeAngelis, the soybean-oil swindler, admits he was able to con an American Express subsidiary out of more than $87,000,000 by implying that a fortune in Mafia cash was behind him. The myth also works because the men of the Mafia believe their own press clippings. Cops and writers romanticize bums, usually without meaning to, and the bums strut around like heroes out of a romantic film. It is all badly imitated American folklore (and if there's one thing clear about the Mafia, it is that the present organization is made up of men who were born or raised on the streets of America's urban centers). Billy the Kid, Bonnie and Clyde, and so on—popular heroes destroyed by a perverse system that wouldn't give them a chance. It's a load of crap. The heroes were actually psychotic little bastards who usually gunned down their victims from behind and probably had an orgasm doing it. The Mafia men are cut from the same drab cloth. Most of them are beetle-browed kindergarten dropouts who can hardly read or write. The myth

"Would it be too bold of me to ask him for his phone number?"

becomes reality and the surrogate father is cloaked in the robes of the Mafia Church because the soldiers are superstitious dolts and psychopaths who need a mythical-religious crutch to disguise their own inadequacies. You have to be pretty stupid to fall for the whole Godfather routine: taking to the mattress (a typical adolescent-jock ritual), earning 50 or 100 bucks a week while the don salts away millions, putting your life and soul in the hands of a father who doesn't promise much reward but does swear instant and lethal punishment should you sin. The hoods take all of that, and more, and everybody is impressed with the fact that they are members of *the* established outlaw religion.

It's not only Tramunti's *siciliano* dirt digging that disturbs other *mafiosi*. What bothers Frankie and other members of this secularized religion is that Don Tramunti doesn't behave like a traditional Mafia bishop: quiet, reserved, a benign smile, utter secretiveness and never a display of emotion. He doesn't seem to know, nor care, that a man of respect never lets the outside world know what is going on in his mind.

Tramunti permitted his mask to slip in an inexcusable fashion one afternoon during the 1971 trial. (He beat the rap, but some of his *soldati* were convicted.) During the lunch recess, a Securities and Exchange Commission agent tried to hand Tramunti a subpoena. The don began to berate the SEC agent and appeared ready to throw punches. Assistant United States Attorney John Wing, who was prosecuting the case, interceded.

"Take it easy," he told Tramunti. "The agent is only doing his job."

Tramunti turned to Wing and croaked, "Mr. Wing, you smile too much."

Wing, who hadn't had much experience with Mafia code language, simply walked away. The SEC agent, more savvy in the ways of the myth, later told Wing: "You've just been threatened. When a don says you smile too much, it means you're going to lose your teeth so you'll never feel like smiling again. At the very least, your teeth have been threatened." Wing smiled at the foolishness of it all.

The next morning, before the day's session began, Tramunti walked over to the prosecutor's table and told Wing, "Forget what I said yesterday. I didn't mean anything by it." Tramunti's tone made it clear that a threat had actually been made.

Don Vito Corleone never would have committed such a sacrilege. Nor would the real-life dons on whom Corleone's character was based: Profaci, Genovese and Tommy Lucchese, Tramunti's predecessor. None of them would ever breach the Mafia code the way Tramunti does time and again. He seems to possess an almost childish need for instant revenge when he is wronged, and his notion of a wrong sometimes approaches sheer childishness.

On one occasion, Tramunti was presiding at a business meeting of several Mafia hoods in a midtown Manhattan bar. A round of drinks was ordered. The waiter neglected to put a coaster under the don's drink and his jacket sleeve sopped up some moisture from the table. When Tramunti felt it, he shouted, "Waiter! Come here!" The waiter hustled over as commanded. Without a word, Tramunti belted him, knocking him to the floor, and began kicking him. The don's stunned associates pulled him off the poor guy.

"He's an animal, not a don," exclaims Frankie. "Like, one night he was in an East Harlem restaurant owned by one of the important Mob guys. He was having a drink with a guy who owed him some money. The guy said he couldn't pay him. Gribbs didn't say much, just finished his drink and left. He went right downtown to an East Side joint he owns, and right out in the middle of the place, in front of everybody, he told two of the enforcers he always keeps hanging around for emergencies to go beat up the guy who owed him. I mean, a don's supposed to tell his underboss to handle it, and the underboss passes it on to the soldiers. But not Tramunti. Anyway, the muscle men hopped up there, right into the restaurant owned by a *friend*, a Mafia guy. And they just beat the shit out of the dead beat. They did such a great job on him they damaged the place and brought the cops. Which caused the owner a lot of trouble, a lot of heat. Everybody was pissed at Gribbs, because you don't ever bring trouble to a friend like that. You gotta have somebody messed up, do it in an alley. Not in a friend's place."

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Most despots rule through a commingling of fear and a respect for the robes of office, and it is no different in the Mafia. In the majority of Mob families there is an intangible, mythical respect for the don as a protector, a patronage dispenser, a man with the experience, wisdom and authority to keep his family operating smoothly. If he functions well in those roles, respect is usually automatic; fear is secondary. But in Don Tramunti's family, the fear is overwhelming. You never know when this family head is going to explode. It can take a number of forms: a crack across the mouth, the withdrawal of protection or summary execution. Discussing the difference between his old don, Lucchese, and his new, Tramunti, one *mafioso* told a Federal agent, "I loved Lucchese like a father. I respected him all the way. Gribbs, I'm just scared to my bones of him."

It may be that Tramunti has little

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respect because men of the Mafia have been seduced by the stylish culture heroes described by Puzo, Gay Talese, newspapers and films. But I don't think so, not as far as Tramunti is concerned. Back in 1968, the year before Puzo's book was published and primed a flood of Mafia documents, the year that Tramunti was inducted as acting head of his family, I wrote one of my annual series of Mafia articles for a New York newspaper. Because he was a new face in the ranks of power, I bird-dogged Gribbs for a while. And all my sources back then pictured him as a man who lacked respect and ruled by fear. That was almost five years ago, before Puzo, and it was clear that the *mafiosi* were seeking a man with the character of a Don Corleone to lead them; which, incidentally, is one demonstration of the accuracy of Puzo's perceptions. And it was also clear, with a few exceptions, that the men of the Mafia felt an enormous amount of respect for their dons, a respect that overshadowed the fear.

But Tramunti is not completely alone in what can only be described as his punkishness. Albert Anastasia comes immediately to mind as a parallel. Head of Murder, Inc., ruler of the Brooklyn waterfront, undoubtedly psychotic, he once had one of his *soldati* strangled because the unfortunate guy made the mistake of squeezing the thigh of a woman Albert wanted but hadn't gotten around to putting the make on. While watching a TV interview with Brooklyn salesman Arnold Schuster, who had become one of the temporarily famous because he had recognized bank robber Willie Sutton and had called the police, Anastasia went into a rage about "squealers" and ordered Schuster murdered.

It is possible, of course, that Tramunti knows precisely what he is doing. This is, after all, a changing world, and change is coming even to that antique organization called the Mafia. Young upstarts like Crazy Joey Gallo refuse to play by the rules anymore. Some ten years ago, Gallo and his small army of loyal followers within the Profaci family decided to demonstrate for a larger share from old Joe Profaci. They kidnaped Profaci's brother, his brother-in-law and several other high-ranking members of the family. Gallo sent word to Profaci that he would kill the prisoners if Profaci did not give his solemn vow to improve the lot of the soldiers. Profaci agreed to discuss Gallo's complaints and Crazy Joey made the dreadful mistake of releasing his prisoners. Most of the Gallos were slaughtered in the ensuing war. Joey survived only because he was hustled off to prison on an extortion charge.

If a don isn't careful, a Gallo in the Profaci family could inspire a Gallo in the Tramunti family. So you terrorize your troops so badly that they won't have the guts to even consider a revolution.

Besides, Tramunti is facing even more serious danger. A greedy old man in Brooklyn, Don Carlo Gambino, wants to become the *capo di tutti i capi*. Gambino heads the largest family in the country, about 700 members, compared with Tramunti's roster of fewer than 100, and he is pushing for the big crown. According to those who keep up with Mob gossip, Gambino promised Gallo, on his parole from prison early in 1971, big rewards if he would remove Joe Colombo, the head of the old Profaci family in which Gallo had been so unhappy. A couple of Gallo men did so, not quite killing Colombo but destroying his brain and leaving him a paralyzed shell. Gambino became caretaker of the Colombo family and rewarded Gallo by having him executed in a restaurant in Little Italy. Add one family to Gambino's sphere of influence and subtract one irritating revolutionary. Then, say the boys in the Mob, Gambino ordered the killing of Thomas (Tommy Ryan) Eboli, who had taken over the Genovese family after the death of the old boss and who objected to the sudden growth in Gambino's strength. Exit Tommy Ryan, last July. With those two dons out of the way, Gambino controls three of the five New York families. The fourth, the old Bonanno family, has shrunk from internal stresses and many of its members have flocked under Gambino's umbrella.

And that leaves Tramunti. Whether he's formed an alliance with Gambino, which would be tantamount to surrender, or remained aloof and is hoping the old man will die of the heart disease that plagues him, Tramunti needs as much loyalty as he can get out of his troops. To him, loyalty comes only from fear and the elimination of anyone who might be a threat to his leadership.

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The police have not officially connected Tramunti to the murder of Jimmy Doyle, a *caporegime* in the family, and it isn't likely they ever will. Doyle, whose real name was James Plumeri, was a *capo* when Lucchese inherited the family in the mid-Thirties. He was already wealthy and powerful from his gambling interests and his control of unions whose leaders were paid well not to strike. Around that time, Tramunti, a young street punk, was taken into the family as a strong-arm man, head-buster and, it is still whispered around the streets of East Harlem, a man who dispatched the family's enemies with rare skill. By the time Lucchese died of cancer in 1967, Tramunti had also become a *capo* and was one of Doyle's rivals for the family leadership. Doyle, with greater wealth, power and respect, was one of several men who clearly had a better chance than Tramunti of becoming the don. Unfortunately for Doyle, the Feds caught up with him and he was imprisoned on tax-evasion charges around the time Lucchese died. Doyle was out of circulation during the infighting over Lucchese's succession and was helpless as Tramunti, assisted by outside influences, knocked all the other rivals out of the running. Tramunti had become acting family head by the time Doyle returned to the streets. With the reins in his hands, he began a war of nerves that helped turn Doyle into an alcoholic.

For example, Doyle had been barred from a favored Mob eating place in Manhattan because of his nasty habit of spitting noisily on the floor. Tramunti began eating there practically every day, making it clear that Doyle had been weak enough to be pushed around but that he, Tramunti, was more manly than that. Also, Doyle had a piece of one of the crap games in the city, worth a few thousand a week in profits. When the heat was put on the game, Tramunti ordered it closed down. After the police problem had been taken care of and the game opened again, Tramunti owned it all. He let everyone know it and Doyle suffered a further loss of face.

Doyle began drinking more than is proper for a Mafia gentleman. The word went around that he couldn't be trusted, that he was getting like Willie Moretti, who was assassinated back in the Fifties because he drank too much and shot off his mouth at the wrong times. A *caporegime* who talks too much is a threat to everyone in the family. In 1970, Doyle was charged with extortion, copped a plea and received a suspended sentence, because, said the judge, he had heart trouble. Judges don't usually believe Mafia heart ailments. There was more whispering now: Was Doyle an informer? A drunken flap mouth?

On a rainy Friday morning in September 1971, Doyle's body was discovered in an industrial park in Queens, some half-dozen miles from Tramunti's little bungalow. He had been strangled with his silk necktie. No member of the family turned out for his funeral.

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When Tramunti completes his business in East Harlem, he climbs back into his Cadillac. This time he is joined by several other men, sometimes Big Sam, sometimes one or two of his *caporegimi*. There is a bodyguard at the wheel and another strong-arm type in the front passenger seat; both have been standing in the street to guard against intruders. Tramunti requires the retinue because he is heading for the garment center, where his more important investments are located. One of them is minor league financially but is absolutely essential because it provides Tramunti with a source of legal income. It's called Eiffel

"Hold on—you say my apartment is bugged—
apparently by two large receivers . . . ?"

Classics, a coat-manufacturing business at 263 West 38th Street. Tramunti and two nephews are each one-third partners in the place. During his trial in 1971, Tramunti testified that he made $20,000 a year as both boss and lowly employee: "I sort out coats according to size and put stamps on them little round tags made out of heavy composition paper." Federal agents sitting in the courtroom were barely able to suppress their giggles.

Tramunti stops off at Eiffel briefly once or twice a week, but most of the time he simply goes straight to one of the restaurants that dot the garment area. He uses several of them as his conference rooms, moving around to confuse agents and, perhaps, plotters. Management and waiters, respecting Tramunti's need for privacy, give him a corner table in the back and keep other customers out of the area. He is a good tipper and it is said he is a hidden owner of many of these places. You can't really be certain of that, because a man with the don's police record is legally barred from owning any place with a beer or liquor license. But informers can name the dozens of bars, clubs and restaurants in the city that Tramunti secretly owns. A Tramunti associate, Tommy ("Tea Balls") Mancuso, is a major loan shark, they'll tell you. His job is to lend the don's money to needy applicants who can't qualify for credit from the customary banking sources, usually because they are heavy gamblers. If the borrower can't repay the interest rate of four to six percent a week, Tea Balls simply moves in to protect his don's investment. Eventually, the original owner is out on the street. The don picks up a great number of businesses that way. In the liquor business, because neither Tramunti nor Tea Balls can appear as owners of record, a Tramunti associate named Jack L. is the official owner. It's all rather well known, but nothing much ever happens.

Loan-sharking is a vital part of the city's economy. Thousands of people borrow from loan sharks every year and pay back, never losing their businesses nor having their heads broken for failing to repay. To a businessman, the choice is between going out of business and borrowing from a loan shark. If a loan shark's money helps him survive, the businessman considers himself lucky. One wealthy garment-center figure told me, "Five years ago my business was dead and I was practically broke. I borrowed 30 thou from Tea Balls and everything came together. Without him I'd never have 50 guys working for me. I'd be on welfare."

The beauty of loan-sharking, to the don, is that it is all so easy. In gambling there is a need for expertise, for an office, for an organization with many dozens of employees and for contacts with other gamblers who handle layoff bets. All it takes to be a loan shark is a good starting bank roll. There is plenty of Mafia money around. The top-level Mob bosses are said to have millions of dollars "on the streets" as loans. The money is given to trusted lieutenants, who pay one percent a week interest—vigorish, or vig, the loan sharks and the borrowers call it. The lieutenants are loan sharks' loan sharks—they lend the money to the sharks who actually make the loans and they get between two and three percent interest a week. The ultimate customer pays around five percent a week, 260 percent a year.

As he holds court in the garment center, Tramunti gets reports about his loan-shark investments, collects some money, disburses some, discusses a wide range of business problems with an assortment of gruff Mafia men and, occasionally, a legitimate businessman. He has gambling interests in the garment center. Through a number of his *capos* and soldiers, he exerts control over garment-center unions, especially in the extraordinarily vital trucking industry; a manufacturer threatened with a freeze-out of delivery trucks will be amenable to any offer of assistance.

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Tramunti was born October 1, 1910, in Naples, the son of a laborer. His parents emigrated to the States when he was seven or eight, settling in the East Harlem Italian community. It was during his first years there, some half century ago, that Tramunti acquired his nickname, Gribbs. It happened in a street fight, when another boy was giving him a bad beating, smashing him in the stomach and ribs. Tramunti shrieked in heavily accented English, "My gribs, you're hurting my gribs!" The name stuck.

His first recorded brush with the law came when he was 12, a rough-and-tumble kid who preferred hustling a few bucks on the streets to a formal education. He was picked up for truancy and sentenced to a short spell in a reform school. At 16 he was charged as a juvenile delinquent—some little difference with a shopkeeper who objected to Tramunti's attempt to shake him down Black Hand style—and spent a little more time in the reformatory. By his late teens, he was performing minor chores for neighborhood *mafiosi*, and during the late Twenties and early Thirties was arrested a half-dozen times on charges of robbery and assault, the head-busting violence all potential Mob members are assigned as tests. Most of the charges were dismissed, but in 1932 Tramunti was given a 15-year term for assault with a deadly weapon.

By then the old-style Mafia of the Mustache Petes had been purged in a blood bath engineered by Lucky Luciano, and a new Mafia was created on its bones. The East Harlem family, a very powerful one, was taken over by Lucchese. Among the soldiers of that family was a young kid named John Dioguardi. Known as Johnny Dio, he was a member of Mafia royalty because his uncle, Jimmy Doyle, was a *capo* under Lucchese. Tramunti had known Dio casually. Tramunti's jail term was a stroke of luck, for Dio was locked up in the same prison. They became close friends. "Look me up when you get out," Dio told him. "I got something for you."

Tramunti was released on probation in 1937 and contacted Dio. The something Dio had promised was induction into the Mafia. It's called being "made" in Mafia parlance. Some informants, such as Joe Valachi, have said that being made involved taking a blood oath, actually cutting your arm and mingling your blood with the don's, in a secret room lit only by a candle. There's no way of knowing whether or not Tramunti was put through that mystical sort of jazz, but informer Valachi was inducted at about the same time and into the same family, so it's possible. As a newly made soldier, Tramunti quickly learned that he was expected to subordinate his own criminal activities to the needs of the *capos* and the don, that he had to be prepared to go through endless suffering to achieve, improbably, a big prize at the end of it all—not entry into heaven, as in other religions, but the title of don.

Tramunti became Dio's chauffeur, a rather lowly position in the family if not for the fact that Dio was close to the throne. Tramunti was a superb wheelman, "a real hot-rodder," a friend recalls. Within a half-dozen years, after a few more short stretches in the penitentiary and, presumably, some very skillful work for his family, Tramunti was tapped by Don Lucchese to be his chauffeur. It's the kind of appointment eagerly sought by young *mafiosi*. In the Mob, a don's chauffeur is often the second most important man in the organization. He is the bodyguard, and the boss's safety depends on his chauffeur's cunning. A chauffeur acts as a buffer, keeping more lowly Mob soldiers from disturbing the boss and insulating him from any direct criminal acts that could lead to legal embarrassments. He is with the boss a great deal of the time and is privy to some of the don's most well-guarded secrets.

It is still difficult to understand why Lucchese, a quiet man, gentle and friendly on the surface, able to pass for many years as a legitimate garment-center manufacturer and a churchgoer, selected Tramunti to drive him around: "Gribbs is a maniac behind the wheel," one member of the family has said.

Obviously, Tramunti's ability as a

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buffer was more important than his flashy driving. Lucchese seemed very fond of him, giving him more authority and pieces of a growing number of businesses and rackets over the years. Tramunti built up a large bank roll of his own and, after he was appointed a *capo* in the late Forties, an army of loyal soldiers in the family. He also built up valuable contacts with dons across the nation. Because Lucchese trusted him completely, he occasionally appointed Tramunti to represent the family at important meetings of the Mafia board of directors, the commission.

Tramunti learned a great deal as Lucchese's chauffeur and later as a *capo* who reported directly to the don. Undoubtedly the most valuable insight Lucchese gave him was the need for political power. Lucchese was a man who named judges and a mayor or two. Today, Tramunti is known to "control" several judges, political leaders of both parties and a couple of state assemblymen and senators.

When Lucchese died, Tramunti was in an unassailable position. His chief rivals all happened to be out of the running at the same time. Doyle was in prison and later became an alcoholic. Dio was also in prison and faced charges in several other cases the moment he was released. Antonio (Tony Ducks) Corallo, who seems to have had the soundest claim to the throne, was eliminated after his indictment in one of the major political scandals of John Lindsay's administration—the bribing of Lindsay's water commissioner, James Marcus, to award lucrative contracts to companies Corallo favored. (One side light on Tramunti's machinations in his fight to become head of the family: In order to diminish Corallo's respect in the eyes of the troops, Tramunti began to play around with a young waitress who had been Corallo's bedmate. Corallo had to lie low while under indictment and couldn't make it to the East Side night spots favored by the Mafia's swingers, so Tramunti escorted Corallo's chick everywhere the Mob gathered. It was a direct slap in Corallo's face.)

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After Tramunti's business day in garment-center restaurants has been completed, he makes the rounds of the better Italian restaurants in the midtown area, then the East Side clubs. Accompanied by his retinue of bodyguards and *capos* and occasionally by Big Sam, he journeys from restaurant to restaurant like some feudal king bestowing patronage on his people, eating as many as three full meals in one night. "He eats like two pigs," one undercover agent assigned to keep tabs on Tramunti says, suppressing a belch. In each restaurant, obsequious waiters and chefs prepare special gourmet delights for the Mafia gourmand, begging him to try a new specialty of the house or a meal that has been prepared specifically for his pleasure. Tramunti seldom pays the bill. "Why should I pay? They invited me to try their dish." But he never forgets to tip the waiters lavishly, usually $15 or $20 each. Some of the restaurant owners grow furious when Tramunti comes in and stuffs himself. Still, they know their place and they hide in their offices and lock their anger inside with them. Other "owners" don't give a damn, because Tramunti is a hidden partner. "The pig is eating up his own profits," one of them was once heard to say.

Between meals, Tramunti makes the scene at the East Side clubs, favoring a half-dozen spots where middle-aged Mafia lords are always able to make contact with the hundreds of women in town who find a sinister glamor in the *mafiosi*. Among Tramunti's favorite water holes was the Bachelors III, the place that got Joe Namath into so much difficulty with the National Football League because of all the hoods who were congregating there. Usually, the don has a woman on his arm, bleached-blonde beauty-parlor type, draped in a mink, like something out of the Fifties. At one time he was dating two young waitresses who had recently emigrated from Ireland and couldn't resist the guy who spent more money on them in a single night than their families earned in a year.

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It's fine to talk to Frankie and a couple of other guys in and around the Mob, plus a lot of fuzz. But I must meet Tramunti. Where the hell is he? A few more trips to his home, but no answer. Knocks on neighbors' doors get a standard response: "He's probably at work. A hard-working man. Sorry, don't know anything about him." Several calls to his lawyer; his lawyer is never in and doesn't call back.

Well, time to take a chance. Get in a cab, hop over to the East Side, visit the clubs on my list of Tramunti hangouts. No sign of the don. I ask for him and get blank looks, shrugs, an occasional "Eh?"—like I was in Peking, trying to get up a ping-pong game with Mao.

Finally, pay dirt in a Second Avenue pub loaded with dark-suited types who all resemble Gallo or Dio—the tough-guy image came back strong after *The Godfather* opened—and crawling with women who appear to be very expensive hookers, except that almost everyone gives it away free on the East Side if you have the proper credentials.

"Has Gribbs been around?" I ask a waitress. "I have to talk to him."

A blank look, of course. And into her next obvious step: She goes to chat with the goon employed as bouncer. He stares at me, then trudges over to a white-haired gent near the cash register and whispers in his ear, pointing my way rather rudely. The old guy comes over. He doesn't sit down, just stands there with his belt buckle practically bumping against my nose and grunts in a heavily accented English: "What you want in here?"

"I'm looking for Gribbs, Mr. Tramunti," I respond.

"Never heard of him. What you want with Mr. Tramunti?"

A good question. How do you answer it? I want to join the Mafia? I'd like to invest in the Italian lottery? Just as absurd. All I can do is level with the guy. I flash an old police-department press card. Should have surrendered it two years before, when I left newspaper journalism, but no one ever asked for it and I felt it would someday open doors, the kind that close in your face if you don't have something to back you up. But not this night. I can see the doors close over his eyes.

"*Giornalista*," he says, with the kind of scorn only an old-country grandfather can pull off. "Get out of here," he adds.

"*Scusa, signore*," I respond, establishing my Sicilian/southern Italian heritage with what I hope is the perfect accent. Usually, it works—we're *paisans* trying to survive in this crazy American world and we have to stick together. "*Scusa*, I have no quarrel with you. I have business with Mr. Tramunti."

He smiles, tight-lipped, the way Richard Widmark does when he slaps a broad across the face. Widmark is a favorite of a lot of *mafiosi*. "Newspaper business," he says. He curses with the most elaborate Italian invective I've ever heard. Then: "Get out of here or I'll call the boys."

The boys? And the paranoia descends. Would the boys use a gun, some ice picks from back in the old days or a silk tie? I get out, fast. Into a cab, down to the safety of the Lion's Head in the Village, filled with journalists, poets and other characters who are as nutty as the men of the Mafia but a lot less dangerous.

Right to the phone, to call a friend who works in one of those law-enforcement offices that keep bulging files on Don Carmine Tramunti. "Hey, I can't find Tramunti anywhere. What's happened to him?"

"He's still alive, if that's what you're afraid of," the sleuth responds. "The boys haven't messed up your magazine article."

"So where is he?"

"He took a little vacation with his wife, we hear. Up in the mountains somewhere. Left no forwarding address. There's so much heat in this town with Gambino knocking everybody off that any *mafioso* with his wits about him has gone off on vacation. I don't think Gribbs will be back until Gambino goes on vacation."

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WHO OR WHAT WAS IT?

(continued from page 204)

Telegraph this morning, the real *Telegraph*. Look at this one, she said, and see if it's any different. Well, I did, and it wasn't: same front page, same article on the trade unions by Perry—that's Peregrine Worsthorne—same readers' letters, same crossword, down to the last clue. Well, that was a relief.

But I didn't stay relieved, because there was another coincidence shaping up. It was a hot night in August when all this happened—or did I mention that before? Anyway, it was. And Allington was out for the evening. On a hot night in August, after Allington has come back from an evening out, the monster, The Green Man, finally takes shape and comes pounding up the road to tear young Amy Allington to pieces. That bit begins on page 225 in my book, if you're interested.

The other nasty little consideration was this: Unlike some novelists I could name, I invent all my characters, except for a few minor ones here and there. What I mean is, I don't go in for just renaming people I know and bunging them into a book. But, of course, you can't help putting *something* of yourself into all your characters, even if it's only, well, a surly bus conductor who only comes in for half a page.

Right, obviously, this comes up most of all with your heroes. Now, none of my heroes, not even old Lucky Jim, are me, but they can't help having pretty fair chunks of me in them, some more than others. And Allington in that book was one of the some. I'm more like him than I'm like most of the others; in particular, I'm more like my Maurice Allington in my book than the real Allington, who, by the way, turned out to be called John, seemed (from what I'd heard) to be like my Maurice Allington. Sorry to be long-winded, but I want to get that quite clear.

So: If, by some fantastic chance, The Green Man, the monster, was going to turn up here, he, or it, seemed more likely to turn up tonight than most nights. And, furthermore, I seemed sort of better cast for the part of the young girl's father, who manages in the book to save her from the monster, than this young girl's father did. You see that.

I tried to explain all this to Jane. Evidently I got it across all right, because she said straightaway, We'd better stay here tonight, then. If we can, I said, meaning if there was a room. Well, there was, and at the front of the house, too, which was important, because in the book, that's the side the monster appears on.

While one of the blokes was taking our stuff out of the car and upstairs, I said to Jane, I'm not going to be like a bloody fool in a ghost story who insists on seeing things through alone, not if I can help it—I'm going to give Bob Conquest a ring. Bob's an old chum of mine and about the only one I felt I could ask to come belting up all this way (he lives in Battersea) for such a ridiculous reason. It was just after ten by this time and The Green Man wasn't scheduled to put in an appearance till one A.M., so Bob could make it all right if he started at once. Fine, except his phone didn't answer; I tried twice.

Jane said, Get hold of Monkey; I'll speak to him. Monkey, otherwise known as Colin, is her brother; he lives with us in Barnet. Our number answered, all right, but I got my son Philip, who was staying the weekend there. He said Monkey was out at a party, he didn't know where. So all I could do was the necessary but not at all helpful job of saying we wouldn't be home till the next morning. So that was that, I mean, I just couldn't start getting hold of George Palmer and asking him to sit up with us into the small hours in case a ghost came along. Could any of you? I should have said that Philip hasn't got a car.

Well, we stayed in the bar until it closed. I said to Jane at one point, You don't think I'm mad, do you? Or silly or anything? She said, On the contrary, I think you're being extremely practical and sensible. Well, thank God for that. Jane believes in ghosts, you see. My own position on that is exactly that of the man who said, I don't believe in ghosts, but I'm afraid of them.

Which brings me to one of the oddest things about this whole business. I'm a nervous type by nature, I never go in an airplane, I won't drive a car (Jane does the driving), I don't even much care for being alone in the house. But, ever since we'd decided to stay the night at this place, all the uneasiness and, let's face it, the considerable fear I'd started to feel as soon as these coincidences started coming up, it all just fell away. I felt quite confident, I felt I knew I'd be able to do whatever might be required of me.

There was one other thing to get settled. I said to Jane, we were in the bedroom by this time, I said. If he turns up, what am I going to use against him? You see, in the book, Maurice Allington has dug up a sort of magic object that sort of controls The Green Man. I hadn't. Jane saw what I was driving at. She said she'd thought of that and took off and gave me the plain gold cross she wears round her neck, not for religious reasons, it was her grandmother's. That'll fix him, I thought, and as before, I felt quite confident about it.

Well, after that, we more or less sat and waited. At one point, a car drove up and stopped in the car park. A man got out and went in the front door. It must have been Allington. I couldn't see much about him except he had the wrong color hair, but when I looked at my watch, it was eight minutes to midnight, the exact time when the Allington in the book got back after his evening out the night he coped with the creature. One more bit of . . . call it confirmation.

I opened our bedroom door and listened. Soon I heard footsteps coming upstairs and going off toward the back of the house and then a door shutting, and then straightaway the house seemed totally still. It can't have been much later that I said to Jane, Look, there's no point in my hanging round up here. He might be early, you never know. It's a warm night, I might as well go down there now. She said, Are you sure you don't want me to come with you? Absolutely sure, I said, I'll be fine. But I do want you to watch from the window here. OK, she said. She wished me luck and we clung to each other for a bit, and then off I went.

I was glad I'd left plenty of time,

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because getting out of the place turned out to be far from straightforward. Everything seemed to be locked and the key taken away. Eventually, I found a scullery door with the key still in the lock.

Outside, it was quite bright, with a full moon not far off, and a couple of fairly powerful lights at the corners of the house. It was a pretty lonely spot, with only two or three other houses in sight. I remember a car went by soon after I got out there, but it was the only one. There wasn't a breath of wind. I saw Jane at our window and waved, and she waved back.

The question was where to wait. If what was going to happen—assuming something was—if it went like the book, then the young girl, the daughter, was going to come out of the house because she'd thought she'd heard her father calling her (another bit of magic), and then this Green Man creature was going to, from one direction or the other, he was going to come running at her. I couldn't decide which was the more likely direction.

A bit of luck, near the front door there was one of those heavy wooden benches. I sat down on that and started keeping watch first one way, then the other, half a minute at a time. Normally, ten minutes of this would have driven me off my head with boredom, but that night, somehow it was all right. Then, after quite a long time, I turned my head from right to left on schedule and there was a girl, standing a few yards away; she must have come round that side of the house. She was wearing light-green pajamas—wrong color again. I was going to speak to her, but there was something about the way she was standing. . . .

She wasn't looking at me; in fact, I soon saw she wasn't looking at anything much. I waved my hand in front of her eyes, you know, the way they do in films when they think someone's been hypnotized or something. I felt a perfect idiot, but her eyes didn't move. Sleepwalking, presumably; not in the book. Do people walk in their sleep? Apparently not, they only pretend to, according to what a psychiatrist chum told me afterward, but I hadn't heard that then. All I knew, or thought I knew, was this thing everybody's heard somewhere about its being dangerous to wake a sleepwalker.

So I just stayed close to the girl and went on keeping watch, and a bit more time went by, and then, sure enough, I heard, faintly but clearly, the sound I'd written about, the rustling, creaking sound of the movement of something made of tree branches, twigs and clusters of leaves. And there it was, about 100 yards away, not really much like a man, coming up at a clumsy, jolting sort of jog trot on the grass verge, and accelerating.

I knew what I had to do. I started walking to meet it, with the cross ready in my hand. (The girl hadn't moved at all.) When the thing was about 20 yards away, I saw its face, which had fungus on it, and I heard another sound I'd written about coming from what I suppose you'd have to call its mouth, like the howling of wind through trees.

I stopped and steadied myself and threw the cross at it and it immediately vanished—immediately. That wasn't like the book, but I didn't stop to think about it. I didn't stop to look for the cross, either. When I turned back, the girl had gone. So much the better. I rushed back into the inn and up to the bedroom and knocked on the door—I'd told Jane to lock it after me.

There was a delay before she came and opened it. I could see she looked confused or something, but I didn't bother with that, because I could feel all the calm and confidence I'd had earlier, it was all just draining away from me. I sat her down on the bed and sat down myself on a chair and just rattled off what had happened as fast as I could. I must have forgotten she'd been meant to be watching.

By the time I'd finished, I was shaking. So was Jane. She said, What made you change your mind? Change my mind? What about? Going out there, she said; getting up again and going out. But, I said, I've been out there all the time. Oh, no, you haven't, she said, you came back up here after about 20 minutes, she said, and you told me the whole thing was silly and you were going to bed, which we both did. She seemed quite positive.

I was absolutely shattered. But it all really happened, I said, just the way I told you. It couldn't have, she said; you must have dreamed it. You certainly didn't throw the cross at anything, she said, because it's here, you gave it back to me when you came back the first time. And there it was, on the chain round her neck.

I broke down then. I'm not quite clear what I said or did. Jane got some sleeping pills down me and I went off in the end. I remember thinking rather wildly that somebody or other with a funny sense of humor had got me into exactly the same predicament, the same mess, as the hero of my book had been: seeing something that must have been supernatural and just not being believed. Because I knew I'd seen the whole thing; I knew it then and I still know it.

I woke up late, feeling terrible. Jane was sitting reading by the bed. She said, I've seen young Miss Allington. Your description of her fits and, she said, she used to walk in her sleep. I asked her how she'd found out and she said she just had; she's good at that kind of thing.

Anyway, I felt better straightaway. I said it looked as if we'd neither of us been dreaming, even if what I'd seen couldn't be reconciled with what she'd seen, and she agreed. After that, we rather dropped the subject in a funny sort of way. We decided not to look for the cross I'd thrown at The Green Man. I said we wouldn't be able to find it. I didn't ask Jane whether she was thinking what I was thinking, that looking would be a waste of time because she was wearing it at that very moment. I'll come back to that point in a minute.

We packed up, made a couple of phone calls rearranging our appointments, paid the bill and drove off. We still didn't talk about the main issue. But then, as we were coming off the Mill Hill roundabout that's only about ten minutes from home, Jane said, What do you think happened?—happened to sort of make it all happen?

I said, I think someone was needed there to destroy that monster. Which means I was guided there at that time, or perhaps the time could be adjusted, I said; I must have been, well, sent all that stuff about The Green Man and about Allington and the others.

To make sure you recognized the place when you got there and knew what to do, she said. Who did all the guiding and the sending, and so on? she said. The same, the same chap who appeared in my book to tell Allington what he wanted done. Why couldn't he have fixed the monster himself? she said. There are limitations to his power. There can't be many, she said, if he can make the same object be in two places at the same time.

Yes, you see, she'd thought of that, too. It's supposed to be a physical impossibility, isn't it? Anyway, I said, probably the way he'd chosen had been more fun. More fun, Jane repeated. She looked very thoughtful.

As you'll have seen, there was one loose end, of a sort. Who or what was it that had taken on my shape to enter that bedroom, talk to Jane with my voice and share her bed for, at any rate, a few minutes? She and I didn't discuss it for several days. Then one morning, she asked me the question more or less as I've just put it.

Interesting point, I said; I don't know. It's more interesting than you think, she said; because when . . . whoever it was got into bed with me, he didn't just go to sleep.

I suppose I just looked at her. That's right, she said; I thought I'd better go and see John before I told you. (That's John Allison, our g.p.)

It was negative, then, I said. Yes, Jane said.

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OUT ISLANDS

(continued from page 158)

through Bimini at night. The surprise was beautiful: It becomes another place. After dark, the cluttered lots became interesting shadows; the wind sounded like light rain in the palm trees; and against the full moon a rocky, pitch-blue thunderhead was growing like a slow growl in an otherwise clear black sky. There was nothing we could do but hold hands.

On the docks of the marinas that line the lee side of the island—sticking out from the land like empty ragged combs during the day, lit bright and full at night—we marveled at the yachts parked there, backed up with the names showing: LEGAL FEES—Palm Beach; LYLE'S REVENGE—Key Largo. No chrome-plated cheeseburgers here; these were $150,000 yachts designed only to catch fish, with tuna towers rising over the cabins like oil derricks, and fighting chairs of sculptured stainless steel and leather riveted to the polished teak decks.

At the end of a new dock extending from the Big Game Fishing Club, we came across two draft-age fishermen apparently late at putting their boat in order. One, with blond hair to his shoulders, wire-rim glasses and an inspired gleam in his eye, was rummaging through a pile of equipment in the stern when we stopped to talk to his short-haired friend, who stood on the dock. He was telling us how they'd just been towed over from Florida by the battered black tugboat tied up nearby, and was offering us a ride to Abaco in the morning, when Gleam jumped out of the boat, cut in half a five-pound Spanish mackerel that was lying on the dock and jumped back into the boat with it. We kept talking, but nobody was paying any attention: Gleam had the stage. Smiling and silent, he pulled out a monster rod and reel fit for landing Godzilla, baited the ridiculous hook with the Spanish, sat with joy and great confidence in the fighting chair and dropped the line overboard, into the four-foot stretch of water between the stern and the dock. With a grin he revealed his plan: "I'm gonna catch me a *shark*!"

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Like the shattered spine of some ancient snake, the Exumas stretch southeast from Nassau for 90 miles, a thin broken swoop of cays that finally swells into Great Exuma and fades quickly to its anticlimax, Little Exuma. Like most of the Out Islands, the Exumas are practically pristine; and since the government has claimed a 30-mile string of them in the north as a Land and Sea Park, some will stay the way God planned it. Rare Bahamian iguanas—they have the bad luck of tasting like chicken—snooze and blink in the sun here, making a lazy last stand; and only sea birds and side-dancing sand crabs share the pale arcs of the beaches with them. But in the south, Great Exuma is beginning, just, to feel the first hot breath of the developers. It's not a big island—20 miles long and five wide at the bulge—but Stocking Island to the east holds off the sometimes nasty Atlantic and gives it a calm wide natural harbor. The land is genuinely hilly, an event in the flat Bahamas, and shines with small lakes. Which has been enough to attract attention for some time.

It's not lack of imagination that led to the fact that practically everybody on the island has Rolle as a surname. Nor is it quite one big happy family: Right after the unfortunate outcome of the American Revolution, a few hundred Southern loyalists fled to the Bahamas to escape the repression at home, and they naturally took their ideas with them. By 1800 there were cotton plantations all over the Out Islands, worked by slaves watched over by Ole Marse hissef. But they never came close to the medieval gingham splendor of plantations in Virginia and Carolina. They were instead sad parodies of old feudal dreams, since soil in the Bahamas is thin at best and required only a few seasons of hungry cotton to kill it. The plantation owners dealt with the problem by continually clearing new fields, which must have pleased the slaves, and that process is no doubt how Sir John Rolle ended up owning most of Exuma and over 350 slaves by 1830. But when Britain declared Emancipation in 1834, Rolle, unlike most of the slaveowners, actually lived up to the law: He closed up shop and divided the land among his former slaves. And by way of showing they didn't bear grudges, they took his name.

Knowing all that, the drive from the inland airstrip to George Town on the sound is stranger than it might otherwise seem: The land is being divided again. Clifford, a hip young taxi driver, took us in his canary-yellow '64 Impala, dashboard layered with playing cards and *tontons macoute* sunglasses and collapsed packs of Salems, *Marvel* comics scattered on the front seat next to him. We were driving along a curving road through the high scraggly brush when suddenly around a corner came a sign: BAHAMIAN SOUND DEVELOPMENT. Out of the scrub the optimistic folks of Bahamian Sound have shoveled the bones of an ambitious subdivision, cutting rough white gravel roads through the greenery in a fake-gracious grid. But that's as far as they've gotten. It's a development without houses, a ghost suburb waiting to take on flesh. The uncertain political situation is to be blamed for the lack of progress; Independence may make it unwise, which is to say unprofitable, for the speculators to continue their good works. So they're waiting, and in the meantime, streets without purpose criss-cross the island.

George Town, the capital, is nicely not much: a village of 500 people and a few dozen buildings randomly arranged along the bay. It looks like a small, quiet accident, the outskirts of a city that never quite happened. It is so tranquil and uneventful (except during the Out Island Regatta in April, when people arrive in bunches to go crazy watching or joining the locals in their free-for-all work-boat races) that travel brochures trilling about it invariably mention the African fig tree in the center of town as a point of high interest. It's a beautiful strong old tree, but you will admit that's fairly quiet.

Clifford drove us slowly through town, pointing out such sights as John Marshall's grocery store, then sped up for the last mile to our resort. By the time we had checked in, storm clouds were piling up like wads of wet smoke out over Stocking Island. Clifford spared us a gray afternoon in the bar drinking rum punches by suggesting a drive to Rolleville, 20 miles north. On the way up, he told us who he was—he owns the Impala, fixes it himself because he'd have to ship it to Nassau otherwise, for $100 a day guides a fishing boat he keeps on the side and wants next to get a private pilot's license, mainly because it would make him the first native kid on the island to have one, an unbeatable leap in status among the ladies. He told us all about it, and hardly paused when the hard brief storm hit to rummage through the trash on the dashboard and hand me the handle for the window next to me. I rolled it up, put the handle back on the dash approximately where it belonged and kept listening.

The rain stopped after a few miles, and then we pulled up at Rolleville's only attraction, The Hilltop Inn. It sits, as you might guess, on one of the highest spots in Rolleville, a village growing like sparse colorful mushrooms in the hills, and it's *the* local hangout, with a bar and pool table, outdoor dance floor and roof patio, all done in concrete block and cement, graying white outside, flamingo pink within. It's not the sort of place where you'd expect to see Harry Reasoner, but there he was as we walked in, up on the TV screen above the bar, waxing and waning through the visual static like some McLuhanesque moon, telling a bartender who had seldom left Exuma that George Wallace today had undergone minor surgery.

Margaret and I bought two Pauli Girls, a favored German beer in the islands, and wandered up to the roof, which is a truly great place to drink, to sit and look, even in the gun-blue storm light: the village spread without center in hills dropping unevenly but always to the water; the houses sitting brightly among them, some sadly spare, aqua and

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pink block shells with thatched roofs; three little kids goofing down a gravel road with buckets on their heads; and beyond, in the water, a line of arched cays, like the backs of huge green sea turtles swimming along in formation. We were finally away from home.

It was like that the next morning on Stocking Island, almost: We rode over in an 18-foot outboard with several other guests from our resort, and the boat let us out at another of those perfect beaches, on the Elizabeth Harbour side, then roared foaming away. Margaret and I took the snorkeling equipment we'd brought and walked half a mile to a spot where an outcropping limestone bluff interrupted the sand. Here, Margaret assured me, we would see fish, so we stumbled into our gear and headed out around the bluff. I was kicking along, inhaling a minimum of sea water and looking for something to look at, when Margaret beside me pointed down to the left in front of us. There he was: Resting on the bottom, almost hidden by a layer of sand, was a sting ray about the size of a flattened Volkswagen, or so it seemed, a gray delta marked only by the tip of each wing and the tail, and the eyes like dark punctuation before it. They are extraordinary creatures, breath-taking to watch when they burst flying out of the ocean, a manic beauty you don't often see. They can also sting the shit out of you, so we stayed clear and kept swimming—right into a pair of middle-sized barracuda who weren't going anywhere. Just act like you know what you're doing, the theory goes, and we did. The sting ray behind us was at least asleep, so we turned around, trying to look as little like wounded fish as possible, and swam for the beach. As we were sloshing from the water, Margaret said, "Well, out of the three things that can get you, we just saw two of them. A shark would have been next."

A sailboat and a small yacht had anchored down the beach while we were gone, and gathered on a spit of sand piercing out toward the channel were half a dozen people standing around three dark lumps on the beach. The lumps turned out to be starfish, quickly dying in the sun, and as we got closer, a freckled and beer-bellied good ole boy rose out of the water like a hillbilly Poseidon, grinning, with yet another in his hands. He passed it to a buddy, who added it to the row. Margaret doesn't like to hassle people, but she believes in a few things, so she went up to the buddy and asked quietly: "What are you going to do with these?" The buddy looked at her like she was crazy and answered, "We're gonna take one home." She looked back at him in a way I know too well: "Then why are you killing the other three?" He pondered that for a long second, staring down at the starfish, and then without saying anything picked up the two smallest and waded out into the water with them. We later saw them floating dead or in severe shock near the surface, but he had tried. It's not easy to start thinking like space captains instead of cowboys, especially in places like Stocking Island: where a sandy path wiggles across the island through the dunes and comes out on the Atlantic side, where there is no one but you and beach as far as you can see, with a low surf boiling lightly against it, and hidden sandy coves jutting occasionally into the bluff, where you can really be alone if you're modest, in love, or simply more paranoid than you'd care to admit.

• • •

Harbour Island was settled by Maine and Massachusetts loyalists who settled here and built a village in the image of those they had just resigned: And now in Dunmore Town, along narrow streets casually laced over the slow hills, there are simple clean clapboard houses, tidy and painted and framed by picket fences. Good sensible Protestant plants like birches and apple trees and dandelions won't grow here, but bougainvillea and royal poinciana and hibiscus will; and against the prim buildings, their intemperate pagan blasts of color make Dunmore Town seem like an old New England fishing village in light flirtation with Satan. Hawthorne would have loved it.

Harbour Island is a joy to cruise on rented Honda 50s. It's only six miles long and not half that wide, but there are many textures. On the north tip, we found abandoned streets, forgotten and overgrown, pointlessly intersecting through thick underbrush and wild unthinned clumps of coco palms, crumbling short cuts for skitting lizards and hermit crabs; then down along Bay Street and out onto the concrete tongue of Government Pier, where native kids were greeting the ferry coming in from Eleuthera by plunging with wide smiles 20 feet to the water, diving not for money or local color but the fun of it; then back along Bay Street toward the edge of town, stopping to say what became a lengthy hello to an old man sitting on a worn wooden bench beneath a tree. He wore a white pith helmet and work gloves and was carefully weaving with pliers heavy strands of number-14 wire through steel-mesh fencing, curving the metal plane into closed cylinders shaped like outsized hatboxes, with one side seductively collapsed and beckoning inward. He told us they were grouper cages, much stronger than the cages of woven palm strips he made until not too many years ago. And then he told us about the great grouper catch off Andros, so many fish filling the cages that the fishermen could hardly haul them aboard their skiffs; which led him to the theology of men and fish. "The fish, they got their own mind. Down there, that's their world, they do what they want. But God created man to have dominion over the fish. . . ." And finally how when he dies he wants to be carried by his friends from his house, the yellow-frame New Englander across the road, up the hill to the church and then to the cemetery. "I want the band to play that fine old song, *The Old Rugged Cross*, all the way. You know, I was born here, and every year I like it better." Later, at night, we cruised by again and he was still sitting there under the tree, shaded now not from the sun but the streetlight. Just as Don Juan, that wise old Yaqui Indian, directs, he had found his spot.

• • •

Harbour Islanders whisper eerie tales about their neighbors on Spanish Wells, and when you go there you quickly find out why. It is walking into a horror movie of a chilling subtle sort—*Invasion of the Body Snatchers* as Henry James would have done it. You see it first in the clouded blue eyes and slack dead jaw of the water-taxi operator, who aims his twin outboards without a word toward the little island. He doesn't ask for money when you get out; he knows you have to go back with him or not go at all. And walking along streets that seem unnaturally clean, you see that it is true: Everyone you encounter looks just like everyone else, not the way races do to some people, but *exactly* alike, kids, old folks, everybody: the same glazed blue eyes and sandy blond hair and fading pointed chins and perpetual sunburned cheeks. Imperfect clones of a Georgia sharecropper, they seem, and that is close: There are 300 people living here—every one of them white—but the telephone book is dominated by one name, Pinder, with three or four others filling out almost all the rest. They are the children of a few Carolina loyalists who came here to fish for a living after the Revolutionary War and who didn't particularly take to strangers after they arrived; and so they have been inbreeding for 200 years, entwined generations of cousinly love, which is what they whisper about on Harbour Island. The stories are macabre and probably true: of genes exploding into sad horrible forms; of idiots and freaks locked in basements or kept in houses all their lives, touching the world only with their occasional screams of terror or uncomprehending rage.

We heard no screams during our walk, but we could feel and sometimes see, behind curtains pulled back just that much, hard suspicious eyes in cold focus on us. And as we passed one house, we heard Merle Haggard rolling rich and smooth out of a record player, allowing

(text concluded on page 320; guide to the Bahamas' Out Islands overleaf)

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PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO

The Bahamas' Out Islands won't take you away from it *all*, but some came close: Resorts are often gardens pruned from the wilds or near villages where a showing of *The Glass Bottom Boat* is a major event. Days are devoted exclusively to whatever you can do in, on or near water. And night life consists mostly of drinking and pouring dimes into a jukebox at a native club. But tell your lady to take her floor-length if you're planning to stay at a resort; it tends to get formal after dark. Bahamian cuisine centers on seafood (especially grouper), but hotels provide generally tasty alternatives. Shopping includes strawwork (fine on Exuma), hand-carved turtle-shell jewelry

ABACO

Linked by a bridge, Great and Little Abaco form a 127-mile expanse sugared with secluded cays perfect for skinny-dipping; and the hunting—notably for wild boar—is excellent. To reach either Treasure Cay or Marsh Harbour airport, fly Mackey International Commuter from Florida, Out Island Airways from Nassau.

Bluff House Club and Marina, Green Turtle Cay: Perched 80 feet above the sea, a lodge, bar and ten cozy rooms cluster around a salt-water pool. Free dinghies with outboards for bonefishing; marina for yacht docking.

Elbow Cay Club, Hope Town: Friendly atmosphere in a 14-room lodge and two cottages along the water. Moorings for any size boat; dinghies, outboard runabouts, cruiser and Sunfish for hire.

Green Turtle Club and Marina, Green Turtle Cay: Three waterside cottages and 14 rooms share an intimate bar, timbered dining room, pool, three beaches and a marina with rental boats and gear for skindivers, water skiers, sailors and reelers.

New Plymouth Inn, Green Turtle Cay: Charming 130-year-old building in the center of the village with nine rooms overlooking the town and bay; young owners from Baltimore make it a genial spot, even without a beach or pool.

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas, Treasure Cay: This $16,000,000 development offers the island's most elaborate digs—190 of them—plus three dining areas, five tennis courts, 18-hole links, boar hunts, marina with yacht berths, and an abundant supply of water-sports gear and fishing boats to rent. Super camp.

Union Jack Club and Motel, Marsh Harbour: An old but completely remodeled former loyalist home with 15 waterfront rooms, cottage, restaurant and bar. Sports include sailing, motorboating, scuba diving, snorkeling, deep-sea, reef and bonefishing.

ANDROS

Nearly half mangrove swamp, the biggest Bahamian island is sneered at by travel guides. But several first-rate resorts are sprouting up and offshore is the world's second largest barrier reef, a fantastic natural high for scuba and skindivers. From Florida, fly Mackey; from Nassau, Out Island Airways.

Andros Beach Hotel and Villas, Nicholls Town: An up-and-comer with ten rooms, 38 villas and three cottages, dining room, fresh-water pool, beach, dock; motorbikes, bicycles, boats, snorkeling and scuba gear for hire.

Andros Reef Inn, Fresh Creek: A rambling beach lodge with 12 labor-camp rooms, bar and restaurant; hard-core scuba freaks only.

Small Hope Bay Lodge, Fresh Creek: All the necessary equipment and 24 congenial—though unairconditioned—accommodations for diving aficionados. Loose and stimulating. Long-hairs may apply.

BIMINI

North and South Bimini, just 50 miles from Miami, rank as the Americas' unrivaled deep-sea-fishing capital. All fishermen drink, so raucous North Bimini also boasts more night life in its native bars and hotels than anywhere else in the chain. Fly Mackey from Florida, Out Island Airways from Nassau.

Anchors Aweigh Club: Owner Neville Stuart, who has many stories to tell, is the chief attraction at this North Bimini pension, but the new rooms are done in maiden-aunt comfortable, and the Bloody Mary Room is right next door.

Bimini Big Game Fishing Club: Recently purchased by the Bacardi rum firm, this 65-room resort is the all-purpose place to put up on North Bimini.

The Compleat Angler: Ten spotless rooms in an old North Bimini house where Ernest Hemingway holed up in #1 to write *To Have and Have Not.*

BERRY ISLANDS

Pint-sized landfalls surrounded by sand flats, these islands are favorites of bonefishermen. Fly Out Island from Nassau.

Crown Colony Club, Chub Cay: Occupying all of Chub Cay's 1000 acres, this semiprivate establishment features a beach, pool, tennis court, skeet and trapshooting, 38 hotel and villa accommodations, landlocked marina and 5000-foot airstrip. The whole thing.

Great Harbour Club, Great Harbour: A posh resort-residential development with golf course, 78 villas and 40 town houses; its Tamboo Marina provides deep-sea charters, boats and gear for sailing, scuba and skindiving.

HARBOUR ISLAND

Ringed by live reefs, this small, elegant island lies just off the northern tip of Eleuthera. Fly from Florida via Mackey to North Eleuthera or from Nassau via Out Island Airways; a water taxi speeds you to Harbour Island.

Briland Yacht Club: A trim little resort with 23 rooms, pool, tennis court, boats and equipment for sailing, fishing.

Coral Sands and Pink Elephant: With a total of 33 accommodations, this Spanish-style complex rises along the spectacular three-mile Pink Beach. Free tennis, sailboats, snorkeling equipment; scuba gear and guides available, plus bicycles, motorbikes and fishing boats.

Pink Sands: Every luxury for subdued idylers in the 31 cottages and 48 rooms of a 40-acre beach estate. Tennis, all water sports. Take your best manners and references.

Romora Bay Club: Gracious former manor with nine rooms and two cottages. Free snorkeling gear, a waterfront facility with bar, and fleet. Superfine.

Runaway Hill Club: *Bazaar* has written it up, but it's nice anyway. Seven rooms, pool with a view and private beach.

THE BAHAMAS' OUT ISLANDS

and Peter Pan Peanut Butter at 80 cents for 12 ozs.—and not much else. But you'll manage to spend your money, since most resorts charge $60 a day per couple in season (December 15 through April 30, usually modified American plan). The recent independence election could affect airline schedules, so check before you go. Take your own photo supplies and transistor radio (Nassau's ZNS broadcasts everything from hard rock to Dickens readings). And since most small retreats often can't afford to pay the ten percent fees exacted by credit-card companies, remember to take along traveler's checks—plenty of them, because you may decide to stay forever.

ELEUTHERA

Hardly more than two miles wide, this 100-mile-long sliver of serenity is the most developed Out Island. To reach Governor's Harbour and North Eleuthera, fly Mackey from Florida, Out Island Airways from Nassau. Pan Am flies from New York to Rock Sound.

Aquavilla, Governor's Harbour: Offbeat newcomer with a convivial lodge and 18 handsome houseboats, complete with kitchens, sun decks. Free tennis, snorkeling lessons and gear; also water-skiing, sailing, scuba and skindiving, deep-sea and reef fishing.

Cotton Bay Club, Cotton Bay: A cushy private enclave open to nonmembers from May 1 to August 15 that offers all water sports and shares a golf course with the Rock Sound Club.

Current Club, Current: Set in a grove of palms are 19 plush suites; on the waterfront, a marina with boats, gear and guides for snorkeling, skindiving, water-skiing, sailing and deep-sea fishing.

Eleuthera Beach Inn, Torpum Bay: Commodious 100-room hotel with beach, pool, sailing, fishing, tennis, golf.

Ridley Head Inn, Ridley Head: 75-acre hideaway high on a ridge with a spectacular view and nearby beach; nine rooms; boats available for rental.

Rock Sound Club, Rock Sound: Rather formal resort-plantation with 40 suites and five cottages, pool, beach, tennis, sailing, snorkeling, diving, fishing, golf. The club also owns guest cottages at Cotton and Winding bays.

CAT ISLAND

Perhaps the most scenic Out Island with its steep hills and dense forests, Cat Island as yet offers limited accommodations. Fly Flamingo from Nassau.

Hawk's Nest Creek Fishing and Yacht Club: Obviously, boating and fishing are of primary appeal at this ten-room shelter and marina, but there's also tennis, water-skiing, snorkeling and scuba diving; airstrip for private planes.

LONG ISLAND

Virtually undiscovered by the tourist trade and land developers, 60-mile Long Island is the most southerly and rarely visited Out Island. From Florida, fly Mackey; from Nassau, Flamingo.

Stella Maris Inn and Marina: This out-of-the-way spot at the northern end of the island features 40 attractive rooms and four cottages, uncrowded beaches, three pools, a top-drawer scuba- and skindiving program, plus sailing, water-skiing, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, car and scooter rentals and free cruises.

SPANISH WELLS

There are excellent diving and fishing in the coastal waters of this vaguely eerie mini-island just north of Eleuthera. Fly to North Eleuthera airport from Florida via Mackey or from Nassau via Out Island Airways, then take a water taxi over to Spanish Wells.

The Lloyds: Ennui has struck this once-great game- and spearfishing spot with 29 rooms and eight cottages. Even so, it offers tennis courts, bikes and a complete dive center with free snorkeling and spearfishing gear. Boats and scuba equipment for rent.

SAN SALVADOR

So remote from the rest of the Bahamas that it's completely surrounded by deep waters, this 60-square-mile island is a good base for big-game fishermen. Fly from Nassau via Flamingo Airlines.

Riding Rock Club Inn: At present the only resort on the island, it offers six homey cottages and provides boats for fishing and exploring nearby reefs.

Robert's Harbour Club: A 16-room fishermen's retreat set on a hill that slopes down to a good dock; free bikes and sailboats; rental boats and equipment for snorkeling, skindiving and deep-sea and coastal fishing.

Sawyer's Marina: Informal 14-room hostelry frequented by yachtsmen stopping on charters; dock and fuel facilities.

EXUMA

Like a broken jade necklace, this 365-cay chain stretches for 90 miles from Beacon Cay in the north to the islands of Great and Little Exuma in the south. George Town, the capital, sits snugly on Great Exuma's Elizabeth Harbour, where native sailors compete every April in Bahamian work boats for cash prizes in the colorful Out Island Regatta. Fly Mackey from Florida, Flamingo Airlines from Nassau to George Town.

Bahama Sound Beach Club, Ocean Beach Park: A short drive from George Town, this seaside resort has 12 tidy rooms with balconies or terraces, plus a tennis court and a beach, free bicycles and rental cars. Crisp.

Club Peace & Plenty, George Town: Fine 32-room haven at the water's edge with pool and two cocktail lounges, it also runs a one-room beach club (on nearby Stocking Island) offering sailing, snorkeling, scuba diving and fishing.

Out Island Inn, George Town: On a scenic spit of land jutting out into Elizabeth Harbour, this demi-exotic 88-room inn is built out of native stone and features two tennis courts, pool, restaurant and regularly scheduled entertainment, including calypso bands, films and even crab races; yacht and flying clubs; water-skiing, scuba, snorkeling, fishing gear and also cars for hire; bicycles available at no charge; transport to Stocking Island for picnicking, beachcombing and great breaker swimming. What, no polo?

Pretty Molly Bay Club, Little Exuma: Isolated spot ten miles from George Town with 24 balconied rooms, five acres of private white-sand beach; rental cars, bikes, skiffs and motorboats for fishing and water-skiing.

Regatta Point, George Town: No lobby, restaurant or saloon here, but the six apartments with perfect privacy and vistas of Sam Cay make this one of Exuma's most enticing retreats; kitchens in all quarters; full maid service.

as how he's proud to be an Okie from Muskogee, and that's who they are: tropical hillbillies who fish instead of sharecropping but remain true to the old ideals: Black natives come in from Eleuthera every morning to do whatever work isn't fit for white folks, and they're all gone by six o'clock at night. We had heard about that on Harbour Island, and a black kid we met here, walking a bicycle and carrying a wicker basket full of onions, confirmed it. We were lost, on an island all of three miles long, and as he walked out of his way to show us the street we wanted, I asked if he lived here. He answered only that he used to but didn't anymore, as if the reason was so obvious even a lost tourist didn't need to be told.

After aiming us in the right direction, he hopped onto his bike and rode back the way we'd just come, probably late delivering his onions. We hadn't gone far when two blonde teeny-boppers turned a corner and began walking toward us. One of them, on seeing me, switched on a bawdy virginal look that did my scarred heart good, shot it at me in Lolita beams until we all passed one another. Margaret, kind, said smiling, "She *liked* you."

"That's all right. I don't get looked at like that very often, and I'll take it even from a Pinder."

"You know what would have happened——"

"Sure." And we built the fantasy: If *one* thing had gone down, if as she passed I had breathed in her direction, it would have happened: Out of every spotless house crazed blood cousins would have come running, 30,000 of them, blind mad with outrage, to cleanse the stain on her honor by stomping me until the last one got tired of kicking. The line must be kept pure, the family tree continue to grow as it always has, branches curling in closed ingrown loops and fused twisted gyres, less like a tree than an ever-increasing plate of spaghetti.

The water we had to cross was not black like the Styx, but by the time we got to his boat, the taximan looked a whole lot like Charon; and even as he sped us back toward the land of the living, we couldn't help looking back over our shoulders, just in case.

• • •

Andros isn't exactly the gem of the Bahamas. It is, technically, the largest of the islands, but miles of salt marshes, like shallow bomb craters awash with souring sea water, eat into much of it, especially in the south and along the western edge. Many fresh-water lakes also diminish the land; and while they are full of gray snapper, perch and catfish, they also mean bugs: mosquitoes and sand flies and a variety of flying gnat, no bigger than a flake of ground pepper, that can go through screens, bed sheets and layers of Off to get you where it itches.

It would be a place to avoid if it weren't for what lies underwater to the east: a fantastic barrier reef, second largest in the world, growing along the length of the coast like a sunken final parenthesis, ending suddenly at The Wall, a sharp cliff beneath the sea that drops straight 6000 feet into the Tongue of the Ocean. There is no better place for scuba diving.

We tried it, both for the first time, at the Small Hope Bay Lodge, a resort that at first seems well named. You get to it along a gravel road packed over a stagnant-smelling marsh; but a high wooden fence hides the marsh from the resort, and once inside it is as pleasant as you could wish. The first thing you see beyond the gate is a long bank of scuba tanks and regulators stretching on into racks of face masks and fins. Small Hope Bay exists for one reason. And it attracts the most interesting bunch of people we encountered. The ex-Canadian owner, Dick Birch, is not only an expert diver; he is seriously and intelligently concerned with the social and economic problems of the Bahamas—a concern shared by Rosie, his enthusiastic American wife. She works as a one-woman Peace Corps in the best sense, developing at the moment a cottage industry with native women who live nearby, teaching them to make simple batik garments in bright shades and designs inspired by the sea. Talk with the Birches hops from politics to fem lib to sensitivity (they've held sessions for the guests here) to the possible merits of vitamin E. And in the little library that has haphazardly accumulated in the lodge, among the usual worn mysteries and dusty classics are *Das Kapital*, *The Sane Society* and *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*. The guests while we were there seemed too young and wore too much long hair to be called that; and they were a group, not a collection of pairs. On the afternoon we got there, several of them, just back from the day's deep dive, were gathered around a blackboard in the lodge. The subject under laughing discussion was a phenomenal ridge they'd found on the dive; what to name it. All sorts of suggestions, all rejected, then a short flurry of trips to the unabridged dictionary, and the announcement went up:

PSILOCYBIN RIDGE
140′
Scuba or Not
Whatever Feels Right

Our chance came the next morning, on, it must be admitted, a baby dive—all the way down to 15 feet. We rode out to the reef on a pontoon boat covered with equipment and novices. Janet Birch, Dick's blonde college-age daughter, took on the task of showing us how to make everything work: You wear the weight belt like this, the regulator gets attached to the tank here, this is how you get water out of your mask, now stand on the side and jump in.

I stood, trying to balance 40 pounds of lead-covered air on my back, stumbling in my flippers to the edge of the plywood deck. And stood there, struck—this can't work; jumping into water wearing this much weight is like putting out a contract on myself—and jumped anyway, dropped into the sea covered with equipment to compensate for evolutionary failings, sure as I splashed that the technology couldn't be trusted, no matter what anybody said. So I hovered near the boat, a foot or two underwater, expecting treachery. But it didn't come. Instead, when you begin to believe that the rubber thing in your mouth will continue to shoot long gasps of air at you, when you finally realize that it is not a shuck, that you can actually strap all this shit on yourself and *breathe* under water, when that happens, the ocean: drifting among brain coral and sea fans and fish; silver clouds of minnows flowing around you in delicate sheets; angel fish floating unconcerned inches from your face, sometimes flipping closer to give your mask a friendly nuzzle; darting little half-dollar-sized numbers, not yellow and blue but *yellow* and *blue*. The colors: One of the good divers with us broke up a sea urchin—a sort of marine porcupine shaped like a tennis ball covered with a spray of long black spines that protect the tender white flesh inside—and the fish came crowding to feed, shredding the urchin in fast lunges, ignoring the strange bubbling spectators watching them. Spectacular, outrageous: Merry Pranksters of fish, done out in flashing Day-Glo splotches and patterns, like carp and perch and lunker bass all got up *wild* and stopping for a snack on their way to an Acid Test at the Fillmore Down.

• • •

And one final beach, on Green Turtle Cay, off Abaco, the prettiest by far that we saw: walking near sunset along a sandy path through pine trees, sending land crabs scurrying with a dry rustle through the brown bed of fallen needles, some backing up tough, claws raised and ready for a fight. And then the beach: a calm, flawless crescent of bay, pellucid water absolutely still, shining golden in the gently dying afternoon light. A single small pier broke the symmetry, and standing on it we could see the gliding shadows of young barracuda feeding near the shore, while among the pilings gray snapper swerved in silent formation. It was, as the ads promise, not a world away but out of this world.

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FROM STONEHENGE

(continued from page 119)

ships, landing on the moon, traveling to Mars, making the grand tour heading for Betelgeuse. But our space program is in the process of being junked. Men are in the saddle, riding the machine back into the swamp, there to drown and die.

Sometimes, late at night, I feel my lips moving in my sleep. I awake to hear the last syllables of some old truths repeated and repeated, because, even in slumber, I feel no one is listening. So here are the words again, in the hope that someone truly understands:

Space travel is the single most important thing that man has ever done in his long history. The landing of Apollo 11 on the moon on July 20, 1969, is the single most important event in our three billion years of evolution—commensurate, if you please, with the birth/death/rebirth of Christ. If this seems blasphemous, read on. I come not to bury faith but to resurrect it.

My problem is: How do I make this old problem sound new?

By saying: Stand tall. Travel far. Live long. Be immortal.

By saying: Apollo 11. Apollo 12. Apollo 16.

And: Stonehenge. Tranquillity Base.

Try these last on your tongue. Say them aloud.

Why? Because the shadow of winter ape men on England's ancient moors has reached up to fit an astronaut's shoes and stir the strange dust of the moon. The history of all mankind is in such shadows and such dust. The time span we speak of began three billion years before this morning and will not end ten billion years beyond tonight. But, in mid-stride hamstrung, we have shot down Apollo. The barbarian bowling teams of history have won the day. And the monkeys, gibbering from the jungle's rim, close in to take over. The rest may well be silence.

"Isn't it wonderful, Ted? The big bands are coming back!"

I am reminded of a terrifying scene in *Things to Come,* that fabulous picture made by H. G. Wells back in 1936, when I was in high school. I saw the film only 12 times the first year it was out, but I recall Sir Cedric Hardwicke heading his mob of intellectuals of both left and right, fisting the air at man's first rocket to the moon, poised on the launching pad, and crying out: "Cease! Desist! Turn back!" What was once film footage has now become reality. The intellectuals of the world, in full cry, are out to dismantle the spaceships and bury them back at Stonehenge.

It's been a lonely business, mine, to speak for space travel the past 35 years. I felt little or no company when I was 17, in my last year at high school, writing my first stories about landing on the moon. I don't feel much more company surrounding me today. In fact, I feel lonelier, for we have indeed *made* it to Tranquillity Base and come home—to untranquil times. But, lonely or not, I must go on speaking my piece.

How often in the past years have we heard: Why spend all that money on the moon when we need it for jobs for people here on earth? This is dimwit, ten-watt-bulb thinking. It's like saying: Let's unemploy people in order to employ them. Let's fire people in order to hire them. But fire from what to hire for what?

The fact is, of course, that not a single penny has been spent *on* the moon. Not a mill. Not a whisper of a sliver of a dollar. Everything has been spent in Poughkeepsie and Muskegon and Houston and El Monte and East Tuskegee and West Waukegan. The money has been spent on black people and white people. And the money has bought jobs, jobs, jobs. All of the money for Apollo flooded earth and hired and enriched hundreds of thousands of people—who now, gunshot, walking wounded, rank as unemployeds.

Wouldn't it make more sense to unemploy the millions involved with the illogic of Vietnam? Where is the real money we can grab and use for cities, civil rights, ecology? It jingles in the pockets of the military. It clinks in the vests of black marketeers in Saigon. It nestles in Swiss banks, seeded there by our friends the South Vietnamese. Where are our priorities?

It follows that we must do everything at once. Man must save himself simultaneously on two levels. He must survive in the infectious dust of earth that he has stomped into clouds of smog about his head. But he must also survive—live forever—upon the moon, upon Mars, eventually, in hibernation along the way, awakening in a new Garden, never to be driven forth again, saved forever, on some planet circumnavigating a new

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sun so far away we cannot count the miles.

Toynbee speaks of the challenge and response of various tribes, nations and racial groups in the long history of man. Those who refuse the challenge, who will not respond, become the detritus of history. In our time, it almost seems that every day brings forth a newer, greater, more doom-ridden challenge. We are Moses on the mountain with the Ten Commandments suddenly revealed—but weighing ten billion tons in our affrighted hands. We would like to drop the whole burden, retire to the lunatic farm and babble out our restful days. Yet the universe will not accept lunacy, save to tread upon it, grind it under and go on to other yeasting experiments.

Bernard Shaw describes creative evolution as matter and force making itself over into intelligence and spirit. The universe is full of matter and force. Yet in all that force, among all the bulks and gravities, the rains of cosmic light, the bombardments of energy, among all that, how little spirit, how small the sum of intelligence. *We* are that spirit. *We* are that intelligence. Dumb, sometimes, yes. Awful, quite often. Dreadful apish brutes, on occasion following occasion.

And yet I would not see our candle blown out in the wind. It is a small thing, this dear gift of life handed us mysteriously out of immensity. I would not have that gift expire. Crossing the wilderness, centuries ago, men carried in covered cows' horns the coals of the previous nights' fires to start new fires on the nights ahead. Thus we carry ourselves in the universal wilderness and blow upon the coals and kindle new lives and move on yet again.

So neither Shaw nor I, if you will excuse me for trotting in his shadow, is here to celebrate the defeat of man by matter, but to proclaim his high destiny and urge him on to it.

Are we, therefore, grand great good tall heroes deserving of fame and immortality? Hardly. We are poor beggars in the long night of the abyss, begging for crumbs on cold street corners where death is certain for one mistake. Are we beautiful, lovely, endearing, romantic wonders of morality? No. We are Quasimodo, ten billion times squared, hunched of back, blind of eye, pitiful of stance, yet reaching to pull that rope and ring all the loud bells of the universe and listen to them—forever. And we shall do it.

The dream of mankind has been to someday kill death. We have written of it in our stories, novels, songs, poems. Dylan Thomas says: "And death shall have no dominion." John Donne concurs that "Death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die." We echo them and cry out to the Reaper that one day we will shatter his scythe and scatter its shards amid the stars. In our time, the rocket arrives as shatterer of the scythe. The rocket fire promises to burn clean the graves of history and sweeten the winds of tomorrow with the good smell of man become everlasting seed to the universe.

It is surely apparent from all I have put down so far that I look upon space not as an experiment in paramilitary physics but as a *religious* enterprise. The proper study of mankind is man. The proper study of man is God. The proper study of God is space. All wheel about one another in concentric gravities. All are one.

In a drama of mine broadcast in London a while back, I placed a priest in the midst of a spaceman's chapel the night before a journey to the interstellar deeps. He spoke about space, time and life triumphant:

> Is God dead? An ancient topic now. But once our response might have been no, only sleeping until you dreadful bores shut up. A better question is: Are you dead? Does your blood move in your hand? Does your hand move to touch metal? Does that metal move to touch space? Do wild thoughts of travel and migration move behind your flesh? They do. You live. Therefore, *He* lives.
>
> You are the thin skin of life upon an unsensing earth. You are that growing edge of God which manifests itself in hungers for space. So much of God lies vibrantly asleep. The very stuffs of worlds and galaxies, they know not themselves. God reaches for the stars. You are His hand. Creation manifest, you go to find, He goes to find, Himself.

The rocket blasts off in thunder.

All the myths we have ever spoken, born of our guts and issued from our mouths, and written in our books and acted in our pageants are the sum total of Man/God. We stir in our own sleep. We would *be*. We could *become*. We would sum ourselves up to more than we now are. If the universe is mindless, *we* have mind. If the universe knows not, *we* know. If the universe is empty, we will fill it.

In sum, it is not either/or but *all*. We cannot choose between. We must choose both: earth *and* space. If that seems difficult, why, all of life has always been difficult—but would we have it any other way, I wonder? There lies the terror—and the fun. There is the game of lose and win and lose and win again.

In Wells's screenplay for *Things to Come*, Hardwicke raves at the head of his mob: "We don't *want* mankind to go out to the moon and the planets. We shall hate you more if you succeed than if you fail. Is there never to be calm and happiness for man?"

To which the captain of the ship radios his reply: "Either life goes forward or it goes back. Beware the concussion!"

The rocket fires.

In a vast telescope mirror, the fathers of the two astronauts watch the small fire of the rocket moving toward the moon, and one speaks: "My God, is there never to be an age of happiness? Is there never to be rest?"

To which the other answers: "Rest enough for the individual man. Too much of it and too soon, and we call it death. But for *man*, no rest and no ending. He must go on—conquest beyond conquest. This little planet, its winds and ways, and all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him. Then the planets about him, and at last out across immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time, still he will be beginning."

He points out at the universe.

"It is that—or *this*. All the universe—or nothingness. Which shall it be?"

The two men fade. The stars remain. The music rises.

"Which shall it be?" his voice repeats.

It is ours to choose. If we choose wrongly, we stay on earth and bury ourselves forever at Stonehenge. If we choose aright, we turn our backs on the suffocation of the grave, the moldering of all our best and most beautiful plans, the death of infant man, and go to resurrect ourselves among the stars.

Then will death itself die? Yes. Yes to life. Yes to the universe. Yes to all and everything, forever.

Yes.

When all else is saying no.

If all the wars were stopped tomorrow, and the blood ceased boiling, and the skies were cleared of their pollution, and uncivil strifes were put to rest, what then? Should we sit and wait for the sun to run down? For the earth to freeze in some arctic blizzard, or burn in some solar fire, should the sun explode?

We must not wait to freeze or burn. The time of going away is upon us. We must pack and go. A few itinerant gypsies on the road, at first. And then, a vast journeying of souls. For it is certain that if we stay here we die, and all dies with us, and God's effort, in this part of the universe, will be for nought.

Challenge and response. Response and challenge. Toynbee's voice ghosts us down the years ahead. What do I hand you now, traveler? A suitcase stuffed with spirits to last beyond Alpha Centauri? Or a shovel for your grave? Choose one. Move or dig.

As for me, I move. I go to drink from the Big Dipper. And the stuff I drink is life. Come with.

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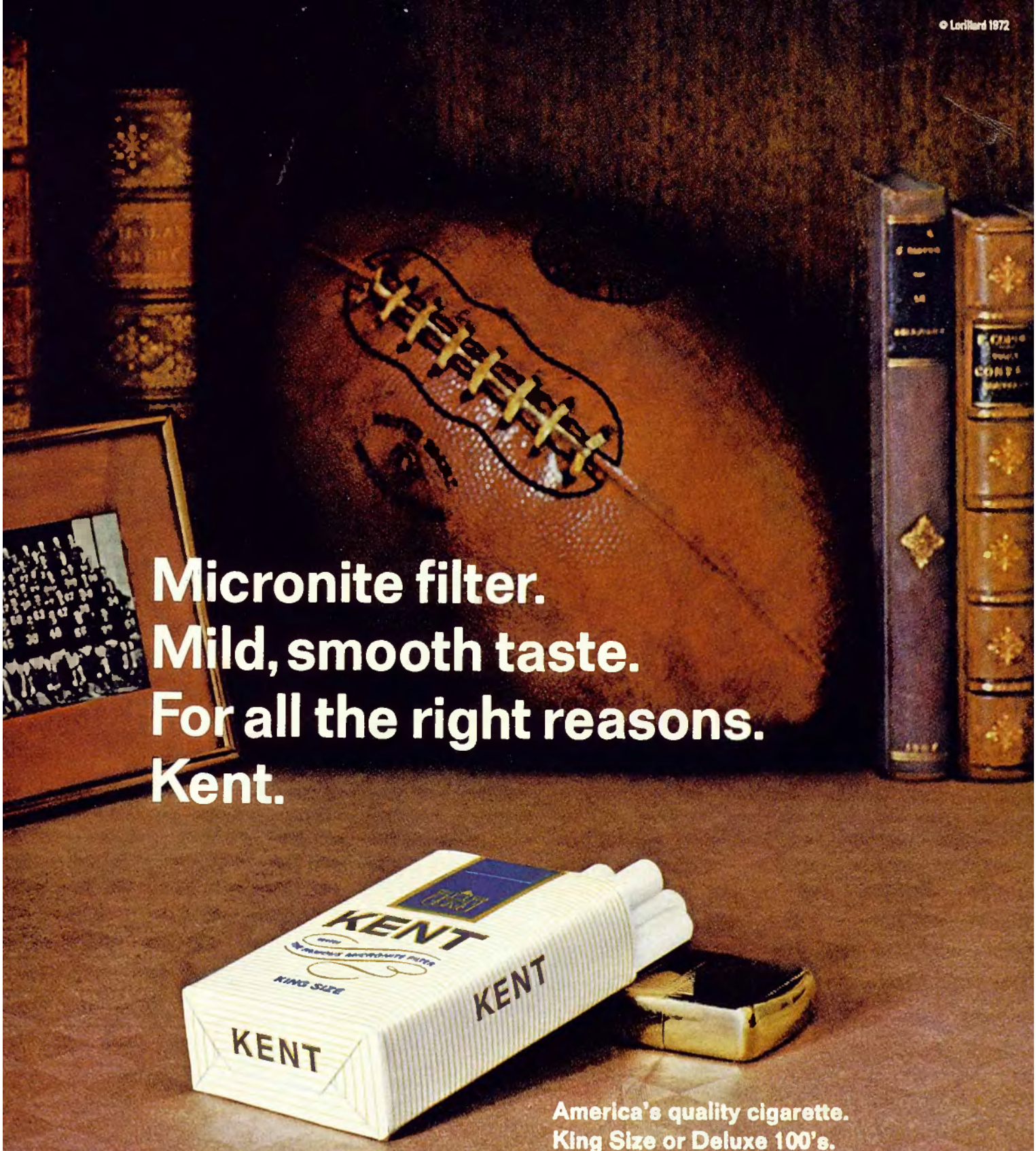

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TRUCKIN' WITH GRETCHEN

(continued from page 194)

found needle marks in her arm and immediately started injecting her with a heroin substitute that she didn't need or want, because it wasn't smack she'd been shooting but downers. She tried to tell the matron that the drug was just making her high and constipated, but the doctor came in twice that day anyway, and insisted on shooting her in a "roller," which is a vein that won't stay in one place and makes the needle painful. She called the doctor a pervert, too. She'd also had hepatitis once, from using the community needle, and she said if there was one thing worse than jail, it was to be weak and horny for six weeks in a hospital under a doctor's orders that she could have no drugs that would get her off and no visitors who might bring her drugs. But there was a crazy old woman in the next bed who swore she was visited by her dead husband every night and who was willing to trade her ration of sleeping pills to Gretchen for dirty books. "She gave me ten hits, five days' worth, for *The Big Whip*, but when I really figured her out, I started getting like fifteen for things like *Sisters in Love*."

Before eight I asked her where I could call her, and she said I couldn't, because the Chemist had rigged a stolen phone in their apartment and had taken the bell off so that the telephone company wouldn't know, and that they could make outgoing calls only. But she said not to worry, that she'd call me about the pound of grass and the ounce of blond Lebanese hash I had asked for, and about a week later she did.

"Hello, is this the Bishop?"

"Gretchen?"

"Yeah."

"Who's the Bishop?"

"You are," she said as if it were a present.

"OK, what's up?"

"Well . . . this is Merrill Lynch El Dopo and Pierce calling to say that Lebanese cheese closed today at one hundred and eighty a share . . . and, let's see . . . if I can fucking find it here . . . yes . . . Mexican gold smelters is holding around one hundred and fifty a share, so . . . how 'bout it?"

"Ah, is a share of the Mexican stock, ah, like a pound?"

"Yes, yes and shit," she said slowly. "You have blown my very clever code, you know. . . ."

"I'm sorry. I want a full share of each."

"OK, one share L. C.—dynamite cheese, really—and one share M. G.; I got it and I'll bring it by tomorrow."

After she hung up, I began to believe that she really did have all the dope she said and that nicknames and telephone codes were more than idle games for her. Then my paranoia took a little fantasy leap and it occurred to me that the two of us might be the first people ever to be busted on drug charges by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

The next day she showed up with everything in a Bonwit Teller bag. The grass smelled good and seemed moist and fresh and I rolled it in my hands and sniffed at it, although I can tell nothing about any kind of drug that way. Finally, the only test I have ever found is to put it into my body and wait. If I do not die or lose my mind, or murder someone, or run screaming through a window calling the names of God and my seventh-grade girlfriend, then I know that it is good dope in the right dose. Grass and hash have always proved benign by this test and I do not worry about them. But with almost everything else—mescaline and acid, THC and coke—that I have snorted or dropped, I have always felt like the man who ate the first artichoke. When I was young, my stepfather used to tell the story (at dinner with artichokes, usually) of that anonymous daredevil who had "taken his life in his hands to find out if that prickly green thing was edible." I always pictured him as a Salinas Valley Indian, and now in my 29th year, I am nearly sure he was looking to get high, not fed. And if he was in *that* mood, looking for magic fruits and weeds to make the world different for himself, then archangels and the threat of hell couldn't have kept him out of that garden, nor from making dangerous friends among its snakes. Some people are just like that. And it has always been a hopeful sign for me that with all the millions of pounds of illegal drugs that get peddled on the streets of America every year, the capitalists who sell them seem much more interested in ripping their customers off than in poisoning them.

"How do I know this is a pound, Gretchen?"

"Trust me," she said.

She dug the hash out of the bag and it really was blond—white, almost—and it smelled like cinnamon. It was about the size and shape of a Three Musketeers bar and had a little chunk gone out of one corner. When I said that it looked like mice had been at the Lebanese cheese, she told me to think of it as her commission. Then she suggested a walk through snowy Lincoln Park so that I could try a little of each, because, she said, satisfaction was guaranteed, and she would take it back if I didn't like it.

I told her that I worried about the police, but she said not to, that it was too cold to get busted. "You goddamn nearly have to fire-bomb a pig's car to get him out of it when it's this cold. Spring and summer you got to be a little cool, but never in winter." Then she paused a second and said, "I never thought about it, man, but California must be *awful*. All that sunshine; no wonder you're paranoid."

We went into the park at LaSalle Street and Gretchen lit the first joint under the statue of Ben Franklin.

"He wouldn't approve," I said, pointing up.

"Fuck him," she said, and we started north through the deserted snow fields of the park.

Somewhere near a statue of Hans Christian Andersen, she told me that she'd been a kid on the South Side, that her mother was a dental nurse and a stone Virgo, that her father was a Great Lakes tugboat captain and that she had gotten her first piece of ass in a forest preserve near O'Hare airport when she was 18 years old.

She hadn't seen her father in years, she said, and even when she was young, he hadn't been around much. There were long jobs on the lakes, like the dredging of the St. Lawrence Seaway, and when he was home, out of the bitter wind and the company of seamen, he was drunk and timidly mean, which Gretchen guessed was the reason she couldn't get into booze. She said her mother had been using Benzedrine ever since she could remember and that she was an awful woman who had pussy-whipped her husband out of being an artist. Maybe a great one.

She said she'd been a Bunny in the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel until she went out with a guest and was fired, that she was a quadruple Leo, that she couldn't stand being alone for even an hour and that she just wanted to be happy: not powerful, not rich, not prettier than she was already. Just happy.

We were standing near Schiller and not far from Shakespeare now, at the head of the concourse that ends at the Lincoln Park Conservatory doors. It's a great plant house that I had been in often, straight and stoned, to look at the big palms and rich ferns and other plants. I was stoned now because we had finished the joint and it seemed to be the same great stuff we had smoked that night in the cab. I was about to suggest that we go into the glass-roofed, jungle-humid conservatory and smell the differences among the orchids, but my fear stopped me. It was always summer in there, I thought, and I was afraid the old guard who stood at the door might pick today to give me and my Bonwit's bag the junkies' rush and put us up against one ivy-covered wall or another. So I *told* Gretchen, with some horticultural detail, about the trip and she said, "Good dope, huh?"

We were near the bronze Carl von Linné, the father of modern botany, when she took out a hash pipe and loaded

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it with a chunk off the little brick.

"Wait till you taste *this*," she said.

"I am in no way going to be able to judge the quality of the fucking hash after that joint," I told her while she lit the pipe.

"Never mind, let me tell you how they get this stuff," she said, "and I will tell you true, because I never lie to friends. First of all, this is pollen, not resin like the black stuff, and it comes from Lebanon. And what they do is let the hemp plants get heavy with the pollen, so it's just about to drop, and then they get naked and wet themselves down and run through the fields until their bodies are all goiden with the stuff. Then they come back and scrape the pollen off with sticks and then press it into blocks. Fantastic, huh?" I told her it was a nice piece of dope mythology whether it was true or not. "I swear, it's true," she said.

I asked her where she got it and she hinted that she and the Chemist had Mob connections, which is what all drug pushers with dreams of empire will tell you in Chicago.

"You remember last summer's drought," she said. "Well, when the shipment that finally broke it came in, *certain gentlemen* made me a present of thirty pounds of seeds from it. Now, if you can imagine how much marijuana it takes to get thirty pounds of seeds, you will see that I do not fuck around with the small stuff."

"Did you know that you live very near the street that Bugs Moran lived on?" I asked her. She looked happily surprised. "You're only a couple of blocks from his old apartment."

We were standing near Goethe now, and although his name is pronounced "Go-thee" in Chicago, his statue is biggest and handsomest of all. "Too bad they don't have a statue of Bugs in this beautiful park," I said.

"Now, that," she said, "is an outasight idea. Perhaps I will talk to my alderman, because I think there should definitely be a Bugs Moran memorial, like this one. I mean, that dude was willing to *fight* for his drug. Even if it *was* booze."

Then she said she had to split and headed west up Diversey.

"Maybe I'll come and see you at work," I yelled.

"Nah, the fucking bunch of perverts fired me. I'll phone you," she called back.

It was two weeks before I saw her again at Wayne's, and she didn't phone to say that she was coming. As it turned out, she wasn't in shape enough to use even a push-button phone. Wayne and I were sitting in his living room—my bedroom—around midnight, drinking beer. He was also getting into some Makers Mark bourbon and I was into the Lebanese cheese. We were telling each other lies about other places and other times, and Merle Haggard was on the stereo singing *Who Do I Know in Dallas?* for about the fifth time. As a rule, I'll take the Beach Boys or the Grateful Dead way before country, but Wayne is from Alabama, which puts Merle about dead center in his record rack. And with the hash and the good talk, I was getting to like it.

Wayne is generally thought of as a red-neck, but the truth is that he is only about 50 percent Gulf Coast good old boy. The other half went to a Midwestern college to study economics and philosophy and enjoys late-night conversations about what is real in the universe, North or South. His apartment, however, looks like a Dixie barroom. A courthouse-sized rebel flag hangs on one wall and poster-sized pictures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on another. His Vietnam combat helmet has a dying philodendron planted in it and hangs from a central doorjamb, and the green beret he very occasionally puts on sits on one of the stereo speakers. There's a Navy dress sword that leans up against a closet, a coffee table made out of a hatch cover and a high-powered bow and arrow with a camouflage case. In the whole apartment, there is only one concession to hip America and that was a mistake: In trying to buy a fluorescent light for his bathroom, he got a black light instead, which he installed anyway, and which gave all the porcelain an eerie glow.

I had told him about Gretchen, that I thought she was amazingly together, considering the life she led, that she was funny and pretty and that he would like her. But two weeks had been a longer time for her than for me, and that night she came through the door with the skin tightly drawn across her face, her eyes red and one of them drooping, and her red-cord pants, which she still had on, hanging baggier than ever.

"I'm sorry, man," she said as soon as she was in. "I just don't think I can walk any more and I got a lot of money on me and I'm afraid of getting ripped off, you know. If I could just rest a minute. . . ."

I introduced Wayne. She looked at him, then smiled and said, "You're so big. You're Wayne the Bear." Then she started coughing and choking.

We got her onto the couch and she said that she had just delivered some coke to a Lake Shore high-rise a few blocks away, that she had been speeding for two days and was trying to come down behind some Seconal she'd just taken.

"I didn't think . . . I would . . . come down this . . . fast," she said and began coughing again.

"How many downers, Gretch?" I asked in a slow, clear voice. "Are you gonna O.D.?"

Her head was propped up at one end of the couch very close to a duck-decoy lamp on the end table. She opened her eyes for a second, saw the mallard head and said, "Oh . . . hi . . . how are you? . . . Me, too," then closed her eyes and groaned.

"Are you gonna die, Gretchen?" I asked her. "Shall I get an ambulance?"

Wayne was standing with the bottle of bourbon in his hand, watching, and looking like this was the final piece of evidence that it was easier to survive snakes, malaria and the V.C. than it was to live in the city. I had begun running around like a medic without bandages (I decided to make some coffee). Gretchen just lay there making bad noises, trying to die of wounds we couldn't see. About the time I got water boiling, someone else was at the door and Wayne called out that he'd answer it.

When I got back to the living room, Wayne the Bear was standing with all his six-odd feet and 225 pounds across the doorway, nearly toe to toe with a tall, grubby, long-haired kid who had a large mouth and was asking for Gretchen. Wayne just stood there, foursquare for Makers Mark, a roadhouse bouncer, and the kid was saying, "I got to see her, man, I'm a friend, really, and I got to get her out of here."

Gretchen rolled her head, squeaked one eye open and said, "Oh, it's old Lips, let him in, you guys. OK?"

Wayne did, and Lips was almost to the couch when he began to notice the walls and got an "Oh, *shit*" look on his face. "Come on, Gretchen," he said, "we gotta go now. The Chemist is gonna kill you. Get up. . . ."

He was shaking her and she was mumbling that she was too tired, that she just wanted to rest for a minute, and then he began to slap her face.

"Hey, come on," I said. "That's not gonna do any good. She's crashing."

"Yeah, well, she crashes a lot, but I got to get her home," he said and slapped her some more.

Wayne spoke from the corner now, where he was sitting with the bourbon between his knees, picking his nails with a mammoth pocketknife he carries.

"Ah, maybe you better not hit her any more, like he said." He had on his thickest red-neck accent and the same side of the Haggard album had started replaying.

"Shit," said Lips, "I got to do something, man, what am I gonna do?"

"Look, I'm making some coffee," I told him, "and if we get her in shape, you can have her, or if we don't, she can stay here."

"No, no she can't," he said, shaking his head, trying to watch Wayne and talk to me at the same time. "She's got a lot of money on her that isn't hers and I don't know how many downers she popped and we have to split."

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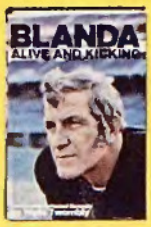

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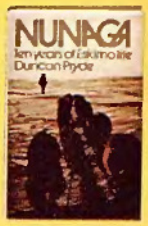

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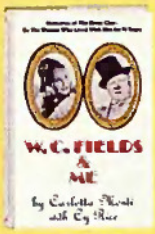

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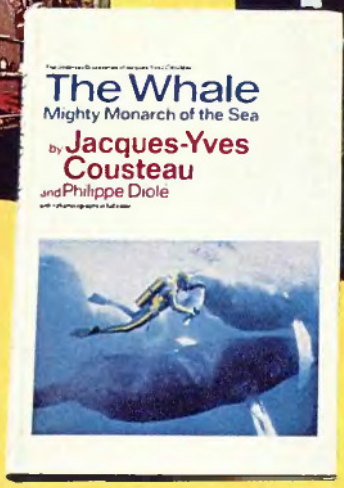

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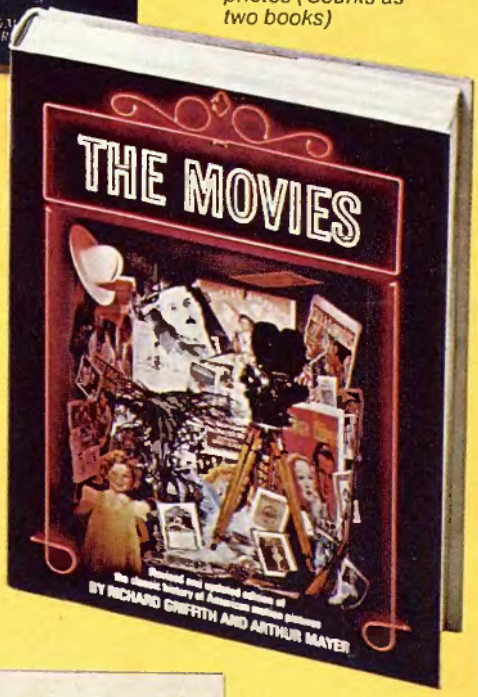

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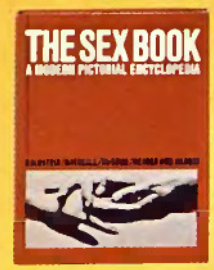

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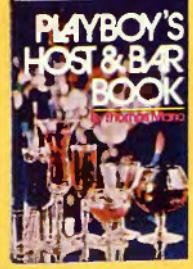

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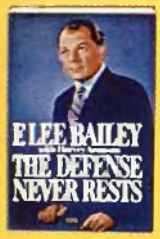

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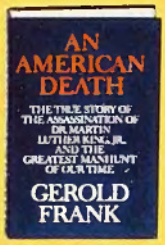

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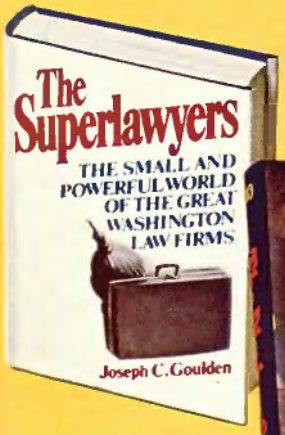

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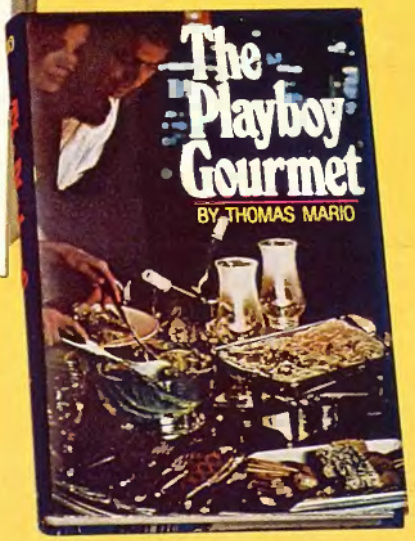

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instead?" said Wayne.

I had Gretchen propped about halfway up now and was trying to get instant coffee into her. I burned her mouth, she spit and flopped back down. "Come on, Gretch, you're scaring me," I told her.

Lips asked if he could piss, Wayne said yes, and the kid went past the bow and arrow, under the helmet flowerpot and into the bathroom. Wayne looked at me and shook his head. "She's just barely breathing," I said.

And then from the bathroom we heard, "Far out, man, far fucking out." Lips had turned on the light. "Too fucking much. Shit, look at the label on the shaving cream, what a trip, man."

"It's a mistake," Wayne yelled from his chair. "I was trying to get a fluorescent. . . ."

"Oh, man, no, this is too far out. Fucking shower curtain looks like the aurora borealis; it's beautiful."

"Just finish what you're doing and come on outa there," shouted Wayne.

"I will, man," came the answer, "I will; it's so far out."

Wayne was trying to look mean, but I was laughing, and Lips came back into the room zipping his fly and saying, "That's something else in there," and then he bent down to Gretchen again and started to whine in her ear. "Come on, Gretch, you gotta be in court tomorrow and if you fuck up, the Chemist is gonna stomp your ass. . . . Wake up, you fucking downer freak."

"What's she going to court for?" I asked him.

"It's just possession, it's nothing, but she's got to show up. Fucking . . . wake up, you stupid bitch . . . how do you get so fucked up?"

"All you have to do is speed for three days——" I started to say.

"It ain't the speed," he said. "I been speeding for three days—shit, I been speeding for eight years—that's not what fucks you up."

Wayne looked up from his fingernails. "A man would have to be some kind of fool to put that stuff in his body on a regular basis."

"It's better than that," said Lips, pointing to the bottle in Wayne's lap. Wayne gave him a killer eye and didn't say anything. I rolled Gretchen over and asked her if she wanted to go.

"No," she said, then, "yes . . . no . . . I *have* to, man. . . ." I got some of the cold coffee down her and she gagged but swallowed it. Then Lips lifted her to her feet and she fell. Then I helped him lift her again, he checked her pockets for the money and half dragged her to the door. She was trying to apologize again, but it wasn't coming out. One of her eyes wouldn't open at all now, and as the two of them crashed down the stairs, I wondered if she was going to die in the taxi.

"Fetchin' Gretchen," said Wayne after they'd gone. "If she's together, my friend, you and I had better talk about the nature of what it is to be apart."

• • •

Over the last part of the winter things seemed to get better for Gretch. She beat her possession charge—easily, she told me, because you can still buy a cop in Chicago if you show up at the courthouse with cash. "You have to pay them to lie or to tell the truth, whichever is more favorable to your case," she said. She had bought a lie and it had cost $50.

And she had a new job, as a bar waitress and substitute dancer at one of the Mob-owned North Side topless joints. The tips were good, and for a Chicago girl who'd grown up knowing how to clip conventioneers, there were extras. One night, for instance, a drunken Arizona restaurateur who was grabbing at her ass and calling her "girlie" gave her a $100 bill, thinking it was a ten. She made quick change for a ten and stuck the hundred in her leotard for when it rained, which, she told me, it was doing more and more often in her life. When I asked her why, she showed me the inside of her arm: It was covered with the little dit dit dits that she called her needlework. I asked her if it was downers again and she said no, that she and one of the other dancers, whom she called Taxie Ann, had gone from skin popping to muscle shooting to mainlining all in two months, backstage, between sets. She said the owners left the stuff around, which was nasty and nice at the same time, and that she didn't know if she was hooked, because she hadn't really stopped long enough to find out and was afraid to. She said the Chemist was pissed, but not enough to have her quit the job, and that she was pretty sure she was strung out. Then she asked me again if I wanted to try some and I told her no again.

"Oh, Bishop," she said, "it's not as bad as you think and there's no high like it in the universe to get you through an eight-hour shift . . . of anything. You just only heard the bad stuff about junk."

"It's the Devil," I told her.

She called me a fucking Catholic and stuck her tongue out at me.

She lost the job a couple of weeks later and the Chemist ruined a batch of speed he was cooking, so she started to call me about twice a week to see if I wanted to buy any grass. The pound price got lower and lower every time we talked and although I had plenty, I started buying. I had moved in with Sharon again and our new, tender relationship was straining over the subject of Gretchen, anyway, and the worst moments were always around the vegetable crisper of the refrigerator, which was full of about three pounds of marijuana. But Sharon's humor is mighty when it is not on the blink, and she kept saying things about us getting beriberi or busted if I didn't make room for some fresh fruit. I promised to sell some and eat the rest. Then I told her that I was getting off Gretchen's case, anyway, because it was starting to make me nervous.

The next time Gretchen called, I asked her what she was doing with all the money she was getting from me.

"Same thing you're doing with the pot," she said.

I told her that was unlikely and that I was going to have to cool it for a while and she said, "OK," in a you-asked-for-it tone. "I'll tell you what I do with the bread. Anyway, I'll tell you what I did yesterday with fifty dollars. I got up in the morning feeling very fucked up and tore my crib apart looking for a bag of junk that I thought was left over—but it was gone. So I walked real fast down to Broadway and hitched a ride about twenty blocks north to a friend's place, gave him the money and took the stuff, but he was being a shit and wouldn't let me do it up there, even though I was in a hurry. Then I went back out onto Broadway and found a Wonder Bread truck. There's a little platform on those trucks and you can hang on and there's a big sign about eye level that says, 'Wonder Bread helps build strong bodies twelve ways.' I was going to tell the driver that I'd found number thirteen, but I chickened out. I wanted to get home fast, anyway, so I decided to let the bastard find out for himself. I mean, I can't go around saving the whole fucking city," she said, and then laughed as if it weren't funny.

"How do you feel now?" I asked her.

"Great," she said. "Don't be mad at me."

• • •

The first smell of spring in Chicago is dog shit melting out from under the ice and snow that preserves it for the winter. But the edge goes off the wind, people can go out casually again, and do, and by Gretchen's theory, paranoia in the drug community should blossom like a jacaranda.

I hadn't seen her for about two months when I ran into her in front of Woolworth's on Broadway. She didn't look good, but she didn't look bad, either, for a junkie, and I told her that.

"I'm not a junkie anymore, Bishop," she said almost brightly. "I got hepatitis again and was in the hospital for six weeks and I kicked."

"Great," I said.

"Yeah, and it wasn't bad at all. I hardly had any pains or cramps, which just goes to prove how shitty Chicago smack is—lucky for me. Now I'm back on speed and coke and grass and I feel fine, just fine, except my doctor says

"My hunch is that you'll find them either at the Grand Hotel or the new Bethlehem. Both have excellent mangers."

that my liver is gonna quit if I don't stay away from downers. But I'm doing pretty good; give myself a gold star."

Then she asked me why I hadn't come over to meet the Chemist and have a nice joint and I told her I would later that afternoon.

"How's your supply?" she asked.

"Jesus, I'm down to two and a half pounds," I told her. "Goddamn near cold turkey."

Gretchen had talked about the Chemist off and on over the time I'd known her. He was a Chicago kid, too, but had grown up in a North Shore high-rise because his father was a shoelace tycoon. The Chemist stood to inherit all the money if he could only outlive Dad. She said he had a degree in chemistry from the University of Chicago and had been taking speed ever since he was 17 years old, 5'7" and 230 pounds. A doctor had started him on diet pills then, and now, at the age of 34, he was up to nearly a gram a day of pure Methedrine when he had it. He had a reputation as a ladies' man and even said that he would never go to jail, that he'd run first rather than be locked up with all those other men, but Gretchen said he didn't fuck much, because all the speed kept him from getting it up. He and Gretchen had been together for almost three years, and despite the fact that he beat her and was a bum sometimes, she said, almost everyone who knew him thought he was a genius, including her.

When I knocked, he opened the door just a crack, asked me if I was the Bishop and when I nodded, he swung it open all the way and said, "Welcome to the factory." He was almost short and almost fat and had black hair that was trying to be long but was mostly tangled, and even though I muffed the peace handshake he gave me, he kept babbling, "Come on in, brother, welcome, have a seat and we'll get cool."

The place was small and cluttered, like pawnshops are cluttered, with knickknacks taken in trade for dope from speed freaks and junkies. In one corner of the living room there was a beautiful but unstrung sitar, and on a coffee table was a carved chess set and beside that a collection of antique prescription bottles from the good old days of patent medicine that listed on the labels ingredients like cocaine and Cannabis. There were stained-glass panels leaning against the windows, some syringes lying loose on the table next to a fine old railroad watch and chain, and in an alcove that overlooked the neighborhood play lot next door were the tools of his notoriety: glass beakers, test tubes, corks, a Bunsen burner, rubber tubing, pots and pans, a big roll of tin foil, rubber gloves, paper towels, a box of Baggies and a handsome old glass-cased chemist's balance.

Gretchen was in the other room but yelled that she'd be right out, and I sat on an inflatable couch and asked the Chemist how business was.

"Pretty fucked up right now, you know," he said. "Gretchen just got out of the hospital and I haven't had any money to buy chemicals and somebody stole my bike—I had a Harley—and, you know, just hanging out, passing time till I can score some ingredients." He was lighting a joint now and passed it to me. "But I think tomorrow this cat's going to front me some stuff to make a batch," he said. I tried to give the joint to him. "Nah, that's OK, I been speeding all night and day and I'm not ready to come down, you go ahead, I don't really like that stuff, anyway. Do you want some speed when I get it made, it's going to be dynamite, pure white, you know, and you're welcome——"

"No, I can't get into speed," I said.

"Oh, yeah, really," he was talking like an AM rock-'n'-roll disc jockey, "funny, but oh well, most people can, lucky for me. In this country everybody's into speed. Coffee and cigarettes, you dig? It's like the all-American drug, helps you run fast, talk fast, stay up late, whatever you want, write the big book, make superfantastic flying machines, you know, zoom. . . ."

Gretchen came into the room, sat on an inflatable chair and said, "Then why don't you put it into red, white and blue caps if it's so fucking patriotic—hello, Bishop."

"Ha, I should," he said and then turned to me. "If you knew some of the people who are my regular customers—you think they're all wasted, right? Well I'll tell you, I started making the stuff out of like a personal need and I had to search the literature, 'cause if it's anything to do with control of the mind they like bury it deep. But when I found the formula I all of a sudden had friends who live very fancy and work downtown. Ha, if only Daley knew."

I had done about half the joint now and it was coming on. I passed it to Gretchen and asked the Chemist what was in it. "You noticed, yeah, a little THC does wonders for bad grass and that's all there is right now. But I can get you some THC if you want it, take your head off."

"Maybe," I said.

"Well, I only offer it because you said you can't get into speed——"

"Don't get on him about not being into speed," said Gretchen from the corner. "I think it's the worst fucking drug there is."

"Oh, yeah, let's hear your speech, you were only strung out on junk, right?"

"I only got strung out because I went to work in the wrong place. All the chicks in there were shooting."

He asked me for the joint and I passed it to Gretchen and then he said, "Listen, I'm not getting on her for using the stuff. Anybody can put anything they want into their bodies as far as I'm concerned. But you don't know her, man, she can*not* be trusted. Shit, I'm the one who tried to get her on methadone, because it's just very hard to deal when you have a junkie in the house."

"I only pinched your smack one time," she said.

"Yeah, that's only because when I have it I keep it locked up. What about downers, huh? Can I trust you with them around? Sure." He turned to me again. "One time, man, I had fifty downers that I'd promised to someone and she came out of the hospital after her hepatitis and so like they were going to be the worst thing in the world for her and I wouldn't let her have any. I went out and came back a few hours later and there were thirty pills gone. I couldn't believe it."

"That wasn't intentional," said Gretchen. "I remember taking four, that's all."

"How can you *not* remember taking thirty downers?"

"It was an unconscious move, because I didn't take any water with them, man. . . . If I'd been trying to kill myself, I would have. . . ."

"Then I called the fire department . . . no . . . I cleaned the place first . . . and then called the firemen and they came and saved our little girl."

I stood up and said I had to leave.

"What for?"

"He's paranoid when he's high," said Gretchen.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah," I said. "Don't you ever worry?"

"Not really," he said. "I've been busted a few times, but I've never been indicted even. Anyway, I get like vibrations when a bust is coming, like the aura that comes before epileptic attacks. Let me put it this way, and I don't know if it's mystical bullshit or not: I have avoided many more busts than I've been involved in because of those vibes. You can just feel it coming."

The doorbell rang and scared the shit out of me. It was like a rush, I thought later, more powerful than any drug rush I'd ever had and different only in that it left me straight instead of high. I said goodbye and then nearly bolted out the door and down the stairs. There was a guy with a pizza on the front porch and he said he was looking for the third-floor rear.

"Far out," I told him, and then I walked home and passed out.

• • •

About a week later, around a warm midnight, my doorbell rang, but when I buzzed the downstairs door open and then waited on the landing, no one came. I had heard footsteps, so I walked

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down to the second-floor landing and found Gretchen sitting huddled in a corner, sobbing. I stood for a moment listening for other footsteps, but there were none, so I went over to her and bent to ask what was wrong. She raised her head out of her hands; her face was soaked with tears and her eyes were almost swollen shut.

"I've got cancer," she sobbed. "Oh, God, I'm going to die."

I squatted beside her and waited, because she was crying harder now. I waited for minutes and then slowly she began to put words between sobs. A doctor. That afternoon. She had thought it was hepatitis again. Cancer, he said. Liver, cervix, some other internal organs. He was sure and wanted to operate. No, she wouldn't let him. She knew about these things. He wouldn't say how long. "What did I do? Why?" she asked me. "Why?" and then weeping took her again.

I walked her down the stairs and outside and then along an alleyway to a small back yard behind my building. There were no chairs and so we sat next to each other on the brick patio. She had a bag of grass and some papers in her purse and without saying anything, and without a pause in her crying, she took them out and put them in front of me. I began rolling joints and we smoked perhaps six or seven in the next two hours, but I never got high. Now and then, when she stopped crying, she would talk, and I would answer and ask questions; and though I tried hard, I couldn't keep them from sounding pitiful. She said she had had some cancer in her back—"You know those scars I have?" —when she was young but that they had operated and it had been successful. She said she had kept the Chemist up as long as she could but that finally he couldn't take any more and had passed out with a needle in his arm. She began crying again and said that she was sorry to bother me.

I don't remember the things I said, although I know I talked some. I remember mostly that my mind was running and that I couldn't stop it from even the most bizarre and horrible thoughts. I thought the whole thing absurd, and then I thought it funny. I wondered how I had come to know this pathetic person and wished I never had. I thought of it as a trick. I was afraid for a while that it would change me too much, and then I felt my ass sore on the bricks and was afraid it wouldn't change me at all. I remember thinking that pretty women are uglier than the dead when they come apart. And I was pissed. I had kept myself at arm's length from Gretchen's black eyes and hepatitis and needle marks by saying to myself that people (me, Gretchen, Bugs Moran) lived where they wanted to live; that they chose their drugs and went on choosing them. She had always said that the Chemist never beat her unless she deserved it. And I had waited for the police to find her and knew that I could handle that, and maybe even help when the time came and still be safe. But now I was only crazy—afraid for my own life—and I didn't have a thought in two hours worth thinking and I didn't say a word worth saying, and except for one phrase of hers, I will probably forget most of the night and most of the fear. "Oh, God," she said in one of those moments, "I been busted by the stars. Oh, Craig, I am so scared."

Just before I walked her home, she took a syringe out of her purse and a vial and shot Nembutal into her arm. She did it slowly and explained each step to me, carefully, and I listened carefully. She said it would help her sleep, and by the time I got her to her door she was crying less often and her eyes were trying to close. I kissed her good night and walked home.

Six days later, in the middle of the afternoon, the Chemist put on a leather jacket, walked out of the building, down Roscoe to Broadway and turned south. Gretchen had taken two Seconals and had lain down for a nap when six Chicago narcotics-squad officers broke the glass in the apartment's lobby door with a sledge hammer and charged up the stairs with their guns drawn. They crashed through what they thought was Gretchen and the Chemist's door and announced their raid loudly. They found two women, both past 60, sitting in front of afternoon television, and after some confusion and an attempt to comfort the frightened old ladies, they crossed the hall, broke down the second door and this time got it right. Gretchen heard nothing and said later that she awoke with a .38 police special at her head and someone behind it saying that she was under arrest and reciting her rights to her.

Gretchen knew the sergeant who led the raid—he had busted several of her friends—and she had nicknamed him Father Flanagen because of what she called his "phony pig paternal act." While the five others began collecting evidence—popping the inflatable furniture, emptying drawers, tearing the bed to pieces, checking the toilet tank, kitchen bottles and the refrigerator—he asked her where the Chemist was. She told him she didn't know. He told her that if she'd turn the Chemist in, he'd let her go. She said she wanted a lawyer.

Outside, a group of about 20 kids, some of them members of a gang called the Roscoe Street Blues, had gathered across the street. They spotted the Chemist turning onto Roscoe and a couple of them yelled at him that Gretchen was being busted. He took off running back toward Broadway and disappeared.

When the five were through searching, and when Father Flanagan was convinced that Gretchen would tell him nothing, they packed the evidence—the laboratory equipment, some chemicals, heroin, a hypodermic needle, some cocaine, grass, depressants, stimulants and $400 in cash—and left.

The street kids booed and hissed as they put Gretchen into a squad car and drove off to book her at the 11th and State Street station.

The Chemist called me at about five that afternoon from his lawyer's office, where he was hiding. His voice was full of the nervous excitement of someone who has been shot at and missed and he asked me if I could help with the bail for Gretchen. I told him I'd try, but that it would have to be the next day. Then I asked him if he was going to let Gretchen take his bust and he said he wasn't worried about it, because the raid had been carried out on a bad warrant and that they'd never convict her. Then I heard an angry and exasperated background voice that I took to be the lawyer's say, "We don't know that yet."

The next day it was plain that the police thought they had a case. They were making the whole thing a publicity bust. The television news carried film stories that showed the police standing in front of a table strewn with the confiscated goods. They were calling it the largest North Side raid of the year and were adding that the Chemist, who was still at large, "was the biggest producer of hallucinogens and stimulants in the New Town area, extending along Broadway and Clark Street between Addison and Wrightwood Avenue." The route of the Wonder Bread truck.

The *Tribune* carried a story under the headline "HALLUCINOGENS FOUND IN RAID" and accompanied it with a photo of the same table filled with glass vials, syringes, bags of powder, lids of grass and bottles of chemicals. It described Gretchen as a "former Rush Street go-go dancer" and said that the raid culminated a monthlong investigation.

When I called the lawyer the next day, he said that bail had been set at $5000 and then lowered to $1500 and that the Chemist had scraped $150 together and Gretchen was out. He also said he was off the case and didn't know or care where either Gretchen or the Chemist was. I asked him how Gretchen looked. "Lousy," he said and hung up.

She called two weeks later and then came to see me. She brought a copy of the charges (three felonies and four misdemeanors) that had been filed against her and she looked like she hadn't slept in a month.

I was afraid to ask her anything, which was making the conversation strange, but I finally asked her how she

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was. She said she had the Chemist hidden where no one could ever find him. I told her I didn't mean that, and she said that even though she didn't have a lawyer yet, she would just get a continuance on her trial. Then she said the bust was bad, anyway, because of the warrant. I asked her if she was going to die.

"Oh, that, no," she said, but she wasn't looking at me. "That doctor was full of shit, I don't have cancer, he was just full of shit."

I asked her how she knew.

"I saw another guy, another doctor, and he said that it was just my liver again, you know, hepatitis. I'm sorry about that night. I feel stupid now."

"Did the other doctor run tests?"

"No, he was going to, but he said he was *sure* it wasn't cancer, and so I never went back for them. They're such a drag and I was being a baby about the whole thing, anyway, and so I didn't——"

"You're not sure."

"I'm *sure*," she said in an almost pleading voice. "It's bullshit. The doctor said he was sure it wasn't cancer, and I believe him. He's one of the best. He even said that I should sue the other guy for malpractice. Look, I'm sorry about that night, I was just really scared, but I'm OK. The only thing that's bugging me is that I don't have a lawyer now and I have to go to court tomorrow. I'm just going to get a continuance, but——"

"I'll come with you if you want."

"Would you, oh, I'd really love you for it," and she leaned over and kissed me. "I'm just going to get a continuance, but the Chemist can't come with me and I just don't want to go alone. It's ten o'clock, at Twenty-sixth and California. Meet me there, OK?"

After she left, I sat for a while trying to figure out if she had cancer or not. I had only her words and her tears that night telling me that she did, and now I had only her words telling me that she didn't. I wasn't sure then, and I am not now, whether it wasn't the Chemist talking: To him, all warrants and all doctors are bad. But the arrest was real, I knew that, and to convince myself that that was the worst trouble she was in, I read the complaint papers she had left.

They were on legal-size paper that said, "Matthew J. Danaher, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Cook County," across the top. Below that on the first four sheets it said, "Misdemeanor," possession of a hypodermic needle (and the statute typed in), possession of hallucinogenic drugs, possession of depressant drugs, possession of stimulants. The next three were labeled "Felony" and were for possession of cocaine, possession of heroin and possession of marijuana. At the bottom of each, below the signature of the arresting officer, it called the charges "Crimes against the peace and dignity of the people of Illinois."

• • •

One look at the Criminal Courts Building of Cook County and you know it could beat you. On the façade of the hulking old seven-story courthouse there are angry-looking rams' heads, and below them the building's name is cut in the Roman fashion. Out the back end of the place and attached to it is the Cook County Jail, with its gray walls and watchtowers.

Up the wide stairs and through the big doors are two cops in the rotunda who stand on either side of a table and search everyone for guns or knives or bombs.

The cop who went through my leather bag was Latin and friendly and as he stuck his hand down into the purse, he looked at the ceiling and said, "You learn to see with your fingers." Then he pulled out a package of cigarettes. "Aha, pollution," he said, and then, when he had finished, he had me raise my hands while he ran his hands armpits to ankles quickly and deftly. When he was through, he told me to have a nice day.

Drug-abuse court is a small room on the fourth floor and is presided over by Judge James A. Geocaris. Inside the courtroom an old bailiff watched me as I sat on one of the 13 wooden benches that are arranged in church rows. It is his job to see that you are silent, that you read nothing except legal documents and that you doodle or carve nothing on the old but unmarked benches.

I was early, but at ten the room began to fill quickly, until it was crowded with twice the people it was built to hold. They were young, mostly, and black, or Latin, and if white, they had long hair: Every one of them fit into what I imagined to be the police stereotype of a drug user. And the police who had arrested them were waiting on a bench along one wall to give testimony. They were young, also, and, except for one face out of 12 today, they were white.

The bailiff got a gavel out of a locked filing cabinet and the clerks and stenographer took it as a signal to move to their places behind the three desks crammed across the front of the room. Judge Geocaris, about 40 years old, with a pleasant face and light sideburns, came through a back door, said good morning to his staff, changed his blue blazer for a black robe and took his chair on a raised platform behind a table in the middle of the desks.

"Hear ye, hear ye," said the bailiff, rattling off the archaic courtroom jabber, and then, because he'd found the official language of the court inadequate for dealing with accused criminals, he ended it with a lusty "Get away from the door and shut up." Then he turned and tried to fluff the courtroom droop out of the old American flag next to the judge; but it didn't work.

There were 70 or so people now, including some lawyers and some parents, and the room was almost quiet as the clerk began calling cases. Singleton, Howard, Broadski, January, Delong, Torres, Williams, Johnson, Coleman, Rivera, Mitchell, Black. Some were called in pairs and some alone, and the judge asked each if he was ready for trial. Some asked for a continuance and some were tried by the judge right then. One asked for a jury trial and a date was set. Some had their own lawyers, but most used the young, bright-faced, Mod-dressed public defender, who would take a minute to read the charges and look at the evidence, talk to the accused for another minute and then defend the case as well as he could.

In the first 30 minutes, 17 people came before the judge. Fourteen were charged with simple possession of marijuana; of these, ten were acquitted and four had their cases continued. The three others were charged with possession of heroin and two of them were continued. Of all 17, there was only one convicted. He was a 20-year-old Vietnam vet whose lawyer said he had returned from the war on smack but had kicked it now and wanted to straighten himself out. He pleaded guilty and the judge gave him a year's suspended sentence on the condition that he go to the state's attorney's drug-abuse school for four months and stay out of trouble for 12 months.

Gretchen was late, so I went out into the hall and squatted against a marble wall to have a cigarette. Twenty or 30 people waiting for their cases to be called, or waiting for friends, had overflowed into the corridor and were milling, talking and smoking. Lawyers were explaining deals to nervous mothers and girlfriends. Groups of young black gang types were lighting cigarettes from friends' cigarettes and laughing and trying to be cool. A Latin next to me was telling a friend that he was waiting for someone to get the lab report on the drugs he'd been found with, so he could go to trial. He said he was tired of waiting on lab reports. But I didn't really hear one conversation; I heard them all in the echoing old hall. Nervous chatter.

A half hour later, Gretchen showed up. She was agitated about being late but seemed in good spirits. When I asked her how she was, she said, "Stoned as I can be," and then she asked if her case had been called yet. I didn't know, so we went in and she asked the clerk,

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who said her case had yet to come up. We went and sat on a bench together near the back.

"They almost got the Chemist yesterday," she said in an excited voice. "He walked into a friend's place while the narcs were there. It was crazy. He showed a phony I. D. and they believed it and he was clean, so they let him go."

"Was it Father Flanagan?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "He knows the Chemist and would have hung his ass up right there. It was another guy and the Chemist says he's like a real gentleman for a cop. After he looked at the I. D. and believed it, and after he found the Chemist clean, he just had him sit down till they were through searching, because he didn't want anybody who might have been coming up the stairs to be warned. The Chemist said he was a really nice guy and, like, at one point the cop said to him, 'It's all a game, isn't it?' and then they were both laughing and talking. It's just lucky he was clean."

The bailiff came over and told us to shut up, but as soon as he was gone she leaned over and said, "Flanagan just came in the door."

I looked over at a big man who had the face of my stepfather at his angriest. He had on a black raincoat and his fists were full of manila file folders. He smiled when he saw Gretchen.

"Shit, he's coming over," she said.

On his way he looked at me, slowly, up and down, the way only police and the very powerful do; then he stopped in front of us and said, "Hi, Gretch, how you been?"

"I'm fine," she said, and then he turned to me.

"Who are you?"

"A friend," I said.

"You here on your own bust?"

"No," I told him.

He shook his head and said, "Little Gretchen gonna take the fall for everybody, huh?"

She looked as if she were going to spit at him.

"Where's what's-his-name, Gretchen?"

"Who?" she asked.

"Well, who are we looking for, sweetheart? Where's the Chemist?"

"I haven't seen him in six months," she said.

He shook his head again. "OK, Gretchen," he said. "I told you, I don't want you, I want the Chemist. The cook. Hell, you couldn't cook a pot of beans." Then he laughed. "I don't know why you're taking this fall for him. He's a bum." Gretchen didn't answer. She was looking at him with a face that had taken a million moral lectures about bad dope and bad men and there was a little "Fuck you" squint in one of her eyes.

"We going to trial today?" he asked her.

"I'm going to get a continuance," she told him.

"Good," he said. "Take as many as they'll give you. Don't cut yourself thin. And take care of yourself, you don't look so good." Then he walked away toward the front of the courtroom and the other police.

Gretchen looked as if she might cry, and I put my arm around her. "I can take almost anything," she said, "but not that shit. I don't have to take that shit from that cocksucker."

The clerk called Gretchen's name and she went and stood before the table.

"Are you ready for trial?" the judge asked as he flipped through the complaint papers.

"No, your Honor, I haven't got a lawyer and I'd like a continuance."

"Have the charges been read to you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He was still reading them, and when he was through, he looked up with a serious face. "You better get a lawyer pretty soon," he said, "and we'll set the trial date for two months from now. Clerk, put that down, two months; and let's have the next case."

On the way downstairs she didn't say anything. She had taken out a cigarette and was smoking it hard. I told her I'd find a lawyer and she still said nothing. I told her I'd buy her lunch, but she didn't hear. When we were outside the building she took my arm and said, "I'm too scared. I thought they were going to take me away today. The way the judge was looking at me, oh, shit, man, I think this is it. I don't think I can do it."

I offered the lawyer again and lunch, but I felt like a kid trying to comfort an old man.

"Just drop me at a friend's place, will you?" she said.

I drove her to an apartment on the Southwest Side and before she got out of the car, she said, "Don't worry, Bishop, I'll be all right in a few minutes."

Then she promised to call the way she always did.

• • •

Six weeks went by and I didn't hear anything. Twice I went looking for Gretchen, but I couldn't find her. Then I met Lips on Broadway. "Oh, man," he said, "I'm surprised you didn't hear. The Chemist took off running, to Florida, I think, about a month ago and Gretchen was very fucked about it. Now she's hooked up with some guy named Dave who rides with the Outlaws, you know, the bikers, and the last I heard he had her locked up and was sending her to dance at night over on the West Side. I saw her at a party a couple of weeks ago and she's swearing to kill the Chemist, she thinks he tricked on her, she's convinced." I asked him if he knew where the biker lived.

"It's up north somewhere, around Wilson, I think, I'm not sure. But she told me she was splitting for Canada. She knows they're gonna convict her, man. Shit, I told her to run. I don't see what else she can do now."

"Is she sick?" I asked him.

"I don't know, man, I really don't. She's just *all* fucked up."

A week later I got a call from her. She said she couldn't talk, and about a minute later a male voice in the background started shouting, "Get the fuck off the telephone." She whispered that she was going to Canada, that night, then she said she'd be in touch and hung up.

The trial date passed and I heard nothing. Then I got a postcard with a lake on it from somewhere around Ottawa. "Canada's OK," it said, "but Chicago's better. Love, Gretchen."

Two months went by and I got a phone call.

"I'm back," she said, "and I need some money fast."

I told her to meet me in a Walton Street bar that afternoon, and about two o'clock she did. She had on dark glasses when she came in, to cover two black eyes, and her lower jaw was off to one side.

"What happened, how are you?" I asked her.

"Well . . ." she said, "I'm not so good. David took off, you know—that son of a bitch—and I skipped court."

"Why did you come back?"

"I was lonely, that's all, and I got sick again. Do you have the money?"

I told her yes and then asked her where she was living, and with whom.

"With one of the Outlaws," she said.

"Did he do that?" I asked about her jaw.

"Yeah, because I ran away, but I can't tell you any more, I just need the money." Then she told me that she'd been in the hospital for two days, because of her liver again, but that she'd run out when the doctor said he wanted to do a biopsy. I asked her if she was on anything and she said she was taking a little heroin for some pain she was having but that she wasn't strung out. But the top of her thumb and all down the side of her wrist were covered with poke holes that were trying to heal but never got time.

At one point she went into her purse for a cigarette and I saw a gun.

"What the hell is that for?" I asked her.

"It's legal," she said.

"Nothing's legal for you, Gretchen," I said.

"I really have to go, man," she said. "I'm sorry," and she started crying. "I can't tell you anything, I need the money, that's all. Please, give me the money and let me go."

I did, and she left without saying she'd call, and she hasn't.

CHAUNCEY ALCOCK *(continued from page 152)*

"Apple cider?" Chauncey inquired.

"Something like that," she nodded and sat down close to him. "Now, tell me all about yourself, boy."

"I was born approximately seventeen years ago in the home in which I now dwell on West Ninety-second Street," the lad recited readily. "My father was a streetcar motorman, unfortunately decapitated many years ago in a collision with a beer truck near Madison Square. My mother suffers from dropsy of the left foot and I add to our scant income from my deceased father's pension by——"

"That is not exactly what I had in mind, boy," Lady Angela said, somewhat angrily. "What do you do for fun?"

"I attend the cinema occasionally," Chauncey reported. "I have seen *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* three times and *The Sound of Music* twice. I also read a great deal, preferring educational tomes such as *Perverted Behavior in Crustaceans* and *The Reproductive Cycle of Peonies*. I also——"

"Don't you have any girlfriends?" Lady Cockburn interrupted.

"No, ma'am, I do not," Chauncey said faintly, casting down his eyes and blushing. "I fear I am too young for such hobbies."

"Nonsense, boy," Lady Angela said warmly, putting her hand upon his strong thigh and moving it upward. "I can tell you're——"

She stopped suddenly. Her mouth opened and the monocle fell from her nerveless eye.

"What have we here?" she inquired incredulously. "What *have* we here, boy?"

"Mother Nature was kind to me," Feldhausen's delivery boy said modestly, his eyes still turned downward, the claret deepening in his fair cheeks.

Lady Cockburn replaced her fallen monocle in her left eye with trembling fingers. Then suddenly, without a by-your-leave, she unzipped Chauncey's trousers and leaned forward to peer at his Root of Heaven.

"Good show!" she cried. "Jolly good show!"

She rose abruptly, strode to the record player and turned up the volume.

"Do you recognize that song?" she whispered.

"*Tip Toe Through the Tulips*?" Chauncey suggested.

"No, I'm afraid not, boy. It's a tango called *Jealousy*."

"It is not suggestive music, is it, ma'am?" the cleanhearted lad inquired anxiously.

"Not at all," she assured him. "It's a merry tune. Would you care to dance?"

"I fear I do not possess the skills of ballroom dancing," the youth replied gravely. "Hence, any attempt——"

"Come," Lady Cockburn said, throwing wide her arms, "I will teach you."

Unwilling to offend any customer of Feldhausen's Drugstore, Chauncey rose to his feet, still in his unzipped state, and attempted to curve his right arm lightly and politely about Lady Cockburn's waist, just as he had seen it done in a television commercial warning of the horrors of "wetness." But to his surprise, milady wound his arms about her hips so that his hands rested on her haunches. She then encircled his neck with her arms and pressed close to him.

"The French way," she murmured.

"And now what must I do?" the lad queried.

"Just move."

"In which direction?"

"Any direction. Bend your knees a little. Take a step forward. Then a step back. In time to the music."

Chauncey Alcock had splendid muscular coordination, which he frequently displayed to good advantage on the playing field and the Chinese Checkers board. Now, catching onto the "hang" of this diversion, he began to move naturally and rhythmically about the

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room, Lady Cockburn clutched closely to him.

"Am I doing this correctly?" he asked.

"Simply ripping!" she exclaimed; and, as he concentrated on his dancing, she expertly guided him through the Mato Grosso and tucked his engorged halberd into that glorious realm from which no traveler returns unscathed. They continued their slow, sinuous movements and once again the lady's monocle fell from her limp eye and she seemed in a near swoon.

Chauncey, thinking this form of dancing was an ancient custom of British nobility and unwilling, as his dear mother had taught him, to scorn the sensitivities of any ethnic minority, inquired solicitously, "Am I inconveniencing you, Lady Cbrn? Have I assumed the correct position for social terpsichore?"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* [Right on]" she screamed in reply, and away they went, tightly joined, dipping and bobbing, weaving and swaying.

They danced until the music reached a climax, Chauncey's suffused truncheon still exploring Carlsbad Cavern, when the noble lady suddenly shrieked and fell backward, pulling Chauncey down on top of her.

Fearing his weight might cause her serious injury, the concerned lad attempted to free himself. But the distraught lady held him tightly, and they were still in this position, breathing stertorously from their strenuous labors, when, behind them, a heavy, masculine voice shouted, "*Dieu et mon droit!* [What's going on here?]" and Chauncey Alcock looked over his shoulder to see a short, bull-like man, clad in fawn-colored slacks and a Norfolk jacket to match, glowering at them with a face flushed with choler. He was slapping a pair of yellow-suede gloves angrily against his thigh. "I insist you cease this disgraceful, lascivious and possibly illegal activity at once!" the man roared.

With some difficulty, Lady Cockburn and Chauncey disengaged and climbed shakily to their feet.

"I am Lord Cockburn, pronounced Cbrn," the frenzied intruder shouted. "And who are you, sirrah?"

"Sir," Our Hero replied calmly, for he was not conscious of any behavior on his part that could possibly justify Lord Cockburn's wrath, "my name is Chauncey Alcock. I am delivery boy for Feldhausen's Drugstore, located on the corner of Columbus Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street. 'Your Health Is Our Concern.' "

"Enough!" Lord Cockburn cried furiously. And with that, he stepped forward and slapped Chauncey Alcock smartly across the face with his yellow-suede gloves. "I demand satisfaction!" he screamed.

"You'll get it," Lady Cockburn smiled dreamily.

Chauncey stood staunchly under the fury of the other man's blow. A quiet smile curved upward the corners of his regular lips, but he spoke not, nor did he attack the older man. He merely stood steadfast, resolved to accept all insults and provocations within reason, to remain calm and do his duty.

"Are you familiar with firearms, sirrah?" Lord Cockburn demanded.

"I am, indeed, sir," Chauncey Alcock replied proudly. "I have possessed an excellent cap pistol since the age of seven. Although not used in recent years, I believe it is still in operating order, as I am a firm believer in keeping all my possessions well oiled and ready for instant use."

"You can say that again," Lady Cockburn muttered.

Obediently, Chauncey repeated, "I am a firm believer in keeping——"

"Enough already!" milord shouted angrily. "I am not speaking of cap pistols, sirrah. I am speaking of *these*!"

And with that, Lord Cockburn strode to a nearby cabinet and returned with a handsome walnut box, which he opened under Chauncey Alcock's regular nose, displaying to Our Hero's cool gaze a splendid pair of matched dueling pistols, beautifully chased with silver decoration and bearing on their barrels the legend: SOUVENIR OF ATLANTIC CITY.

"I am suggesting a duel to the death!" Lord Cockburn hissed, as well as any man might hiss the word death. "Are you willing, sirrah?"

"Sir," Chauncey Alcock stated serenely, in what was probably his finest hour, "if I have offended you in any way—which, I might add parenthetically, I do not believe I have, since your good and faithful spouse and I were merely enjoying an innocent lesson in ballroom dancing, which she was kind enough to proffer, since I lack that social grace—if, I say, sir, I have offended you in any way or caused unwitting damage to your pride, then I apologize, most humbly and sincerely. If, on the other hand, you are not willing to accept my heartfelt apology, then, sir, I feel compelled to state that I will be willing to meet you on the field of honor."

"To the death!" Lord Cockburn trumpeted.

"To the death," Chauncey Alcock acknowledged gravely.

"*Bonne chance!* [Groovy]" Lady Cockburn cried.

"Do you have a second, sirrah?" milord demanded.

The Alcock youth rapidly considered Mr. Feldhausen, Mr. Irving Benoit-Dreissen and his closest friend, Sidney, a mere stripling who sold pretzels and picked his nose. Chauncey quickly rejected them all.

"No, sir, I do not," he acknowledged.

"Then, sirrah, I suggest you and I meet alone on the Great Sheep Meadow in Central Park tomorrow at dawn, without seconds. These pistols you see here shall be loaded and primed. The choice of weapons, of course, shall be yours. We shall separate a distance of twenty paces, then face each other. I, as the aggrieved party, shall have the first shot. In the laughable and utterly ridiculous possibility that I miss, you shall then aim and fire. Is that satisfactory, sirrah?"

"Perfectly, sir," Chauncey Alcock replied, without hesitation.

They nodded coldly to each other and the Alcock lad then departed after Lord Cockburn had given him a "dime" (ten cents) as a "tip" (gratuity) for delivering the package from Feldhausen's, a remuneration Chauncey accepted with simple dignity, for such is the world of commerce.

Our Hero returned to his simple, but clean, hovel on West 92nd Street, where his dear mother had already prepared for him a nourishing repast of stuffed turnips. Mentioning nothing to her of his approaching ordeal, Chauncey retired to his own room at an early hour and, from his extensive library, read up on the punctilio of duels; for in this encounter with a titled foreigner, the American lad was anxious to give a good account of himself.

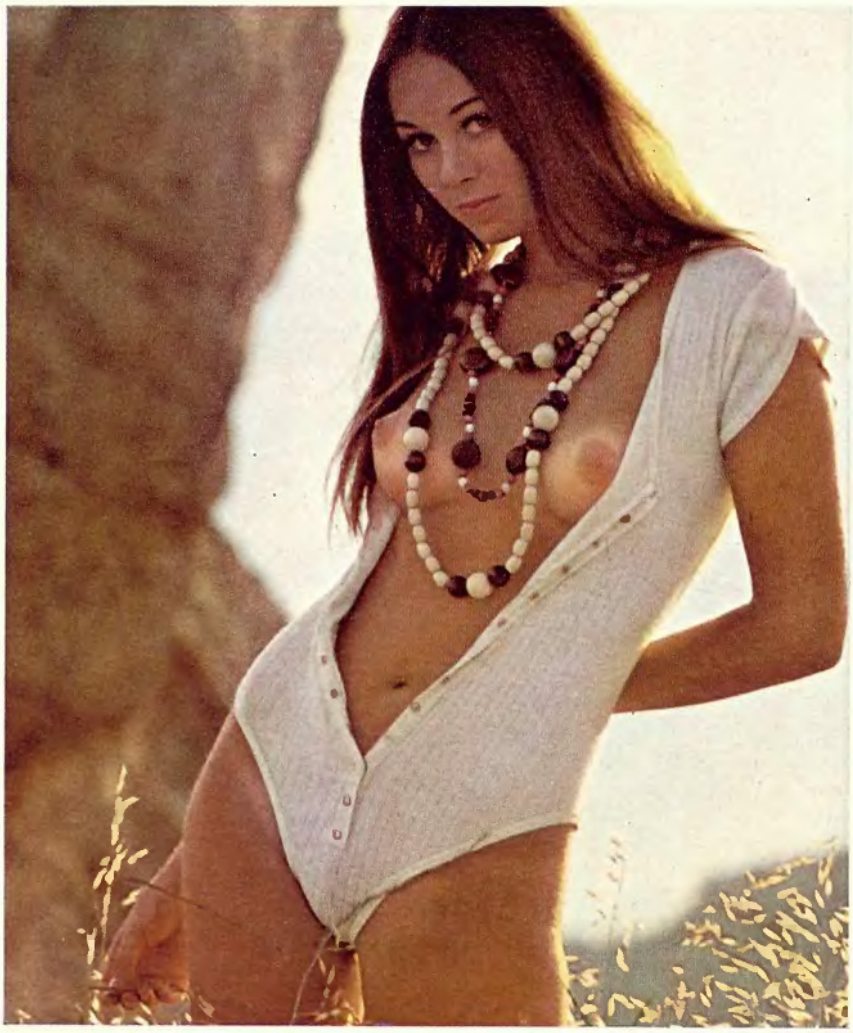
His reading completed, the determined youth did two deep knee bends and three push-ups to tone his muscles. He then bathed in a tepid shower, donned a light-flannel nightgown and set his alarm clock for an hour before dawn. Having bespoke his prayers, he closed his eyes and was asleep almost instantly, for, in truth, it had been a replete day.

On the morn, the sun rising from Brooklyn and heading toward Newark, Chauncey Alcock arose from a deep, dreamless slumber at the call of his trusty alarm clock. He dressed with extra care, wondering if he should shave and then deciding to let it go until the following Thursday. He looked in upon his sleeping mother before he left and pressed a gentle kiss on her soft cheek.

"Until we meet again," he murmured.

He then cycled slowly but determinedly toward the Great Sheep Meadow in Central Park, marking the beauty of the morn and reflecting it might be the last he would see. But such is the ebullience of youth that these mournful thoughts proved as ephemeral as the morning fog, and the new sun brought hope and renewed faith in the American way of life.

As he entered the park at 72nd Street, pumping steadily on his faithful "bike," he was suddenly aware of the great number of uniformed patrolmen in evidence. Squad cars and specialized police vehicles were "on the prowl," and even an official helicopter hovered overhead. For a moment, Chauncey Alcock feared that news of his impending duel with Lord Cockburn had been bruited about



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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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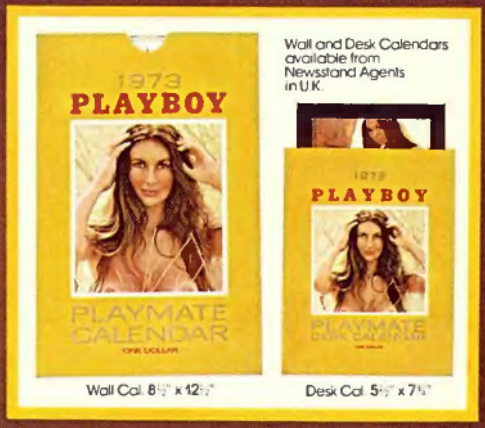

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and the police had assembled to prevent possible bloodshed.

But then he realized that even knowledge of the duel would not justify this enormous display of police power and Chauncey brought his velocipede to a halt alongside one of the minions of the law, a burly constable who was looking about alertly, swinging his "billy" and on the *qui vive* (alert) for potential felons and incontinent schnauzers.

"Pardon me, Officer," Chauncey Alcock inquired respectfully. "Can you inform me as to the significance of these obviously extensive police measures?"

The guardian of law and order looked at him seriously and said in calm tones, "The Corset Fiend has struck again."

"No!" Chauncey Alcock gasped in horror and astonishment.

The patrolman nodded. "I fear it is so," he said in a solemn voice. "His most recent depredation occurred in a back yard on West Sixty-Eighth Street. Fortunately, he was observed by a witness and his escape on foot into Central Park was noted. Upon being informed of this desperate crime, the department stationed patrols at all entrances to the park. We have not captured him as yet, but we have every expectation that the shameful career of the Corset Fiend will be terminated ere the sun slowly dips below yon far horizon."

The officer was speaking of one of the most infamous miscreants ever to threaten the peace and security of the teeming metropolis. For almost six months, the Corset Fiend had made a shocking career of raiding back-yard clotheslines, stealing only ladies' corsets and running off with his loot before he could be apprehended.

His plunderings had become increasingly bold and the total cash value of the purloined corsets had risen to the point where a $5000 reward had been offered by the city fathers for his capture, "dead or alive," and women of all ages were warned to launder their corsets and hang them to dry in the privacy of their own homes or, if outside drying of the laundered garment was desired, to post an armed guard until the corset could be retrieved from the clothesline.

But now, it appeared, the Corset Fiend could not escape capture, for as Chauncey Alcock wheeled his "bike" to the Great Sheep Meadow, he saw dogged bands of constables beating the bushes and undergrowth of the park in an effort to ascertain the felon's whereabouts.

At the edge of the meadow, Chauncey came upon Lord Cockburn, pacing up and down with measured stride, carrying the pistol case under his arm and smoking a black cheroot.

"Good morning, Lord Cbrn, sir!" Chauncey Alcock sang out. "It is a beautiful morning, is it not, sir?"

"I did not come here to exchange pleasantries, sirrah," Lord Cockburn growled in hostile tones. "Are you prepared to see this affair through?"

"I am, sir," Chauncey Alcock said, lifting his fair head. "I wish, however, one final time, to extend my apologies for whatever real or fancied slight I have committed against your honor."

"Not accepted," milord said grumpily.

"In that case, sir," the Alcock lad said steadily, "I suggest we get to the matter at hand. I must tell you, sir, that in my readings of the code duello last night, I learned that I, as the challenged party, am entitled to the first shot. However, in view of my youth and your advanced age, I am willing to waive that advantage and therefore will wait until you have fired before I fire in return."

Without another word, Lord Cockburn opened his pistol case and offered it to Chauncey. The delivery boy selected a weapon and hefted it in his hand to gauge the balance. Lord Cockburn picked the remaining pistol and showed Chauncey how to draw back the hammer to prepare the weapon for instant use. Milord then cast aside the empty case and the wet stub of his cheroot and he and Chauncey took up positions, back to back, each holding his cocked weapon with the muzzle pointing skyward.

"When I say 'Now,' sirrah," Lord Cockburn said, "we will each take ten paces forward. I shall count aloud. At the end of ten steps, we will turn, face each other, and I shall fire. If your wound is *not* fatal—a prospect which, in view of my many years of service with the Bengal Lancers, I deem extremely unlikely—you may fire. Satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," the brave boy said with not a tremor in voice or frame.

"Now!" Lord Cockburn shouted, and he began to count in a loud voice as the two marched away from each other. At the count of ten, both swung around, facing each other and pointing their weapons. Lord Cockburn aimed slowly and deliberately at Chauncey's pride and joy, then pressed the trigger.

There was a sharp report, a small puff of white smoke and the ball sped into a nearby tree, where it mortally wounded an innocent squirrel busily removing the husk from a Spanish peanut.

"I am unhit, sir," Chauncey Alcock said coolly, "but I presume your honor has been satisfied. In that case, I do not wish to fire, lest I inflict a wound that might cause you needless physical suffering and cause Lady Cbrn unnecessary spiritual anguish as well."

"You *must* fire, sirrah!" Lord Cockburn yelled, stamping his foot with rage and vexation.

"Very well," Chauncey Alcock said calmly, "if you insist, sir."

And with that, the plucky lad turned his pistol aside and fired into the underbrush. Immediately, a loud scream was heard.

"Heavens to Betsy!" Chauncey cried. "What have I done?"

Then ensued a scene of chaotic activity as uniformed officers, "New York's finest," came running to the dueling ground, attracted by the sound of the shots, the death throes of the wounded squirrel and the screams coming from under a juniper bush. The squirrel soon "shuffled off this mortal coil," as the poet puts it, the two duelists were temporarily detained but soon released, when it was discovered that the screams heard by all were made by the Corset Fiend, who, hidden in the undergrowth, had had his posterior lightly creased by Chauncey Alcock's pistol shot. He was immediately taken into custody.

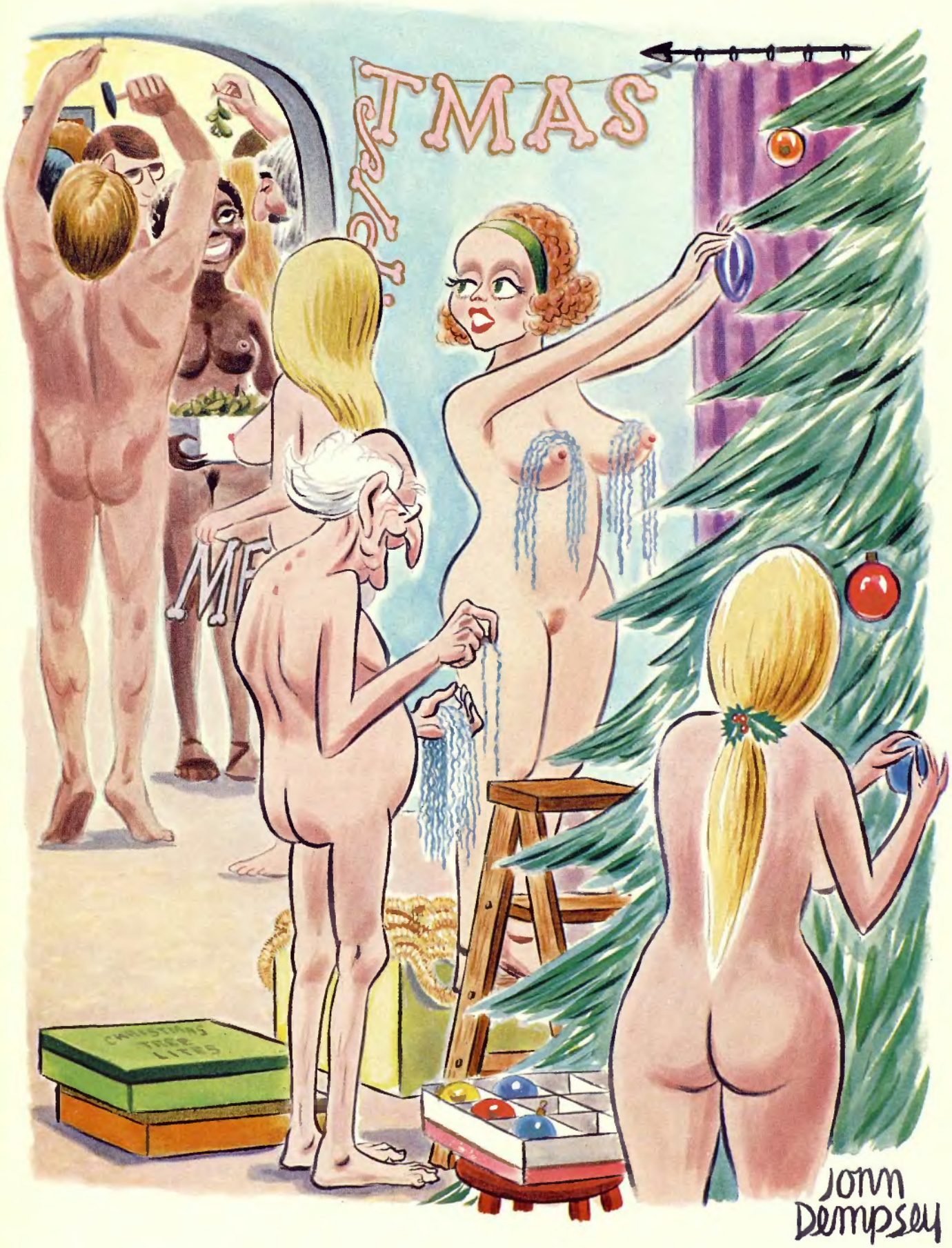
Little remains to be told. Although Chauncey was offered the $5000 reward posted for the capture of the Corset Fiend, he refused to accept the gratuity, saying his actions in the Great Sheep Meadow were purely fortuitous. Instead, the kindhearted lad asked that the $5000 be used to finance a feeding program for Central Park's squirrels, hoping thereby to make some amends to the relatives and friends of the unfortunate *Sciurus vulgaris* robbed of life by Lord Cockburn's ill-aimed shot.

Chauncey Alcock's photograph and an account of his part in the capture of the Corset Fiend appeared in all the city's newspapers on the following morn, and when Chauncey reported for work at Feldhausen's Drugstore in the afternoon, subsequent to his educational labors, he was greeted as a "conquering hero" by Mr. Gustave Feldhausen and Miss Beebee Undershot, although it must be remarked that Chauncey's success was a source of much envious spite on the part of Mr. Irving Benoit-Dreissen, the depraved apothecary.

It should also be noted that the delivery boy accepted all these compliments and encomiums with modesty and quiet gratitude, with none of the braggadocio that might be expected from a youth of cruder sensibilities.

Later that afternoon, while taking inventory in the back storeroom with Miss Beebee Undershot, Chauncey Alcock was "all business" and scarcely conscious of the lady's fevered blandishments. In truth, the youth was thinking of the school homework that awaited him when he returned to his domicile.

Chauncey Alcock was enrolled in a course called Elementary Sex Education. He found the instruction of absorbing interest and he had every intention of enrolling in the following year's course, which was called Remedial Sex Education. There was, he acknowledged, much that puzzled him and much he had to learn. The ambitious lad was determined to stick to it.



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